PENTHOUSE

02243

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

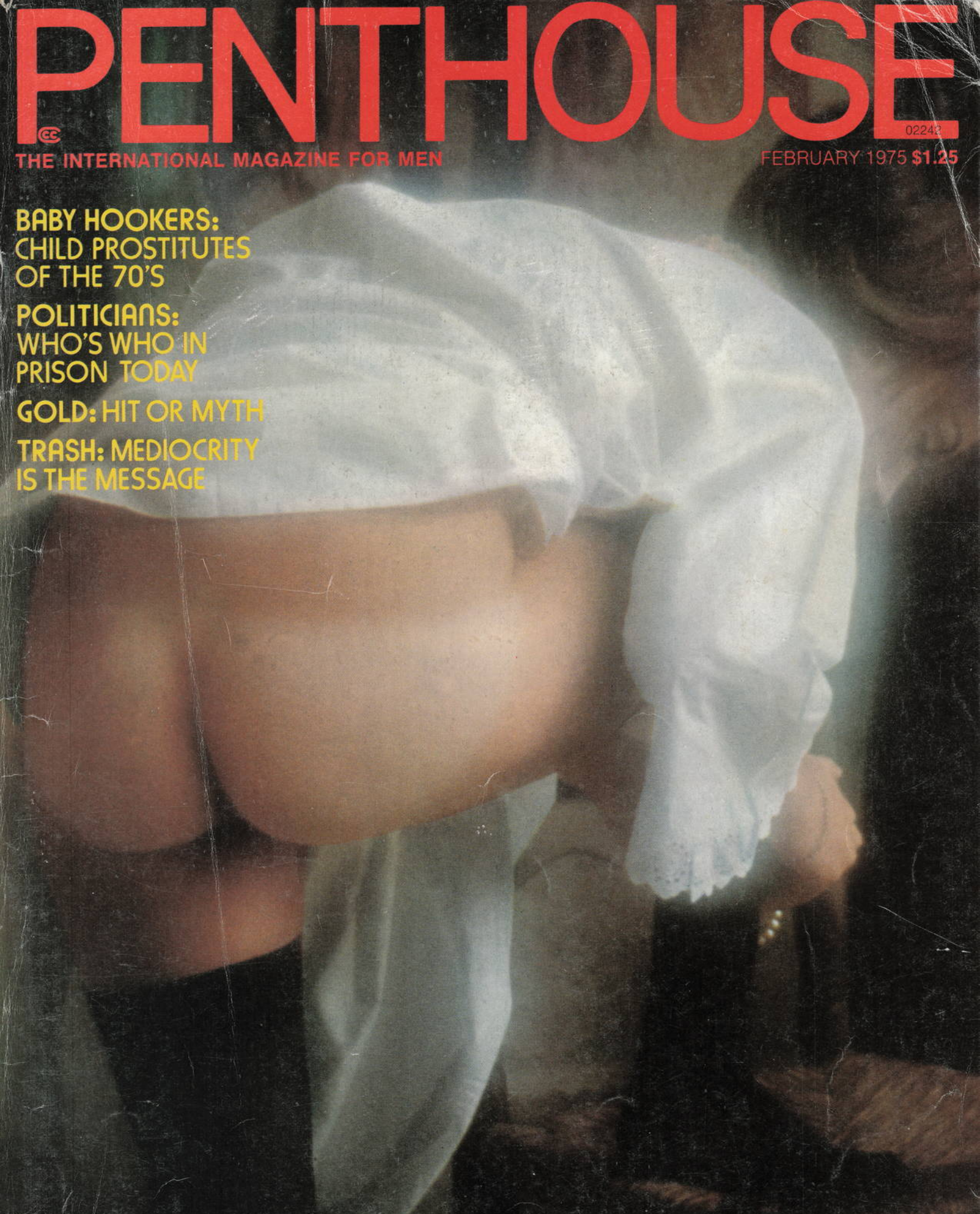
FEBRUARY 1975 $1.25

BABY HOOKERS:
CHILD PROSTITUTES
OF THE 70'S

POLITICIANS:
WHO'S WHO IN
PRISON TODAY

GOLD: HIT OR MYTH

TRASH: MEDIOCRITY
IS THE MESSAGE



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With one application you get plenty of long-lasting coverage and deodorant protection. And it's *your* personal deodorant. Only you use it.

Pick up a stick soon. So your underarms won't smell like something else.

Deodorant Stick $1.35

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / FEBRUARY 1975

World-wide sale: **5,350,000***

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PENTHOUSE, 1975, U.S. Volume 6 Number 6, published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181.

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Subscriptions: U.S., Canada, AFO — $10.00 one year, $18.00 two years, $26.00 three years; elsewhere — $15.00 one year, $25.00 two years. Single copies $1.25 in U.S., Canada and AFO ($1.75 December issues). Address changes etc. to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *West Coast:* J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 659-3810; *Southeast:* J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 2001 Bryan Tower, Suite 1053, Dallas, Texas 75201, Tel. (214) 651-1420; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331 — Telex 919865. Printed in the U.S.A. by Wisconsin Cuneo Press Inc., 5400 West Good Hope Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Distributed in the United States, Canada, and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co., 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1.

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*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

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To smoke or not to smoke.

That is the question.

With all the slings and arrows that have been aimed at smoking, you may well be wondering why you smoke at all.

If you don't smoke nobody is urging you to start.

But if you do smoke, you may enjoy it so much you don't want to stop.

There's the rub. Because if you do smoke, what do you smoke?

The cigarettes of the past provided a lot of smoking pleasure but they also delivered a lot of the 'tar' and nicotine the critics have aimed at.

And most of the new wave brands with low 'tar' and nicotine taste like a lot of hot air.

But now Vantage has entered the scene.

Vantage is the cigarette that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine without compromising flavor.

While Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find, it certainly is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

If you smoke, try a pack of Vantage. And if you don't, why not show this ad to someone who does.

It might settle the question.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

SARAH McCLENDON

Harris and Ewing

HARRY BROWNE

JOYCE GRELLER

TRACY YOUNG

KEN KELLEY

PHILLIP CIOFFARI

Gilles Larrain

HOUSECALL

If you were one of those citizens who felt disillusioned or downright disgusted by the revelations of Watergate and its reflection on our august legislators—take heart. You were part of both the vocal minority and the silent majority, according to **Karl Hess** in *Americans Hate Politicians*. Hess, whose last article for *Penthouse* (*The System Has Failed*, August) was predicated on his absolute belief that American politics has failed the people, recently canvassed the country for us, checking Everyman's political pulse in a series of some 700 interviews across this nation. The result? "Almost all Americans are absolutely convinced that politicians *are* crooks; politics *is* dirty, and that something deeply corrupt is eating at the vitals of the land they dearly love. . . ."

Sample reaction from a man in the street: "You ever hear one of 'em *do* anything? They're gettin' what they want and screw you. . . . Couldn't be worse." Sample reaction from a student: "Now we know they all use us, all of 'em—waste us. We know that politicians aren't an answer anymore." What *is* the answer?

Whether we'll improve the political scene with the current new crop of leaders remains to be seen. "Perhaps we'll evolve some new form of American democracy, more like the locally based society of our nation's founding," says Hess. On the other hand, a Cleveland waitress took a leaf out of the 1776 manifesto when she said: "You know, somehow we're going to have to do it ourselves."

One "do-it-yourselfer" who's made close to a million dollars by doing his own thing—and a man who advocates a return to such fundamental individuality—is **Harry Browne**, the subject of this month's Interview by **Ken Kelley**. Browne, whose book *You Can Profit From A Monetary Crisis* boomed into a best-seller, is an economic nihilist to some, yet one of the most widely read economists in the world. While predicting the worst, "We assuredly will have a crash at some point, either instead of the runaway inflation or after it," he recognizes what the individual can do for himself and society. "One way or the other," he says, "it's going to be the future acts of individual human beings that will determine whether or not we have an all-out, full-scale, runaway inflation."

Meantime, Browne proposes that investments in gold, silver, and Swiss francs are probably the best hedges against a future in which a single loaf of bread may very well cost "ten thousand paper dollars—or just two silver dimes." Words to the wise.

Equally outspoken is novelist **Joyce Greller**, a tough but compassionate investigative reporter who has also been termed a "sexual-visionary missionary." In an excerpt from *Baby Pros*, her soon-to-be published book, she rips apart the nationwide sexual trafficking in subteen children. She describes how kids are systematically recruited and hooked to become, in turn, hookers in a highly lucrative sex game.

In **Phillip Cioffari**'s fiction offering, *The Paradise Blues Band*, the characters may be adult, but, between sets, there's a good deal of dangerous child's play. Before the dust clears, the men have been separated from the boys—and Gina, the lovely vocalist, does the separating. Is Gina trash? Maybe, but there's a topic with many ramifications these days.

If you think trash is what you dumped in the garbage can last week, read on. In fact, trash is the latest cultural Quaalude, according to **Tracy Young** in *Trash*. The trash mystique is chic East Hamptonites ripping off pink lawn flamingos from black neighborhoods. It's Bette Midler introducing her backup group as, "three cocktail waitresses from Encino—real *sluts*." It's *Deep Throat*, 1950, swish-finned Eldorados, satin pedal pushers, Barry White, Castro convertibles, and McDonald's. It's a new and inside way of looking at trash—a latter-day camp without the tents.

In this era of changing values, you can always depend on feisty **Sarah McClendon**—vice-president of the National Press Club and a woman who "talks to presidents as if she were scolding an errant husband"—to deal with intransigence. Hence, in the twelfth installment of our continuing series on the Vietnam Veteran, *Nothing Ever Changes*, she takes on the VA, and she cuts through the kind of bureaucratic inconsistencies and waste that deny a cripple the use of a swimming pool; that pays $200 a month to a widow whose husband was killed in 1972 and $408 to a widow whose husband died in 1973, both with the same length of service.

Sarah McClendon certainly didn't mince words with Richard Nixon ("They are *not* telling you all the facts!" when referring to VA denials of delays on checks to student veterans) and she doesn't with us. We think our readers have exactly the same rights as any president. So does Sarah. ○+□

The best keeps getting better.

The predecessor to this Pioneer AM-FM stereo receiver established a tradition of value in its class. And we've made the completely new and more powerful SX-535 even better.

The SX-535 has the quality workmanship, precision engineering and design excellence that are so important to the concept of real high fidelity. And it comes to you from the manufacturer of the finest stereo receivers in the world — Pioneer.

Look at the features. A phase lock loop stereo multiplex circuit for improved, stable stereo separation and lower distortion. Two big, easy-to-read meters — one for signal strength and one for center-of-channel tuning. There's also selectable FM interstation muting circuitry and loudness control. Click-stop bass and treble tone controls. Stereo/mono switch. The SX-535 also has provisions for two tape decks and tape-to-tape duplication, plus front panel microphone and headphone jacks. It has connections for two pairs of speakers, selectable from the front panel.

Look at the specifications. 20 watts per channel minimum continuous power, 40Hz — 20kHz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.8% at 8 ohms. That's real power to give you smooth response and crisp, clean, perfect sound. The FM sensitivity is an exceptional 1.9uV. And the capture ratio is an extraordinary 1.0dB.

Look at the price. $299.95, including the walnut cabinet. Look again at the price. Only $299.95. Fantastic!

If you want a little more power, the new Pioneer SX-636 offers 25 watts per channel minimum continuous power, 20Hz — 20kHz, with maximum total harmonic distortion 0.5% at 8 ohms. And it's only $349.95, including the walnut cabinet.

Making the "best" better is never easy. But Pioneer believes the extra time and effort it takes are well worth it. When you hear the SX-535 you're bound to agree.

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when you want something better

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(U.S. edition)

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New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90096, Tel. (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865.

Penthouse Publications Ltd.
(U.K. & European editions)
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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Run to daylight

Although my girl friend usually attends her university's home football games, last Saturday she elected to stay home and keep me company. Mostly in jest we told one another that we would spend the afternoon making love and would strive to climax together in celebration of the home team's first touchdown. However, foreplay is a special art with us and the initial scoring, only minutes into the game, found us far from prepared. Time passed and while the football action was near the 50-yard line, we ourselves were much closer than that.

As our passion grew and our pleasure overcame the voice of the radio announcer, we ceased thinking about any scoring except our own. We came simultaneously in our own excitement—which we were surprised to hear amplified by the stadium crowd's screaming explosion as Nebraska's halfback, Monte Anthony, scored on a handsome 48-yard run up the middle.—*Mike Fisher, Lincoln, Neb.*

Over, under, around, and through

Some of the things that I have read in your mag are pretty far out; however, I think I have something to tell you that beats the lot!

My wife gets turned on by watching me practice auto-fellatio (fellating myself). She insists I do this every time before we make love. I told this to a buddy once and he didn't believe me, saying "it's impossible!" Well, it's easy. One of the secrets is to do it on an empty stomach. The other is to just do a one-half reverse somersault on the floor finishing up kind of upside down with your weight supported by your shoulders, and with the soles of your feet pressing on a wall. From there on it's plain sailing. Just press on that wall and maybe get the wife to put a little added weight on your ass! (If you're a loner a tightened bathrobe belt round the back of the head and thighs will give you an assist.) It's an unbelievable sensation! You might have something of a stiff back to begin with but after a couple of times you should be quite an expert at "auto-fellatio."—*Name and address withheld*

Aural sex

Regarding the letter captioned by your editors *Aural sex* (October 1974): . . . and when the husband's away on business trips the wife masturbates with a Q-Tip, I suppose.

Come on, *Penthouse*. Your writing staff's imagination is to be admired. But, please, such a strain on my faith in journalistic honesty is nearly unendurable. It's pretty obvious that you guys are just pulling my ear.

As I close, the thought that a remote possibility exists that the letter was legitimate and that the events described therein actually transpired. In that event, let me suggest to the expectant mother a size 56 maternity hat matched with her normal attire, of course, so as not to call attention to Junior's presence. Furthermore, she shouldn't be concerned about transient severe headaches. However, delivery is going to be an ear-blowing experience for sure, and she should be stoutly prepared for this.

With best wishes to the baby, who if a boy will hopefully be born with a number 2 eraser.—*R.T., San Jose, Calif.*

We at Penthouse *share your incredulity. Nevertheless, we did receive this letter in the mail as we do all the letters that we print. In fact, this particular letter that you refer to seems to have been quite provocative. Perhaps more people have engaged in "aural sex" than you might expect. See below.—Editor*

I wrote to you in the summer of 1973 concerning a girl that I was dating at the time. This girl had a hearing problem due to the unusual structure of her auricular bones. I explained how we used to have aural intercourse and how the semen seemed to help her hearing. The letter was never printed and I never received a reply from you. I thought that possibly you doubted the authenticity of my letter since nothing like it had ever appeared in *Penthouse*.

Recently I read in your October issue about a couple who engaged in aural intercourse and that prompted me to write this letter. I must add that since I have graduated I have moved to another town and I no longer date my old college girl friend. But last week I received a letter from her in which she mentioned that her semenless hearing is not very good. While she has stopped having aural intercourse, I have not. For the sake of your readers with hearing problems and boring sex lives I implore you to print this letter.

Two months ago I was at a reunion for the members of the Speech and Hearing Department of my old college. After about ten drinks I started up a conversation with a beautiful girl whom I always wanted to ball in college but I never thought she was interested. We got to talking about old times and I brought up my practice of aural intercourse with my old girl friend. When she heard this she broke out into laughter and said that if my cock were as big as my imagination then it would be impossible to place it in an ear. Being as drunk as I was I asked her if she would care to find out if it was possible or not. To my surprise she said that she was willing if I was.

We went to a back room, locked the door, and got undressed. Then she sucked on my cock until it got hard, after which I put it up to her ear and let her jerk me off until I came. We were both so turned on that I got another erection in about thirty seconds and proceeded to ball her like I always dreamed about. Afterwards she told me that the sensation of warm semen in her ear was one of the biggest turn-ons that she has ever had. I am now having sex with this girl regularly, both aural and regular, and I would recommend this practice to everyone.—*M.G., Dayton, Ohio*

In reference to the letter in your October issue from Austin, Texas, wherein the writer had discovered the joys of balling his wife in the ear: If his physical endowments are as described we must have, at long last, proof of the existence of a Texan with all the bullshit kicked out of him. To add a little variety to his love life, he could try it in the nostril—unless, of course, he's afraid he'll

If you think there's a cassette or cartridge that's better than ours, we'll buy it for you.

Just try a new Columbia tape. If you still like your old tape better, return the Columbia tape to us, and we'll send you the one you prefer. Free.

Our problem

Most people who buy recording tapes are pretty happy with what they're using. So it's hard for someone with a new tape—even someone with all the experience in music and electronics that Columbia has—to get people to try it. Regular advertising just won't work.

We realized we'd have to come up with a really unusual introductory offer. To really challenge people to try our new FAIL-SAFE cassettes and cartridges. To see that they really are better than other tapes.

Our offer

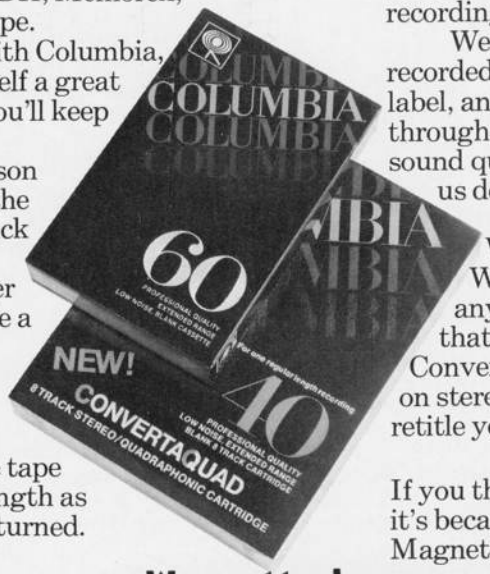
1. Buy a new Columbia cassette or cartridge in any length you like.

2. Try it out. Record on it. Compare it to the tape you've been using. TDK, Memorex, Scotch. Any iron oxide tape.

3. If you're happy with Columbia, fine. You've bought yourself a great new tape. And we hope you'll keep buying Columbia.

4. But, if for any reason you're not satisfied with the Columbia tape, send it back to us. With your receipt, no more than 30 days after you bought it, and include a label from the tape you prefer. Your only cost is 50¢ for postage and handling.

5. We'll send you the tape you prefer. In the same length as the Columbia tape you returned.



Our experience

We don't think we're taking much of a chance with this offer. And we don't think we'll be sending out many TDKs, Memorexes, or Scotches. Because while you may have never seen one of our blank tapes before, we're not exactly newcomers to the recording business.

We've made hundreds of millions of pre-recorded tapes over the years. For our own record label, and even for a lot of our competitors. And through that experience we learned a lot about sound quality and product reliability that helped us develop the best blank tape for home recording. With more highs and lows. Without fuzzing or blurring the sounds. Without jamming in any kind of tape deck in any kind of weather. And with unique features that make recording a pleasure. Like our ConvertaQuad cartridge that works automatically on stereo or 4-channel. And extra adhesive labels to retitle your tapes when you re-record.

Our challenge

If you think there's a tape that's better than ours, it's because you just haven't tried ours. Columbia Magnetics, CBS, Inc., 51 W. 52nd St., N.Y. 10019.

We want to change your mind

The whole neighborhood wondered what Frank Mallon was up to in his workshop.

Word had it he was up to something mighty peculiar. And when he didn't show up for bowling practice one Wednesday night, the Wabash Cannonballs (that was the name of his neighborhood team) began to wonder, too.

So it was that a bunch of the boys decided to pay their "star" a visit, and talk him out of his workshop and back into action.

It didn't happen that way, though.

Matter of fact, it was Frank Mallon who talked the Wabash Cannonballs out of their bowling night and down into his workshop. What was it... what could be exciting enough to keep a bunch of ten-pin tigers frorn their favorite pastime? One of the most fascinating learn-at-home programs in the world, that's what!

On-screen digital clock

Channel numbers that flash on the screen

Automatic pre-set channel selector

Actually build and experiment with the new generation color TV in Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program. It will help you develop new occupational skills as an electronics troubleshooter.

You'll set up your own electronics laboratory to learn first-hand, the technology behind such innovations as digital-display wristwatches and tiny pocket calculators.

In fact, as part of the program, you'll actually build and experiment with a 25" diagonal color TV incorporating digital features.

But most important of all will be the new skills you'll develop all along the way... the kind of skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. While we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities, once you've completed the program you can use your training:

1. To seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. To upgrade your current job.
3. As a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

Go exploring at home, in your spare time. No traveling to class. No lectures. No one looking over your shoulder.

Bell & Howell Schools wants to introduce you to the modern way to learn. It means you'll be able to develop new skills in your own home—on whatever days and hours you choose. So you don't have to give up your present job or paycheck just because you want to learn new occupational skills.

What's more, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough.

That's why you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the most impressive electronic training tools you've ever seen.

No electronics background necessary.

That's one of the advantages of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up, one step at a time. In fact, with your first lesson you receive a Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment.

You build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab®. An exclusive electronics training system.

First comes the design console. After you assemble it, you'll be able to set up and examine circuits without soldering.

Next, you'll put together a digital multimeter. This instrument measures voltage, current and resistance, and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock.

Then comes the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope. An instrument similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to analyze the "heartbeats" of tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

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plug up her sinuses. The navel, too, offers some interesting possibilities. Since he shuns the use of prophylactics, however, I would hesitate to recommend his getting off between her toes—athlete's foot (?) would give him an itch he couldn't scratch without masturbating. And she thinks she may be pregnant? Then while he's been using his eraser in her ear someone else has been using a pencil and dropping letters in her box.—*Ed Miller, Salinas, Calif.*

The obvious advantage to *Aural sex* (October Forum) is that the wife can hear her husband coming.—*J.K., Raleigh, N.C.*

Putting us on

I thought perhaps your readers would like to share some of the exciting, stimulating practices that my wife and I have grown to appreciate through our sixty-three years of marriage.

After a lovely meal of Gerber's strained sauce and champagne, I put on my tight-fitting rubber horsey face (which just lets me breathe enough) and put Q-Tips in my ears, saturated with fragrant oils. My lovely wife rolls up behind me and lights the Q-Tips with her candle while gently crushing my toes with her front wheels.

I slap my stumps together behind me, creating a lovely breeze over her honey pot. You can imagine our excitement as she hides my electrocardiogram readout behind the fish tank.

Recently, we have added a new member to our little group and Sir Charles *does* love to play his nose flute.

We would love to hear from others who by these practices have enhanced their golden years.—*L.W., Englewood, N.J.*

Flash fire

After reading your fine magazine for several years, I have finally decided to write to you and see if any of your other readers share my wife's and my ideas of fun.

Being a New York City firefighter, I have a special appreciation for rubber and leather garments. Unfortunately, for many years, my wife didn't share my feelings. During these years I took midnight showers (my wife is a heavy sleeper) wearing my extra fire helmet and boots which I kept at home. Actually, I stopped wearing the boots when I found that they filled with water too quickly.

Anyway, about three months ago, while I was in the shower singing "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," my wife woke up and ran to the bathroom to relieve her bursting bowels. Thinking I wouldn't hear her, she just grunted and groaned magnificently. Getting pretty hot and bothered by this, I stuck my helmeted head out of the shower and said, "Here I am to rescue you." Throwing her over my shoulder, I ran back to the bedroom with her screaming, "Get your perverted fingers off me, you twerp."

Well, needless to say, that night was the most pleasurable one of our marriage. Since then we found that we get so much enjoyment out of our little "charade" that we do it just about nightly. Of course there are a few variations like a self-installed sprinkler head discharging its sweet nectar over the bed, and flashing red lights, to name just a couple.

Please don't print my name with this letter as the guys in the firehouse might get some idea of what's been happening to the missing sprinkler heads, spare nozzles, and leather straps.

If any of your other readers share similar propensities, I would appreciate seeing them respond. I know that I am not alone at the sexual frontier but I would still like to hear from someone else.—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

Blazing saddles

I have enjoyed *Penthouse* and Forum for many years and I believe that about every means and method of obtaining orgasm and ejaculation has been covered except those climaxes achieved while riding horses.

As a part-time riding instructor, I have witnessed many people being surprised, embarrassed, and visually excited while on a horse. Many girls whom I have dated admit they often have orgasms while riding and some that have discussed it with me even claim that it is their favorite foreplay before getting into bed with their boyfriends. In fact, it has happened to me.

For the first lessons the student and I are dressed in riding breeches and tennis shoes. I use good-gaited, quiet horses and move to a slow trot and then a slow canter to teach the student to maintain close contact between her crotch and the horse's back. Most of my students are girls and women between sixteen and thirty years old, and these gaits usually warm up their crotches and breasts quite a bit. When their progress is good enough I have them ride alone, but still bareback, before starting them out with boots and saddles. Many girls have told me that these early bareback rides really turned them on. The feeling of being the "Master" of a beautiful slave that would obey her commands excited some girls as much as the actual gait of the horse.

I also conducted a Saturday jumping class and met several young ladies who were good riders and were allowed to carry whips. When a horse was returned to the stable, a groom would brush it down and usually wash the bits and the horse's mouth. They could tell if a horse had been teased, or "touched-up," or how hard it had been whipped and reported this to the owner. The whippers were warned not to whip again or they would not be able to continue to rent horses. Most of the Teasers and Toucher-uppers would put their mounts into a slow trot or slow canter and then urge them to go faster while holding them back with the bit. They used the whip lightly enough to put them into a slow-rocking, high-prancing gait which really turned them on and gave many girls wonderful orgasms. If she hadn't hurt the horse, nothing was said about these incidents because we knew that many of the girls who rode alone got their kicks this way. I dated several of these girls, usually after evening riding dates, and found them to be more than just ready, willing, and anxious.—*R.S., Miami, Fla.*

Small world

Until recently I was never able to satisfy a woman because of the extremely small size of my organ. About two years ago I had the great pleasure of meeting a very nice looking midget who was selling popcorn at a Roller Derby game in our city. I immediately asked for a date which to my surprise she accepted in an instant. We went out steadily for two weeks before we went to bed.

She looks like a sweet little kid just out of junior high. She has small but firm tits, just small enough to fit in my eagerly waiting mouth. She has a cleanly-shaven pussy, and looks like a miniature Linda Lovelace. This broad doesn't trim her armpits for months on end and this drives me wild. just the thought of this makes me hornier than hell. I spend hours and hours fondling and kissing this wonderful bush of mother nature.

Six months after I met her we were married. We've had many pleasurable nights together and usually have six to ten orgasms a night. We also have one perfectly normal boy.

I suggest to other men who have a small but potent organ to try doing it with a tinier woman and see how rewarding it can be for both of them.—*K.S., Rochester, N.Y.*

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Pet comment

This is to commend *Penthouse* for the September issue, the greatest ever. I especially want to remark on the centerfold and preceding pages. I work at a shipyard with several thousand men and every day I see those pages on the insides of many locker doors. The men love them. Our compliments to Bob Guccione for his work.

Janice Kane is easily the best model ever. Forum, I'm not sure that this language is permitted, but she has one beautiful cunt; God made it that way and we men love it. Those warm, inviting lips are what we want to see. Please give us more of her, soon!

The way that Bob photographed Janice is just the way we want to see it. Anyone can see hair in a wig shop, so please show us more of what Janice and others must have—and show it to us as Bob Guccione can only bring it out.—*Name and address withheld*

As a regular reader of your magazine I have had the extreme pleasure of viewing some excellent photography of females in various sensuous and erotic poses. Your Pet-of-the-Month layouts have been extraordinary to say the least. The Pets are real as are their moods and poses, and the overall effect is most effective in portraying women who enjoy being women.

One of the most exciting, beautiful, and "real" women ever to appear in your excellent publication is Miss Laura B. Doone (October 1974) currently gracing pages 65–77 of that issue.

Her exquisite beauty, her magnificent body (36½-18-35½), and her obvious delight in being a woman, coupled with her refreshing appeal and candor make her a winning candidate for your next Pet of the Year competition. She certainly has my vote, and it wouldn't surprise me to hear in future months that millions of your readers think likewise. Laura is one helluva girl.

Thanks to Laura, and thanks to *Penthouse*, for making this a whole lot more enjoyable day and week for all of us.—*G.V., Diamond Bar, Calif.*

This letter is being written after seeing Laura Doone in your magazine. Being here at this particular college anything looks decent to us but Laura is special. She is our Goddess of Love and Beauty. We would like to see more of her in some of the upcoming issues. We have her pictures taped to the door here and we want you to know that we parade in and out just to get a look at her.—*The Laura Doone Fan Club, Oskaloosa, Iowa*

My God, your "Cincinnati Kid," Karen Dermer, is the most lusciously desirable thing I've seen since I was her age and blessed by being able to love another Cincinnati girl as lovely as she is.

Your Karen has everything, an innocent look in spite of her sultry eyes and sensuous lips; firm, young, beautifully shaped breasts; and a really gorgeous cunt. I have always loved ash-blonds because their lovely cunt-lips (the object of every man's real interest) show through the fine pussy-fur so much better than with brunettes. If I'm not mistaken, Karen has cropped her own wispy veiling to show even more of her most beautiful self. Bless her sexy little heart.

But the final touch in creating the ultimate picture of sexiness—even more than her wanton finger-play with herself—comes from that frilly ribbon-and-lace garter belt. My God, I haven't seen anything as irresistible as that since I lost my own darling. I hope it's true that thigh-high nylons and garter belts are coming back. Karen's beauty makes it apparent why every man hopes it's true.

Anyway, thank you very much for Karen. You've helped to restore the faith of an old forty-four-year-old in the younger generation, and in all womenkind.—*R.B., Rockville, Md.*

I wanted to write to tell you how thrilled I was to meet the Pet of the Year, Miss Avril Lund. She came to Phoenix this past Saturday. I have always wanted to meet a Pet of the Month but never thought that I would actually get to meet one, and never in my wildest dreams did I expect to meet a Pet of the Year.

She is more beautiful in person than displayed on the pages of *Penthouse*; she signed for me not only the current issue (October 1974) which displayed her pictures but also the issue that she originally appeared in. Now those pictures which she signed are hanging proudly in my den to remind me of the most thrilling day of my life. I will always treasure that moment when I met Miss Avril Lund. She will always remain in my heart as the most beautiful and fantastic person I have ever had the good fortune to meet.

Long live *Penthouse* and their marvelous Pets. —*Ed Schneider, Tempe, Ariz.*

Frat chance

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* for some time now, and reading about the experiences of other couples in your magazine prompted me to write you about one of my most memorable.

One night during my junior year at college I met this chick at a fraternity party. I couldn't take my eyes off her beautiful boobs, they were magnificent. I struck up a conversation and soon we were out on the dance floor. When the tempo slowed down, I found my hands strangely attracted to her tits, and suddenly I found the bulge in my pants freed and being massaged by her left hand. Her right hand lifted up her skirt and I was guided into her warm love tunnel. It was dark enough so that no one else seemed to notice. The song was long enough and slow enough that in no time we were reaching a climax the likes of which I had never experienced before!

The band decided to take a break then, and I quickly zipped up my pants before the lights came on. I invited her up to my room, where we could continue what I hoped would be the makings of a very sensual evening.

As I was passing the bar on the way to our destination, I heard a fraternity brother comment, "Her best is a titi-fuck while listening to Alice Cooper."—*J.B., Worcester, Mass.*

Where's Poppa?

I guess you must receive some letters whose truth you question, but what I am about to relate to you is all facts. It concerns the affair between myself and my stepmother which has been going on now for six months.

She is thirty-one and I am seventeen and the only child. It started during this past summer vacation from school when we had all day to enjoy our sexual relationship. We have a swimming pool in our yard and I use it all the time. My stepmother got to where she would come out to sunbathe while I was swimming. She has a fantastic body and wears a bikini, the top of which she would unfasten while lying on her stomach. When she is ready to enter the pool or go in the house, she always asked me to fasten it for her. Needless to say, fastening the bikini top on a mature and beautiful woman excited me.

One day when I was about to fasten it, she let it "accidentally" fall to the ground. She then turned facing me, and I just stood there, marveling at her perfectly formed breasts. I immediately began to get an erection which she noticed bulging in my trunks. She put her arms around my shoulders and started kissing and pressing her body firmly against mine. The next thing I knew, she had led

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How can Mitchum be so effective and so gentle, too?

Here's how: even though Mitchum Anti-Perspirant contains high percentages of the two best anti-perspirant ingredients, aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate, its formula has been specially *gentled* by a process called *buffering*. To avoid stinging or irritating normal skin. Mitchum works *comfortably*.

Does Mitchum help stop odor as well as wetness?

Yes. You see, odor is caused by sweat coming in contact with bacteria on the skin. (Sweat, itself, is odorless.) Therefore, if there's less sweat, there's less chance of odor. Here's what we suggest: use Mitchum four nights in a row at first. Then, even if you occasionally skip a night, you'll feel protected the next day. (Of course, you may use Mitchum any time you prefer.)

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Cream. For the complete coverage that only hand-application of a cream can give. Won't leave its mark on your clothes the next day.

The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.

me inside to her bedroom, where she pulled off my trunks and her bikini bottom and pulled me to the bed. She began showing me the pleasures of making love, guiding my penis into her vagina. We then rested awhile and made love again, after which we took a shower together and dressed just in time to greet my Dad who was just getting home from work.

Every remaining day during the week of my vacation, we made love two and three times a day, with her showing me many different pleasurable positions. We screwed in the pool, the shower, bathtub, on the kitchen table, and a couple different ways standing up. My two favorites, however, were lying in bed with her on top, and on our knees and entering her from the rear while on my water bed.

When school started again in September, about the only chance we got to make love was on the weekend when my Dad went to play golf, or when she would sneak into my bedroom at night, after Dad went to sleep. Over the Christmas holidays it was all day sessions once more!

She is just a beautiful woman who loves sex and I am glad she chose to introduce me to the joys of it. I have had sex with several girls my age since the summer and have enjoyed it, but they couldn't compare to my sexy, mature, and experienced teacher.

Neither of us know when or how our affair will end; we are just enjoying ourselves while we can. She is the one who teasingly told me to write about our beautiful relationship to the Forum.—*Name and address withheld*

Clothes encounter

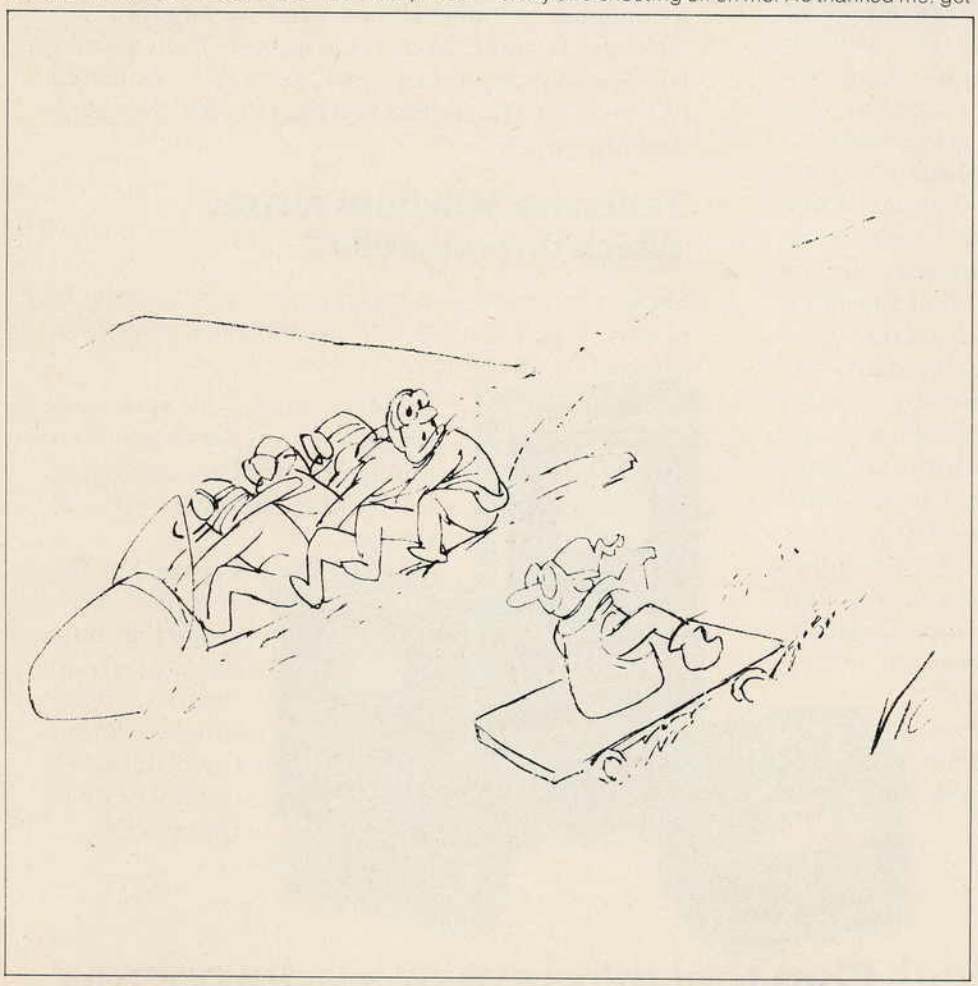
I am a married woman, thirty-eight years old, five foot five, red hair, with an above-average build, and work in a men's wear store in a local plaza.

A weird thing happened this last summer which I want to tell you about. This is that when I bent down to measure a leg length from the crotch along the inseam, most of the men got erections, which in a tight pair of pants at times is almost enough to split a zipper or leg. The first few times I was somewhat shocked, but as I get fairly horny in the summer, I figured why not make the best of a good thing.

One day a boy of about twenty, fairly good-looking, about 6'1", 175 pounds, came in to try on a pair of pants. I suggested he try on a pair that I knew were too small and he agreed. I gave him a pair, and walked back to the dressing room with him, occasionally brushing my breasts on his arm. I handed him the pants, closed the door, and waited a few minutes. When I heard the zipper opening, I opened the door, and motioned him to be silent. He did, and I went over and helped him get his pants off, then helped him to get into the new pair. As I did, I could see he had a good erection, which he tried to hide. It fitted nicely down the leg of this left pant. He did the fly up and then turned to me. I bent down, put the tape measure up to his crotch, and measured his inseam. Then, I began to caress his erection through his pants. We both began moaning. As I was kneeling in front of him, I undid my blouse, slipped my bra off, and let my breasts spring out. My nipples were hard, and he reached for them and squeezed them. I quickly undid his pants, slide them down, pulled his underwear down, and began rubbing his prick, which was just at my face level.

Needless to say I licked him all over, cock and balls, sucked him till I felt he was coming, and then let him shoot over my breasts. I almost came from the excitement of seeing this boy going crazy and shooting off on me. He thanked me, got dressed, and bought the first pair of pants he tried on. I wiped myself off, went out for my coffee break, and slipped quickly into the restroom. Pulling up my skirt, I noticed that my underpants were soaking the way his had been. I sat down on the toilet, spread my legs, leaned back a bit, and placed three fingers into my cunt and proceeded to give myself a heavy orgasm. I never did tell my husband about the episode, though the boy did tell his friends. Several of them have been in since to get fitted for pants, but as we have a larger staff now all I can do is measure them in the pant area of the store. I have still found the time to jerk a few of them off through their pants, though they have to buy the wrong sized pants afterwards. It is really a pleasure to feel that hot liquid ooze through the material of the legs of their pants.

I am wondering if this occurrence happens only in the particular store I work in or have other of your readers had similar experiences?—*Name withheld, Ontario, Canada*



Wash 'n' wear

This past summer I had a very exciting and enjoyable encounter which I would like to share with your readers.

It was a very warm day and I was at home alone while my wife was working. I decided I would wash clothes so my wife and I could have a quiet evening together when she got home. We live in an apartment which has a community laundry shared by six tenants. I was dressed in only a pair of walking shorts with no underwear. When I entered the laundry, our neighbor's eighteen-year-old daughter was removing clothes from their washer. Her back was to me and she was wearing a mini-mini dress, obviously with no underwear either. She was having difficulty—or so she said—removing the clothes from the washer and asked for my assistance. I willingly obliged and when she stood up straight I could see that she had no bra on either. Her nipples almost poked a hole in her dress. She has a beautiful pair of 37" teats. While I was assisting her in removing the clothes from the washer, she lovingly stroked my back and said, "Oh, you're such a kind man." Her touch was enough to tell me she wanted more than my assistance in removing clothes from the washer. I immediately stopped what I was doing and replied "You're very nice yourself," and gave her a little peck-kiss.

My groin was already beginning to ache and my cock was rising. She responded very warmly to my kiss and before I knew it she had unzipped my shorts and began massaging my cock and balls. In a matter of seconds my cock was hard as a rock. I reached under her dress and her pussy was warm and wet. I knew she was ready for a good fuck. I wondered if perhaps she had excited herself against the washer before I had arrived in the laundry. She was apparently not satisfied with just reaching in my fly to play with my balls and cock for she unbuttoned the shorts and they immediately dropped to the floor. She was obviously well experienced for she dropped to her knees and began sucking me like I've never been sucked before. I thought I would shoot my load any moment but forced myself to hold back. I really wanted to thrust my cock into her moist pussy so I pulled her up and sat her on the washer. Just as I was about to give it to her we heard a voice say "Wow, what a cock you have, there's enough for both of us." (Incidentally, my cock is 9½ inches long and 2¾ inches in diameter and has a terrific left hook from the middle to the end.) The voice was her mother's and the shock I experienced caused my erection to begin to subside. Her mother then said, "Let's go up to the bed where it will be more comfortable." It sounded fine to me so I willingly agreed.

Upon entering their bedroom (her mother had removed her clothes while walking from the entrance to the bedroom) I noticed a mirror over the bed and one on either wall. I learned a new way to fuck that day. Her mother lay on her side and told me to fuck her from the rear. The daughter lay facing the mother while they ate each other as I fucked the mother. In that position I couldn't get all of my cock in. The daughter alternately ate her mother and sucked my balls and the part of my cock that was not in the mother's cunt. What a thrilling sensation that was. Watching us in the mirrors really excited me too.

Very shortly, I exploded with an enormous orgasm. The daughter really enjoyed that for she then took my cock from her mother's pussy and, after licking off the love juices, began sucking me. She took practically all of my cock in her mouth. My cock soon became hard again whereupon the daughter got on top of me and really gave me a good screwing. Her mother straddled me and sucked the daughter's teats while I ate the mother. Some of my come was still in her pussy and it slowly came out as I ate her. That was the first time I had tasted semen and it was delicious, especially mixed with her pussy juice. We continued fucking that way for about ten minutes during which both of them came twice. Then her mother and I fucked in the missionary position while her daughter played with my balls and as I was about to come again she stuck her finger up my ass. Boy, did that make me have an incredible orgasm like nothing I had ever experienced before. Since that day we have gotten together every chance we can and have had terrific fucking sessions.—*B.G., address withheld*

Masturbation fascination

I thoroughly enjoy all forms of sexual activity but find that masturbation provides the most intense and prolonged pleasure. I would like to describe a few of the more effective methods which I have devised.

The first is to massage the penis with a lather of mild soap and warm water. The right hand strokes the shaft and head while the left alternately massages the testicles and assists the right hand. This is done while standing nude with legs spread. After rinsing and drying, I form a sling with a folded undershirt or flannel pajamas and place the erect penis in the sling, which I hold with the right hand and stroke rapidly. Speed and tightness can be regulated as desired. I then place my left middle finger, Vaseline-covered, into my rectum and move it about for added stimulation. As a variation, the sling can be gripped with both hands and the stroking continued until climax occurs. Or go on to the next step—this consists of constructing an artificial vagina comprised of an unlined rubber glove with a pillow folded around it. Squeeze KY lubricant into the glove and insert the erect penis into the glove, gripping the surrounding pillow with both hands, and commence copulative hip movements until climax occurs.

Another method is to lie on my back in bed and massage the penis until it becomes fully erect. Then I grip the penis with my right hand outside the blanket and proceed to massage it with my fingers, holding the thumb stationary on the shaft. This leads to a rapid climax unless frequent pauses are made.

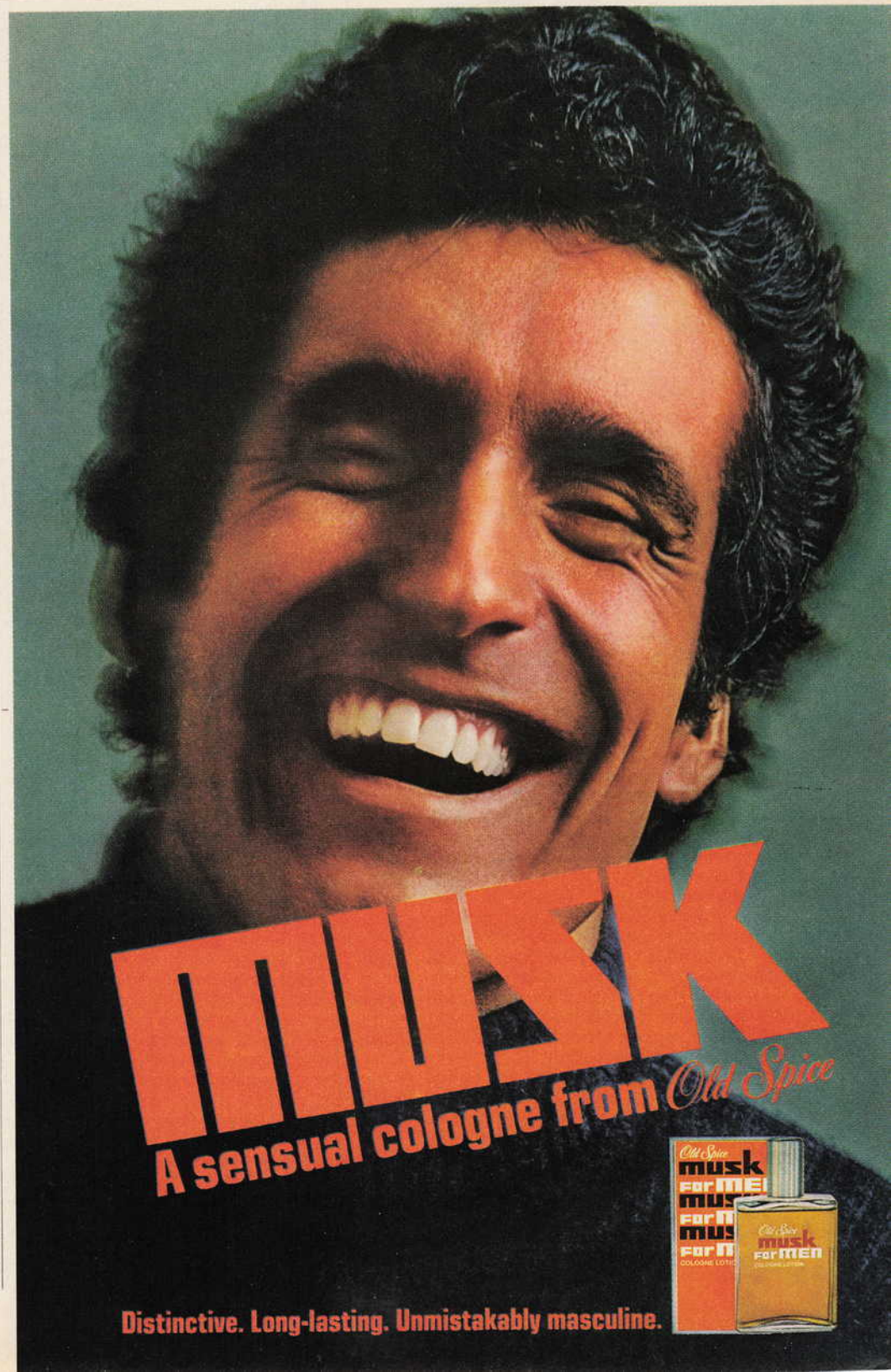
I find all these methods quite delightful and while lacking the companionship of a bed partner, I have the advantage of complete control and convenience. I keep my pubic hair shaved with an electric razor, finding it much neater shaved, and would prefer that all women shave theirs as well as their underarms. I enjoy giving and receiving enemas and always masturbate while receiving one. Another favorite activity is giving douches.

I hope your readers will share my enthusiasm for these methods and perhaps even improve on them.—*Name withheld, Syracuse, N.Y.*

Dirty word turn-on

I recently opened your September issue of *Penthouse* and immediately began scanning the letters section for titillating dirty words used in the description of various sexual experiences. This recent awareness of "dirty word turn-on" has led me to some experimentation with my latest date.

My first real encounter with this "dirty word turn-on" occured when my date exuberantly stated, "Oh, get fucked." I clenched my thighs in an unexpected flash of passion. Having noticed the quick gesture and sensing my hunger, he began filling the air with erotic phrases. The words seemed to gently fondle my clitoris and as he continued, "let me suck your nib," I pressed my buttocks up and down on the car seat to the rhythm of "clit, tit, shit. . . ." My lover encouraged, "let yourself go" and proceeded to utter three-, four-, five- and even six-letter words. The more unusual the word, "quim," "muff," "trittle," the hotter I became. I stripped off my clothes and felt the rhythm of his words press between my spread thighs. I finally came to a chorus of "come," "come," "come," pounding in my crotch, as well as in my ears.



"Come on Henry . . . What happened to that old 'Joie De Vive!' "

Since that night he has tried various methods of stimulation. One evening he connected a microphone to his cassette recorder amplifying the words in various tones throughout the bedroom. The results were highly satisfactory and I experienced the best orgasm I have ever had.

Unfortunately, physical sex is no longer as exciting as verbal sex. Now I have even found written dirty sentences, correctly punctuated of course, a turn-on.—*B.V., DeKalb, Illinois*

Fighting females

Like G.P. from Iowa in your September issue, I, too, have always been turned-on by the sight of two girls fighting. The first time I saw a girl-fight was in high school. Though I was going steady with Janice one day after school I invited another girl, Lisa, over to my house. Lisa and I went down to the basement playroom. About thirty minutes later the door bell rang and Janice came in; she had seen us and followed us home. Immediately she ran downstairs and, of course, I followed.

When Janice turned the corner and found Lisa lying on a couch with only her panties and a shirt on she yanked her up by her hair and the fight was on. Watching these girls fight, clawing, kicking, biting, and slapping one another made me come in my pants. At the end of the fight Lisa was lying on her stomach, arms and legs spread out. Janice had ripped her panties off and Lisa was crying over the beating. Janice, after kicking Lisa's bare ass until it was red, then sat on Lisa's back and spanked her for about ten minutes. I join you other readers in urging you to present a photo essay on girls fighting.— *J.B., Cincinnati, Ohio*

In your October 1974 issue, there are two letters from people who get turned-on by seeing a girl-fight. I also share the same feelings and appreciate the opportunity to express my thoughts on the subject.

Since this is my greatest sexual pleasure, that is, hearing, reading, or seeing girls fight, some kind of explanation should be offered concerning how it started for me. I was about thirteen years old when my parents sent me to a farm to work for the summer. The farm employed a lot of kids ranging in age from about twelve to eighteen, equally divided between boys and girls. One Sunday afternoon I was resting in the second story of one of the farmhouses when five of the older girls entered the building. Two of the girls, Sharry and Karen, were arguing over a boy each was dating. They faced each other while the remaining three girls took up sides.

As if by mutual consent, the two girls came together and the fight was on. Each got a solid grip on the other's hair with one hand while the other hand was ripping the other's clothes. Both were wearing shorts and loose blouses that were easily torn off. Sharry, a black-haired girl, ripped open Karen's blouse. Karen returned the favor when their legs tangled which sent them to the ground. They rolled across the ground pulling and yanking each other's hair. Suddenly their hands were tugging on their bras, which were tossed away to reveal four beautiful breasts. Karen's head snapped forward as her teeth sank into Sharry's breast. Sharry screamed and her nails clawed at Karen's face. Both girls broke away from each other for a moment, then four hands reached out as fingernails raked down the other's face, breasts, and stomach. They tangled again and were a tight knot on the ground. Rolling end over end each sought to finish the other off. Finally Karen could take it no longer and broke away. The other girls held Sharry back while Karen ran from the farmhouse.

I looked down and realized I had come in my pants. Ever since this incident I have been sexually stimulated when girls fight.—*L.B., Montgomery, Ala.*

Monopede mania

Penthouse's Monopede mania letters ought to be required reading for female patients in every amputee rehabilitation center. For a young woman, the loss of a leg is doubly traumatic since she automatically but wrongly assumes that men will find her sexually repugnant with a stump.

Had *Penthouse* been around ten years ago when my right leg was amputated above the knee, you might have saved me two dreary years of self-pity and despair. I lived almost as a recluse, so afraid of being rejected by men that I turned down all offers of dates arranged by well-meaning friends and relatives.

But one day at lunch a girl friend introduced me to a guy who wouldn't take no for an answer, and after six months of dating he proposed.

To my surprise, my then boyfriend was not repelled by seeing me on just one leg and actually got more amorous as our relationship progressed. One night we went to a drive-in and during our necking I was shocked when his hand strayed down to my lap and began feeling my stump through my skirt. He was being so loving and gentle that I didn't protest later when I felt his hand under my skirt fondling both my stump and my full thigh.

We were married two months later and have been happily married now for eight years. At first it was hard for me to accept the fact that my amputated leg was a key factor in attracting my husband. It was a surprise at first to discover that my husband considered me sexiest on one leg and crutches instead of when I looked more like a "normal" woman with my artificial leg on. He likes being able to slip his hand under my skirt to feel my stump. If the kids aren't around when my husband catches me on my crutches, he likes to flip my skirt up so he can actually see my stump sticking out of my panties.

What still turns my husband on full force after all these years is the sight of me hopping around the bedroom nude on one leg while I am dressing or going to the shower. I confess I'll never understand how any man can be sexually aroused by the grotesque sight of a woman hopping around with one of her legs cut off, but it is a phenomenon every one-legged woman learns to accept.

I don't have to worry about initiating sex if I'm in the mood. I just contrive to let my husband see my bare stump sticking out of my panties and he is ready to pull them down if I let him. Once when my husband was preoccupied with business problems and hadn't made love to me in a couple of weeks, I couldn't get a rise out of him even by hopping nude in front of him. But the instant I lay down next to him and rubbed my stump between his legs he forgot his troubles and almost wore me out in bed that night. Ten years ago if anyone had told me that the stump of my leg would have that effect on a man, I would have thought them crazy.—*Name and address withheld*

In some of your latest issues people were writing about amputees and what they could do sexually. Well, here's one for the record. Before you read this, I would like to say that I'm sure you get a lot of letters from people who just make the shit up. Well, all I'm going to say is it's up to you, you can believe it or not.

I am twenty-three years old and I work in a small paint store, with one other person. One night my partner left and I was just about to close the store up when this lady came in. She looked around and then asked if I was all alone. I said that I was.

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So then she took off her hat and coat. She had one arm, and get this, one ear. She put her coat on a rack and then came behind the counter. Then she unzipped her pants and pulled out a good size crop of pubic hair, and asked me if I could match the color in a latex paint. So I looked at her for a moment then started to mix the paint.

She then zipped up her jeans and walked over to me and started rubbing my ass and crotch. After a few minutes of this I told her to wait a minute while I locked the door. When I came back I pulled my cock out and she started to suck it. She was holding it with her stump and was fingering me with her other hand. To my surprise she managed to get my whole cock (8") in her mouth. I came in about five minutes and after I did she said that she'd pick up the paint the next day. Well she never came back, but when or if she does, I'll surely know what to do next time.—*M.S., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Enemas . . .

Thanks to *Penthouse* the erotic effects of the enema have finally come to light. I've been a practical nurse for three years and have given many an enema, never realizing that it could have erotic effects for the giver and the receiver.

After reading some of the *Special preference* letters in *Penthouse* my boyfriend and I decided to try an enema. Since I was the most experienced (being a nurse) he suggested that I obtain the necessary equipment.

That very night we went to bed and after an hour of fooling around we were both hot as hell. I went into the bathroom and filled both enema bags with hot water and held the nozzles under the hot water until they too were good and hot. The enema bags were hung on the bedposts, and we started screwing while lying on our sides face to face. When I felt he was about ready to come I reached around and slipped the hot Vaseline-covered nozzle into his rear. I thought he would go out of his mind, he started humping like crazy, and at the same time he put the other nozzle in my rear. Well, when the nozzle was going in I knew what my boyfriend was experiencing. Between his penis in my beaver and the hot enema nozzle in my rear I was in another world.

When he started to come I released the now warm fluid and he did the same to me. The enema solution filled both our rears and we both climaxed together. We just laid there in each other's arms and let the rest of the enema solution drain into us. Each of us was well aware of what the other was feeling, and that made it even better.

I've also found the enema to be a great aid in self-masturbating. After an especially long day I take a hot shower, prepare an enema, lay naked on my bed and elevate my hips with a pillow. After massaging my clitoris until it's good and stiff, I then slip the hot enema nozzle in my rear and let the warm fluid run into me. The warm feeling of the enema nozzle and warm water filling me seems to radiate around to my vagina. These feelings and the sight of that big black enema nozzle in my rear produces a great climax. I usually remain in this position until the last of the fluid empties from the bag. After expelling the solution I'm completely relaxed and have a wonderful night's sleep. I hope by relating my experiences in this manner others will be enlightened to the erotic effects of enemas.—*Name withheld, Wayne, N.J.*

Keep on trucking

After reading the letter *View from the top* in the October Forum, we would like to hear from more truckers and guys and gals who have had experiences similar to ours.

My girl friend likes very much to suck on my cock. About two years ago, she began sucking and jacking me off in the car. Then a couple of months later I started fingering her while riding in the car. During these escapades I found that the guys in the vans, pickups, and eighteen-wheelers could see her sucking me. So, to put on a real show, she would undress and I would spread her pussy lips real wide. She would suck me as we slowly passed the trucks and sometimes we would stay right next to them for fifteen or twenty seconds. When she sucks me, her head goes up and down and there is no mistake about what she is doing. At some stoplights, I get her to suck me while we are next to a car with a woman driver, and you should see some of the looks I get.

Our best experience happened once on a highway outside Dayton. My girl was sucking on me and had all her clothes off (she's sucking me now as I write this). I saw a van coming up next to me so my girl got on her back and spread her legs. I started playing with her pussy and tits. When she gets excited and ready to come, she raises that pussy two feet in the air. About that time the trucker pulled up next to us. I could see him look and then do a double take. He leaned down low to look at me, and I just smiled. My girl knew he was there, and she kept her legs spread good. She has a beautiful pussy and I know he liked what he saw, because he was next to us for twenty miles. She put on a good show for him and came real fine. I liked him seeing her and seconds later she made me come good. She swallowed all of it, and didn't lose a drop!

I finally pulled away from him and we talked about it the rest of the day. That's just one experience and we would like to hear from other people. But one final warning: *Be careful!* When a man comes, he loses control for a few seconds; so you have to be a damn good driver. Also, we make sure no minors see our little act (it's for adults only!).—*Name and address withheld*

"Pick it up again. Second verse you know—the hip bone connected to the thigh bone, or whatever."

Two of a kind

I enjoy your Forum column very much and wish to share a recent experience. I'm an eighteen-year-old male who is always listening to people say how much I look like my older sister. Everyone says that if I had her hair we'd look like twins.

I've gotten used to this talk and decided to put it to a test. After my sister went away with my parents for the weekend, I went into her room and put on her flowery panties, a pair of powder blue corduroy jeans, a bra (that with a lot of tissue turned me to an instant 38C), a flower print blouse, and matching corduroy blazer.

To complete the test I wore one of her wigs and put on some makeup. I then went out for a drive, and at every red light the guy next to me would fall for it—one asshole even whistled.

I felt pretty confident and finally got enough balls to step out of the car. I went into a major department store and didn't get one freak look. I felt even more confident so I walked over to the women's department, and after browsing decided to try on a couple of dresses. After entering the dressing room it was exciting listening to other women changing. After trying on the second dress, I started to masturbate. As I was doing this a girl probably around twenty-five opened the door. Her eyes popped as she saw a girl (38C) in a dress with an erection! I thought for sure she'd scream, but instead she smiled and quickly shut the door. She then went down on me, finishing me off with her mouth. I was so excited I must have shot a gallon! I sensed that she was also rather excited, as I think she broke a new record in taking off her clothes. We then made love standing up "boobs to boobs."—*Name and address withheld*

Sex-swap

Seeing the letters in November's issue has induced me to share with you the experiences of my wife and I.

Last year we were invited to a costume party, and my wife came up with the idea that I go as a woman and she as a man. We are both of a comparable size and so with a minimum of adjustment we were able to wear each other's clothes. That evening after showering and shaving completely (not only my face, but legs, arms, underarms, and chest) I put on a girdle, bra (with falsies), stockings, slip, dress, and of course my newly acquired high-heel pumps. My wife put on my European-style briefs, slacks, dress shirt and tie, and her newly acquired oxfords. She saved the sport coat for last.

Now my wife proceeded to make me up with the full gamut of foundation, eye shadow, rouge, lipstick—you name it, and finished me off with earrings, necklace and bracelet, and for good measure some perfume. She capped (sic!) it all off with her wig. For herself, she completed the disguise with a false beard and moustache that she had bought the day before. When she handed me a purse and she took out one of my pipes we looked like any normal young couple about to go out on a Saturday night. We were the hit of the party, and had a great time. We took a lot of kidding, but it really wasn't too bad. Well by the time we got home later that night I was really hot—like after we finally got away from our wedding reception.

And my wife was just as hot and ready. When we got into the house I was all for stripping and hopping into bed, but my wife insisted we have a nightcap in the living room, and as we were sipping our cognac, she slipped alongside of me on the sofa and took the complete initiative. Anytime that I tried to take over, she whispered, "No, tonight I'm the boy and I'll lead the way."

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times that we had put together in our three years of married life—and for the first time she performed fellatio on me and permitted me to perform cunnilingus in return. The next morning when we awoke she confessed that she had been wanting to do this for a long time.

I told her how much I had enjoyed it, and since then we have done this many, many times. What we do sometimes is to switch roles then check into a quiet out-of-town motel. We then proceed to have a ball, and I mean a ball. Maybe others might want to benefit from this and try it.—*Name and address withheld*

Muff-diving

After reading the letter in your November issue from R.T. entitled *Muff-divers*, I would like to reply:

It's really dudes like you that give men a bad name. Listen, I'm a woman, and I dig oral sex, and all I can say is that it is one of the most beautiful arts of loving left. To satisfy a woman in one of the most tender ways can only be a beautiful experience. To have a chick show her best as you caress her in ways that express yourself, to enjoy the unique aroma of a woman being loved must be one of life's true delights.

As far as smell, because of the fisherman you are, you probably could only get a fish that most men would throw back because of taste! There are plenty of girls who know how to keep themselves clean. Women are a lot cleaner than men. Think about it.

Man, I just don't know what to tell you. Try and get some class. If you want rich food you have to go to a nice place to eat. But you probably wouldn't know how to act so best leave well enough alone. There is a name for your kind, a "slam-bam-thank-you-mam" man.

As for me, I like my man to treat me in a way that can make us both happy, and send stars to my eyes. It's just the greatest from both sides.—*T.J., Manor, Tex.*

After reading the October Forum I agree wholeheartedly with B.A. about the "delicious vaginal odors." I have a thing about woman's panties, especially the bikini ones, and I have quite often gone into department stores in search of something colorful or frilly. When I see a cute chick bend over with frilly panties on I get an erection right then and there.

One thing I do miss, however, is the aroma of panties that have been worn by a female. I was out with my girl one night when we started fooling around before climbing into the backseat of my car. We were both pretty hot and when I finally pulled off her panties I caught a whiff of them. That kept me going for quite a while, and I was reluctant to take her home.

I have a sixteen-year-old cousin, and once, while visiting her and my aunt and uncle for a few days, I went into her room and got a pair of bikini panties from her drawers. I then went into the bathroom and masturbated to an orgasm that was fantastic. I held the panties to my nose while doing this. But I do have a problem. Is there any way to simulate this beautiful odor? I'd have my girl wear them but I don't want her to know of this. If you could, please give me an answer, because I'm going out of my mind.—*Name and address withheld*

Upon reading the letter in *Penthouse* Forum titled *Muff-divers* signed by R.T., I must say that R.T. doesn't know much about animals. Didn't he ever see a dog when he smells a bitch in heat? He goes over and starts sniffing and licking her dripping cunt and then tries to mount her.

Boy, this guy sure is dumb. Like he said, an animal has more sense, more than him anyway. If a guy doesn't like to eat pussy he doesn't have to, but I'll bet my money he likes to get his cock sucked. That's the typical male chauvinist prick attitude that turns my fucking stomach.

I see and hear this kind of bullshit almost every day. How old is this R.T. anyway? He says that 90 percent of women go down on men and 45 percent of men go down on women. What age category is he talking about? He doesn't know what he's talking about when he says 90 percent of women suck cock. It's not that high.

Frankly I'd say that any woman who will suck cock and not have it reciprocated is cheating herself.—*M.M., Westchester, N.Y.*

Nursing high jinx

There are two sides to *Naughty nurses* which everyone seems to forget; there is also the male nurse side of the story. In my experiences in various hospitals I have come across female patients from fifteen to seventy years old who want, and sometimes almost demand, that they get touched in one way or another.

One time a light came on to signal a nurse, and I happened to be available. I entered the room of this fifteen-year-old and she grabbed one of my hands and pressed it to her youthful body, and guided it beneath her hospital gown to her budding tits and youthful pussy. I lightly rubbed between the soft lips of her pussy until she had an orgasm.

Another time I answered a light it was a forty-five-year-old female who wanted a bedpan. Reaching inside the bedside stand I got the pan, gave it to her, and began to leave. But she grabbed my hand and told me to wait. After she pissed in the bedpan she handed me a roll of tissue and asked me to wipe her cunt. Pieces of the tissue broke loose and stuck, embedded in her slit. In turn she requested that I remove the pieces of tissue and when I did so she reached for me and unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock to jack me off as I finger-fucked her.

Another female twenty-three years of age knowing that I would be returning to her room was ready and waiting when I returned. She was standing totally nude by her bed and quickly closed the door behind me after I entered. Approaching her we fucked each other standing up alongside her bed.—*Name and address withheld*

Strange seduction

I guess it all started about eight years ago, on some summer day in June. I was home with my son who was up in his room playing. I was doing housework when the doorbell rang. It was one of my son's friends. I opened the door and greeted him. "Hi, Richie. Joey's upstairs." He replied, "Hello, Mrs. F." As he greeted me he looked at me kind of funny—a look that I had never seen on his face. He then scampered up the steps yelling for his friend. I walked towards the kitchen when I noticed that the button on the top of my sunsuit had been opened and if one would have looked, and I'm sure that's what Richie had done, then one could see my tits sitting comfortably in the cups of my lace bra.

Well, I thought about what had taken place over a cup of coffee and a strange feeling came over me—a feeling that I have never experienced before. I thought to myself that if just a fleeting glance of my tits had brought on that kind of look from Richie, what would happen if I had showed him some more of my body—or maybe even let him touch parts of me. I decided to do something about it. I opened another button on my sunsuit and adjusted my tits so that my nipples (at this juncture throbbing and standing straight out) were exposed over the cups of my black bra. Then I rebuttoned one of the buttons but made sure that

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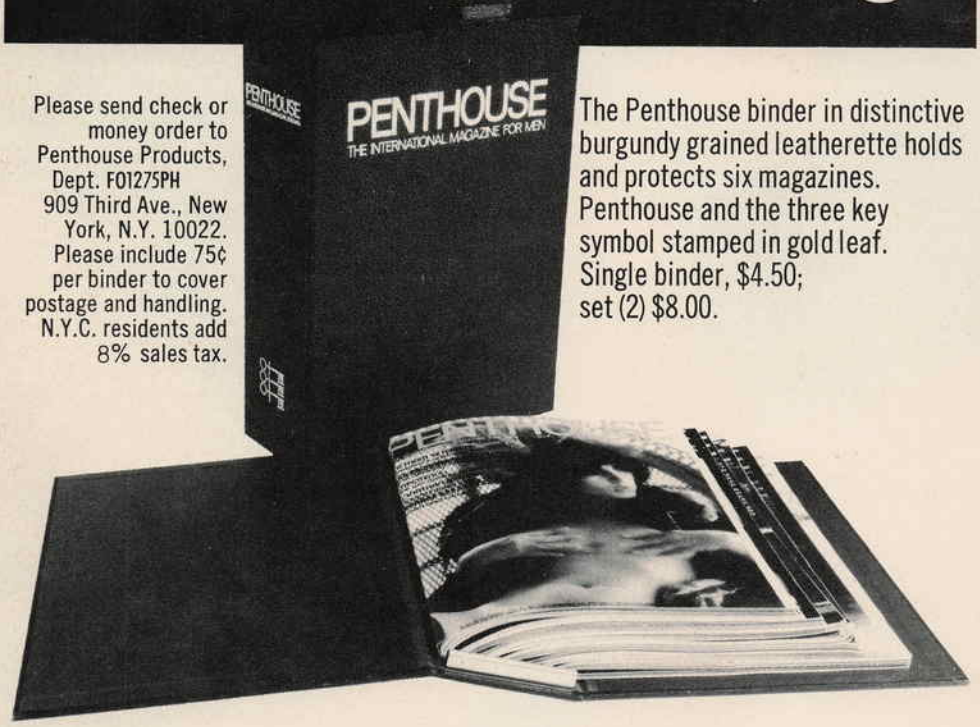

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enough would still show if one were inclined (or forced) to look. Then I hiked up the shorts of the play outfit so that the crotch of the garment was wedged between the lips of my cunt.

It was time to go upstairs to see Richie. The boys were in my son's room. I walked towards the door and noticed that it was not closed all the way. I peeked inside and saw them both sitting on the floor playing some sort of board game. I could see Richie's profile, but neither my son nor Richie could see me. I looked at Richie and for some strange reason I began to get a kind of tingling feeling running through me. Uncontrollably my hand reached for my pussy. I started to rub myself on the outside of the sunsuit (pressing my hand to my body real hard). The other hand went inside my blouse and I began to rub one nipple gingerly between my thumb and forefinger. I was hot. I was breathing heavy. And I was scared that the boys would hear me. But I continued. I continued to rub and squeeze and pull almost violently on one nipple while the other hand reached inside of my suit. It went inside of the sheer pink bikini panties that I had on and two fingers went directly inside my pussy.

I began slowly, but soon I was pumping those two fingers in and out of my cunt at tremendous speed. I felt as though I was going to come all over the place. I stopped. If I was going to have an orgasm I wanted Richie to be watching me. I straightened myself up and knocked on the door, and walked in. I sat down on the floor next to Richie (on the side of him where he could look right inside of my blouse and see my exposed and reddened nipples). As the board game progressed, I shifted positions quite often and in doing so I continually gave Richie the show of his young life (he was about fifteen or sixteen). Bare nipples, spread shots, he even caught me once or twice rubbing myself. The excitement grew on his face. He didn't know what to make of the situation. I was in complete command.

I then asked my son to go to the store for me and at the same time asked that Richie stay and keep me company. With my son out of the house for about twenty minutes I worked fast. I asked Richie if he would like to feel me; he was shocked but nodded yes. I took his hand and put it right on my cunt. Then I opened my buttons and exposed both my tits to him. While he was feeling my pussy I was busy rubbing my tits. Then I took out his cock (not a bad size for a kid his age) and began giving him a blow job. I began shoving that thing into my mouth and he came almost immediately, filling my mouth with the biggest load of cum I have ever had in my mouth. Half of it dripped out and the other half I swallowed. We straightened everything up before my son came back, and things looked normal upon his arrival.—*Name and address withheld*

Foxy lady

I'm eighteen years old and I've known this girl Sandy for about four months now. She's the horniest girl I've ever dated in my whole life.

About four months ago I went to a private graduation party at a friend's house. He invited lots of girls to this party, but this one girl, Sandy, was a real "fox." She was 5'4" tall, had blond hair, blue eyes, beautiful smooth sexy-looking legs, and about a 36B bust. She was wearing a light blue mini dress, with buttons down the front, and looked incredibly sexy—I knew I wanted to ball her immediately. Early in the party I went up to her and we started to talk. After some drinks we did some dancing to slow and fast music. Eventually we started to kiss, and get some "handsies" with each other.

It got to be around 10:30 PM and it was really crowded at the party. Earlier I had mentioned that there was no one home at my house because my parents had left for the weekend and when I brought it up again we decided to leave the party.

We went out to my car and I opened the door to let her get in. As we drove to my house I was hotter and harder than hell. Halfway there I put my hand on the upper part of her legs, and started to touch her legs all over. As I was driving she unzipped my pants and put her cold hand on my cock, and squeezed gently. Ooooo! That felt so good that I was ready to get off in her hand but I made myself relax and managed to control myself somewhat.

When we got to my house she couldn't stop kissing and touching me. We went into my bedroom and lay down on the bed. I put my hands on her legs and eventually moved them up to her cunt. As my hand touched her crotch, I could tell that she was hornier than hell; she had creamed right through her panties and panty hose so thoroughly that my hand had to be wiped off with a towel. I unbuttoned her dress all the way to the top and slid my hand down over her stomach and stopped at her panties. I felt the curve of her pussy, and some hairs that were sticking out of the sides. As I felt her through her panties, I couldn't resist touching the real thing. So I put my hand down her panties and got a hold of that drenched pussy. I started to touch it very lightly in between the pussy lips. After I rubbed it that way for a short time, she had a good, strong, and violent orgasm. Meanwhile, when I was doing that she had her hands on my cock, and I got the best hand job I have ever had! I got out of bed after she had her orgasm, and we undressed completely in two different rooms. As I went into the bedroom that she was in she had her legs spread wide apart. What a great sight!

I started to rub, bite, squeeze, pinch, and hickey her tits with my mouth and my left hand. With my right hand I fingered her all the way up, and touched her cherry. She was very small inside, and my finger felt good and very soothing to her (according to her afterwards). After I fingered her, I started to move my head down to her cunt and I ate her out. Later after I was through, she gave me a blow job. Man, was I hard. When she was through with me, we balled for two hours, and three different times that night. When we were finished balling, we took a shower together and washed each other clean. That was the best sex I ever had.—*Name withheld, Ohio*

Boob talk

I feel impelled to remark upon the obvious lack of self-esteem demonstrated by the author of the letter *Big boobs the answer?* in your October issue.

There is no evidence that feminist women are "skinny, flat-chested or unfeminine." Nor do we burn bras. In fact, it might interest you to know the vast majority of us wear our bras.

If the woman who wrote that letter feels that her only value, and the value of women in general is based upon the size of one's bra cup, she is in for a rude awakening one of these days. "Women-libbers" (sic) are, as a whole, one of the most farsighted and freely individualistic groups today. We are not bound by the false restrictions and moral or social codes that have kept women "in their place" for centuries.

The writer shows quite a bit of insecurity by her reference to her "big boobs." I, at one time, had the same shopping problems, but three children and a diet took care of that. I would not give up being able to fit easily into a size ten dress for any of the so-called advantages of being a traditional woman.

The size of a woman's breasts is not necessarily proportional to the size of her brain, nor does it have anything to do with a woman's sexual pre-

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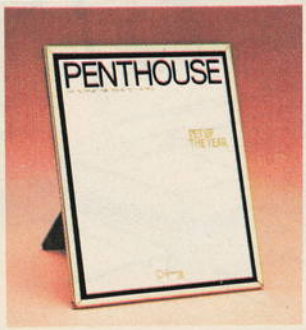

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dilections, or her personal choice of liberties.

I am a feminist. I am a woman. Men find me attractive, as they have always done. But the attraction is not based on the "big boobs" that will be the talk of the office or shop the next morning. I prefer to get along on my own merits as a person, rather than the size and/or shape of my bosom, legs, or any other sexual parts of my person.

You need not refrain from printing my name and address. I am not ashamed of what I have to say about the people who hold women to be merely sexual objects, with no intrinsic value. I think they're antediluvian!—*Dawn Murphy, San Jose, Calif.*

Repeatedly printing photos of Avril Lund does very little for the cause of us flat-chested girls. And really, I can't be too sympathetic with the young lady that wrote in "complaining" that her 44E bust is too large.

Being a 34AA myself I'm constantly being told by people that "anything over a mouthful is just wasted!" How come all the guys I know have D-cup mouths?

I'm twenty-four years old, and although he doesn't say it, I'm sure my husband is more interested in my "baby" sister's 38D than in my 34AA . . . and she's only sixteen! He always invites her to the beach with us, or to spend the weekend, and as much as I love my sister I regret it every time she stands next to me in her bikini.

I used to go with her to buy her training bras, and now I'm wearing her hand-me-down bras that she has outgrown. We have actually measured, and one of her breasts is *over* twice the size of both of mine together. Her aroused nipple almost fills my bra!! The women who complain about having too much should talk to me. Would they rather be common like me (34AA-24-36), or extraordinary like my beautiful "little" sister (38D-21-34, 5'9" tall)???—*S.R., Sierra Madre, Calif.*

Family friend

About three weeks ago, my parents and older sister went off camping and I was home all alone. One day when the doorbell rang, and after I answered it, I saw it was my sister's best friend, Robin. I told her my sister was off with my parents camping, but she said she didn't care.

This could not be Robin, the shy girl friend of my sister's who hardly ever said a word. But it was. She wouldn't have to say much that night.

I asked her to come in, and she did just that —going straight to the living room, and shedding her clothes on the way. By now it was getting more difficult to walk because of my growing penis inside my pants.

When I got to the living room where Robin was, she was lying down on our thick shag carpet with her legs spread wide and her fingers inside of her cunt. I just stood there looking at her with a gigantic bulge inside my pants. Her eyes were looking into mine, and she spoke up and told me to take off my clothes. It didn't take much convincing on her part and my clothes were off in five seconds, revealing a long stiff penis.

I got down on my hands and knees and started to finger her wet juicy cunt. I could hear her starting to breath faster and heavier. Within a few more seconds she came. She arched her back and started to scream and moan with pleasure.

I lowered my head between her legs and starting to lick her wet cunt. I found her clit, and gently started to lick it. After a few more minutes of this she came again. This time more violently than before. My face was still between her legs, completely soaked with her juices, but still enjoying every bit of it.

Then Robin got up and rolled me over and went straight to my cock with her mouth. She engulfed it all in one action, gently sucking and flicking the head with her tongue. I came in seven or eight minutes like I never came before. She took the whole load in her mouth and swallowed all of my sperm. She looked up at me with loving eyes, with a little of my sperm rolling down the side of her mouth.

I rolled over on top of her and gently licked the sperm away. I must say it did taste pretty good.

We layed on the rug kissing and feeling each other's genitals. After a few minutes of this my cock was hard once again. Robin told me to just lay back and enjoy. She stood up with both of her legs on either side of my hips and slowly lowered herself onto my rod. Her cunt was still well lubricated and my penis slid in with no trouble at all. She was rocking back and forth and pumping my cock at the same time. I was feeling her breasts all this time, and also had my finger up her anus. We both came at the same time, with all sorts of moans and groans.

All of this left us both pretty tired so we decided to take a dip in the pool. It was a warm night and the water was nice and cool. We fucked once again in the shallow end and then decided to go to bed.

Robin had to call her mom and tell her she was staying over for the night at a girl friend's house. When we got into the bed we went to sleep. But after an hour or so had passed, we both woke and made love again enjoying each other's bodies long into the night.—*Name and address withheld*

Urolagnia . . .

I am writing to express my interest in an area of human sexuality that has only occasionally been referred to in the letters section of your magazine.

"Schofield, you're a Goddam genius!"

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but which I believe to be widely practiced. I refer to urolagnia, the derivation of sexual pleasure from the act of urination. Although advertisers in underground newspapers frequently request partners for "water sports," contemporary adult periodical and scholarly literature ignores the subject almost completely.

I am a male, twenty-five, and I consider observing a woman in the act of urination to be a sublime erotic diversion. Like Havelock Ellis, the eminent sexologist and self-confessed urolagniac, I am overwhelmed by the beauty of this simple and natural act. Although I cannot trace the genesis of this preference to a specific incident in my childhood, I cannot remember a time when I was not excited and attracted by feminine urination. Hearing a woman say she has to go to the bathroom gives me an erection; hearing her stream tinkling into the toilet bowl or seeing her squat outdoors excites me powerfully.

Although I am completely heterosexual and 99 percent of my sex life consists of more or less conventional intercourse and oral sex, I consider urolagnic activity the ultimate thrill. Exemplifying one of my recent experiences was a camping trip I spent with a lady friend. We were roughing it, camping in a tent deep within a forest. Upon arising one morning, I persuaded her to let me watch her pee, instead of going into the woods alone. She removed her pants and squatted without self-consciousness. When she released her golden stream to patter on the pine needles, I knelt before her and freed my bursting erection. She took it, and, seeing my arousal, held it under her warm shower. When she finished, I licked the salty droplets from her cunt-lips. She was as aroused by this episode as I was: we spent the day within the tent, having explosive sex.

It is interesting to note that urolagnia is perhaps the only so-called sexual "deviation" that is at least as common among women as among men. Ellis has written of what he called "undinism," the feminine desire to urinate in the presence of her sex partner: a desire at significant variance with the socially conditioned requirement of privacy. Since it is well-known among animal behaviorists that many species of primates use urine or urination as a sexual signal, I am of the opinion that some mechanism of this sort survives in humans from some period in our common evolutionary history. I have long been aware of the powerfully arousing odor of a woman's pee, a quality totally lacking in male urine.

Penthouse, with its reputation for frankness and unabashed discussion of novel sexual practices, can do much in this unexplored area. An article, or perhaps even a pictorial, tastefully done, showing one of your beautiful Pets taking a discreet leak, would be more appreciated than you might think: certainly it would be better received than endless and repetitive discussions of amputee sex.—*Name and address withheld*

"Lucky" Luciano

We in the Boston family thoroughly enjoyed your articles on our dear departed "Lucky" Luciano. Everything was fairly true and we are very glad that your magazine was the one with enough sense to publish a story like this. We only hope that the movie is as good, with Bob Guccione playing the part of "Lucky." Keep up the good work. Thank you for your time.—*Gary M. Luciano. North Easton, Mass.*

The merit of producing hogs

One of the Tenderfoot Scouts in our local troop called to my attention the picture of Eagle Scout Gerald Ford on page 106 of your October 1974 issue. As a point of curiosity, did Jerry actually earn the Hog Production Merit Badge in Troop 53

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of Grand Rapids? If so, is it doing him any good now in his new position in Washington?—*Name withheld, Teaticket, Mass.*

The National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts doesn't know; the White House Press staff doesn't know; and President Ford's sister-in-law won't divulge the information—apparently it's a well-kept secret. Defeated by bureaucracy once again.—Editor

Emmanuelle . . .

Emmanuelle (October 1974) was typical all right, typical of so many of the $1.75 crotch novels that are in print today. The story follows no perceivable pattern except that, as in other fuck-a-minute books, the obvious object of the game is to see who can come quickest, slowest, most often, most copiously, together, alone, etc., etc., etc.

The style of writing leads one to believe that Mme. Arsan relied on a *Roget's Thesaurus* for the majority of her adjectives, plucking them as indiscriminately as commercial tuna fishermen pluck their catch from the sea.

It was typical all right in so many ways, but it was not typical of the really good fiction that I so often find in *Penthouse*. Please, more mind food and less of the sexual snacks which can be bought in any back-alley book shop.—*Robert J. Burnz, San Diego, Calif.*

Emmanuelle Arsan's piece in October's issue is the greatest single work of erotica I have ever read.

Don't ask me why, but I decided to duplicate it by typing it over and I've gotten so into it at times that I've averaged two jerk-offs per page. Sorry, but there is no one around right now to take the cock spasms out on.

By the way I'd like to know more about this lady and where I can get hold of all her works.—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

Ms. Arsan has two books out—Emmanuelle I *and* Emmanuelle II *which is what our excerpt was taken from. Either can be obtained by writing to Grove Press in New York. Both are in paperback. —Editor*

The Last Days of Earth

Finding my way with some difficulty through the Public National Forest, I eagerly read my piece (*The Last Days of Earth*, Nov. issue) fearing that some important bit of updating would have been overlooked. It wasn't. And although some of the material I thought important had to be left out to meet your space requirements, the overall editing and compressing was extremely good. I hope that a lot of your readers will not mind my interrupting their wanderings through the forest.

But I do have a complaint. The man who did the brief biographical note up front (or was it a woman?) seems to have read the title, *The Last Days of Earth*, more carefully than the article, which wasn't about the last days of earth at all, but was instead the tracing out of ways to extend our time here indefinitely. "Brower's stark, dispassionate answer is—no!" the bio concludes. The hell it was. It was "yes, if. . . ." And I believe, for all the occasional clouds, that life without overconsumption can be more attractive than the swivet-filled life too many people have been living lately. Slowly people are realizing this all over, and the polls show it. But as usual, we like to play tag with the brink of that abyss Alwyn Rhys warns us to step backward from.

In New Zealand last August I was telling an audience that Alwyn Rhys story, and the reaction was the usual one: We *can't* step back. This is anti-progress, etc., etc. The evening's summarizer gave the sound advice: Tell those who can't abide stepping back to turn around and step briskly forward.—*David R. Brower, President, Friends of the Earth, Inc., San Francisco, Calif.*

The Old Shell Game

In regards to Robert Sherrill's fine article *The Old Shell Game* in your October 74 issue I have found the same mistake present in so many of the brilliant articles written on this atrocity. President Ford's consideration of an additional 10 to 20¢ tax on gasoline to "discourage gas consumption and raise new tax revenue to finance federal programs" has had no lesser effect than to further substantiate the fact that Big Oil is synonymous with Big Government.

Mr. Sherrill's only fault (like so many others) is that he, as an expert, fails to outline to your readers the precise plan of action to halt this rape. I am not a revolutionary but neither am I a coward. My frustrations (shared by a majority of my friends) are based on the lack of any leadership in this fight for economic freedom.—*Carl Langbein, Dallas, Texas*

Clyde interview

I would like to comment on the introduction to your November interview with Walt Frazier. If you had delved into the subject of his altercation with Phil Chenier you would have uncovered several important factors:

Look at the films of that particular game and you will see that Chenier aims his elbow at Bill Bradley, *not* Walt Frazier. Bradley is a very physical ballplayer (something Frazier is not) and consequently he has been associated with a number of brawls in N.B.A. games. On this particular play the Bullets' Chenier brought the ball up court. After he releases the ball he starts his right elbow at the laterally moving Bradley who unknowingly escapes the punch. In short, his hitting Frazier seemed to be an unfortunate accident.

In addition, I feel an opinion is warranted. Phil Chenier, a modest, unassuming man in 1971, became the Bullets starting guard at the age of twenty. Earlier this year he signed a seven-year contract for at least two million dollars (virtually the same as Clyde's).

Also a quick glance at statistics and game films of the last several years will show that, at six years his junior, Phil Chenier is every bit Clyde's equal (too bad he doesn't play for a New York team and engage in ostentatious opulence—bad press I guess).

To conclude, I feel you were not thorough in your reporting nor were you really fair in not mentioning such superstar guards as Gail Goodrich, Charlie Scott, and Dave Bing. I am an otherwise avid reader of *Penthouse* but this time you guys were really full of it.—*Michael J. Gallagher, Washington, D.C.*

Xaviera . . .

Xaviera should stick to answering questions on screwing—not the results of screwing.

In her reply to J. K. (November issue) regarding incest, she indicated that taboos against brother-sister intercourse were not biologically sound. Ms. Hollander is negligent in not researching her answer because there is great danger that the offspring of such a relationship will be genetically defective.

To illustrate, consider the case of a lethal gene which causes death of the sibling. These genes are recessive and are not expressed in the offspring unless both the parents carry the lethal gene. If birth records indicate that one person in 5,000 carries a lethal gene, then there is only one chance in 5,000 that a person with a lethal gene

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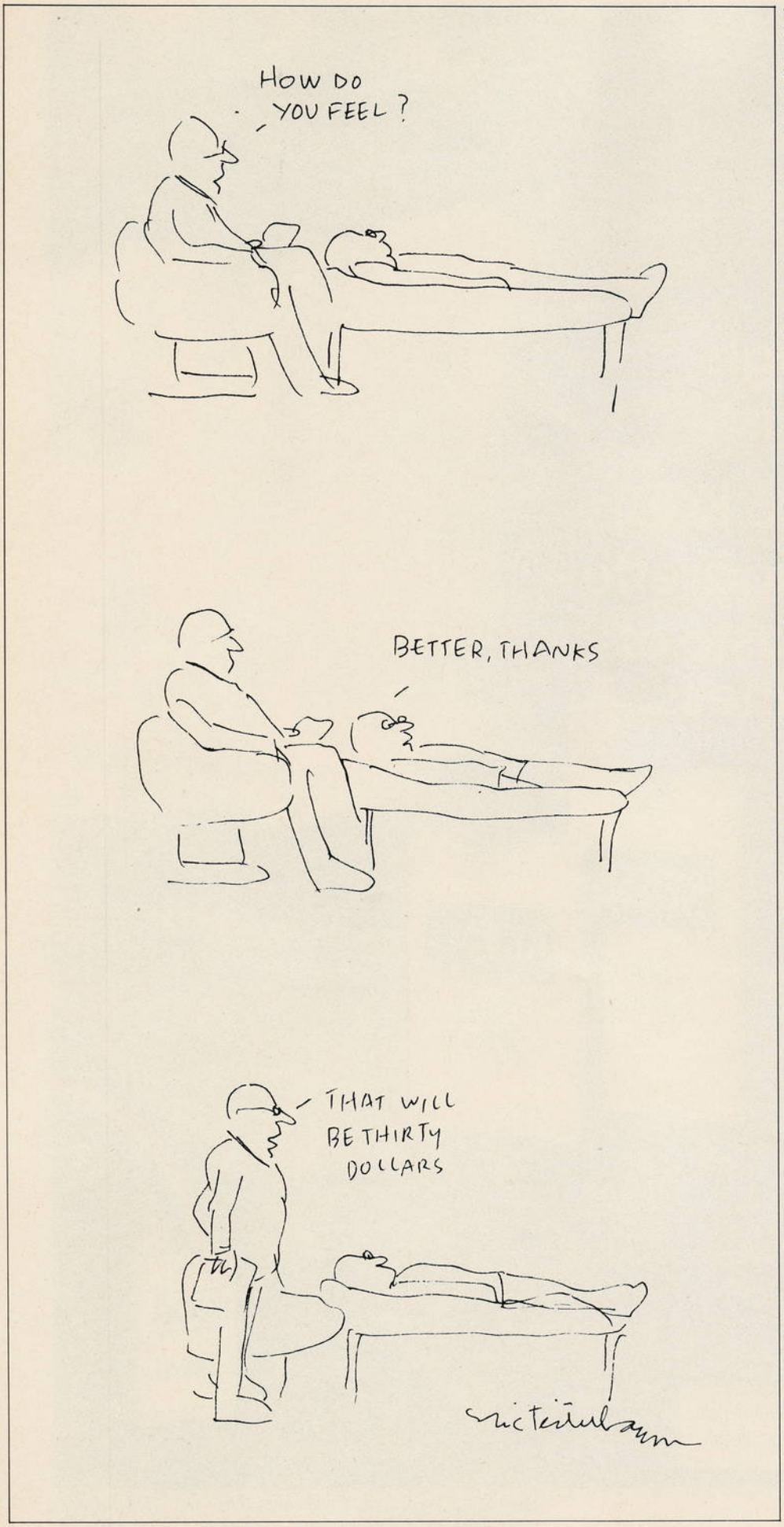

will marry another carrying the lethal gene, if there is no close relationship between the couples. Even if both carry the gene, there is only a chance of 1/4 that it will be expressed in the offspring. Therefore, the chance that an infant death will result from the marriage of two individuals not closely related is only one in 20,000.

On the other hand, if a person carrying the lethal gene marries his first cousin, the chance that the gene will be expressed in the offspring is 1 in 32. In offspring of brother and sister, chances increase to 1 in 4.

Xaviera is correct in saying that animal breeders practice close interbreeding but, again, the results are perfect only if the mated pair does not have a large number of "bad genes." The laws of genetics operate equally for cattle, horses and man.

I hope this letter will correct Xaviera's incorrect reply to J. K. and that anyone indulging in sexual activities with close relations will recognize the great danger of producing genetically inferior offspring.—*R.D., Elkins, West Va.*

Vietnam vets

Your series on the Vietnam veterans in the past months has been outstanding. It is very encouraging that a major magazine cares enough to write about the veteran's plight. But, as a Vietnam veteran I feel it does no good to complain about what has happened to us now that the war is over. We are not the most oppressed group in America, and the public, from my experience, is sick of hearing about our problems when the whole country is in such a political and economic mess. It seems to me that the more we complain, the more it seems we're asking for sympathy or pity. I personally do not want this.

I feel we are the ones responsible for our own future. No one, least of all the government, is going to do anything for us. We have to work for what we want and need.

The biggest item in the news is amnesty for disserters, and draft evaders. I am for amnesty, because "Nam" was an immoral catastrophe. But why are vets and vets' rights so ignored? The only reason I can think of is that the United States is sick of Vietnam, and wants to forget it. Since vets remind them of war we too are forgotten. We really haven't suffered any more than other men from other wars, so we need not complain so much. I realize I sound very pessimistic, but I have just about lost all faith in this country's government, and am very disgusted with public apathy.—*Richard J. Martin, Johnson City, Tenn.*

I am a Viet vet and have been out of the USMC since November 1970 and have been in trouble ever since—but that is my own problem.

I am writing to you to say if it were not for Vietnam, I don't think I would be in jail at this time facing a life sentence for murder. As I went through boot camp all I heard for thirteen weeks was kill, kill, kill, and then in Vietnam all I did was murder people because the USMC tells me kill or be killed. I am now twenty-five years old and still have not gotten over Vietnam and don't think I ever will. It is one thing to kill a man, but when your C.O. tells you, "This is a search and destroy," you have to kill everything in sight—women and children also.

I came back to the states with this on my mind and now look where I am at. I am in jail for killing a man over a card game, and now I may get life.

If the President can get off why can't the vets get off the hook likewise? When a man comes home to a so-called free land and can't find a job what is he to do?

If he steals he goes to jail. There are more vets in jail than out.—*F.L., Newark, N.J.*

Please don't be so narrow-minded to think the only ones who have suffered the aftermath of "The War Against Communism, aka Vietnam 1961–73" are the blacks, the AWOLs, the dishonorably discharged, the wounded, etc. I'm twenty-nine, white, from an upper-middle-class family, had some college, and grew up in a conservative community in the Midwest.

Upon entering the army some clerk told me that my IQ was 143 and I was henceforth assigned to a Special Troops-Infantry unit in Nam.

I tried, man. I really did. I stayed away from needles and junk. I played soldier. Hard. Sure, I smoked pot with the guys, and took a few amphetamines to keep "the edge," but *no* junk, *no* junk at all. I wanted to be able to return to "The World" and readjust to the realities of Western civilization. Bullshit! The uneducated people hurt through something as atrocious as Vietnam, the intelligent and learned people do the suffering.

Can you imagine the horror a man goes through when he realizes it is himself lying on a rice-paddy dike screaming, "Burn, you Gook bastards," as the fighters drop their precious cargos of napalm? Or when the brass offers a new pancho liner for every North Vietnamese Army body. A quite simple formula: One human life equals one pancho liner.

Then all of a sudden your time in Hell is over. The long awaited flight home. "Hey man, look at me, I'm a Vietnam veteran, Good Papers, no reserve meetings, a handful of medals, I'm ready for the world." No way.

I fought for America, or to be slightly more truthful, I fought for the politicians who control the people and our future. But then what's this? Nixon, Watergate, Dean, Ehrlichman, Income Tax, Conspiracy, Cover-ups? Huh, what the hell is going on here? Do you mean the politicians are corrupt? They're not the "white knights" we were brought up to believe they were?

But they couldn't have been wrong about Nam. Could they?

What does the future hold? Not much I'm afraid. For the last year I've been barely surviving with this wild plan of opening a small furniture manufacturing company. I've got enough practical experience building furniture and could easily fix up an old building and hire several people to work with me. And first on my list of priorities would be to hire the Nam vets around here who need the jobs. The same guys who wouldn't eat regularly if it weren't for their wives working. The guys who work for minimum wage because no one thinks they have a problem.

To further complicate things I was a tax accountant for six years. I know about taxes, payroll, depreciation, fixed expenses, profit and loss, and all those things. But nobody will listen. I'm not talking about a million-dollar investment with corporate lawyers and such, just a bunch of guys who got all fucked up by something that apparently didn't concern them much except somebody *had* to do the fighting. Guys, who if they had a couple of thousand dollars, and someone to believe in them, might just be pretty decent people after all.

Please don't suggest local business people as help. They just look at you, laugh, and make some remark about, "That crazy long-haired bastard."

Care about us enough to print this. Please.
—*Steve R. Fickler, Atlantic, Iowa*

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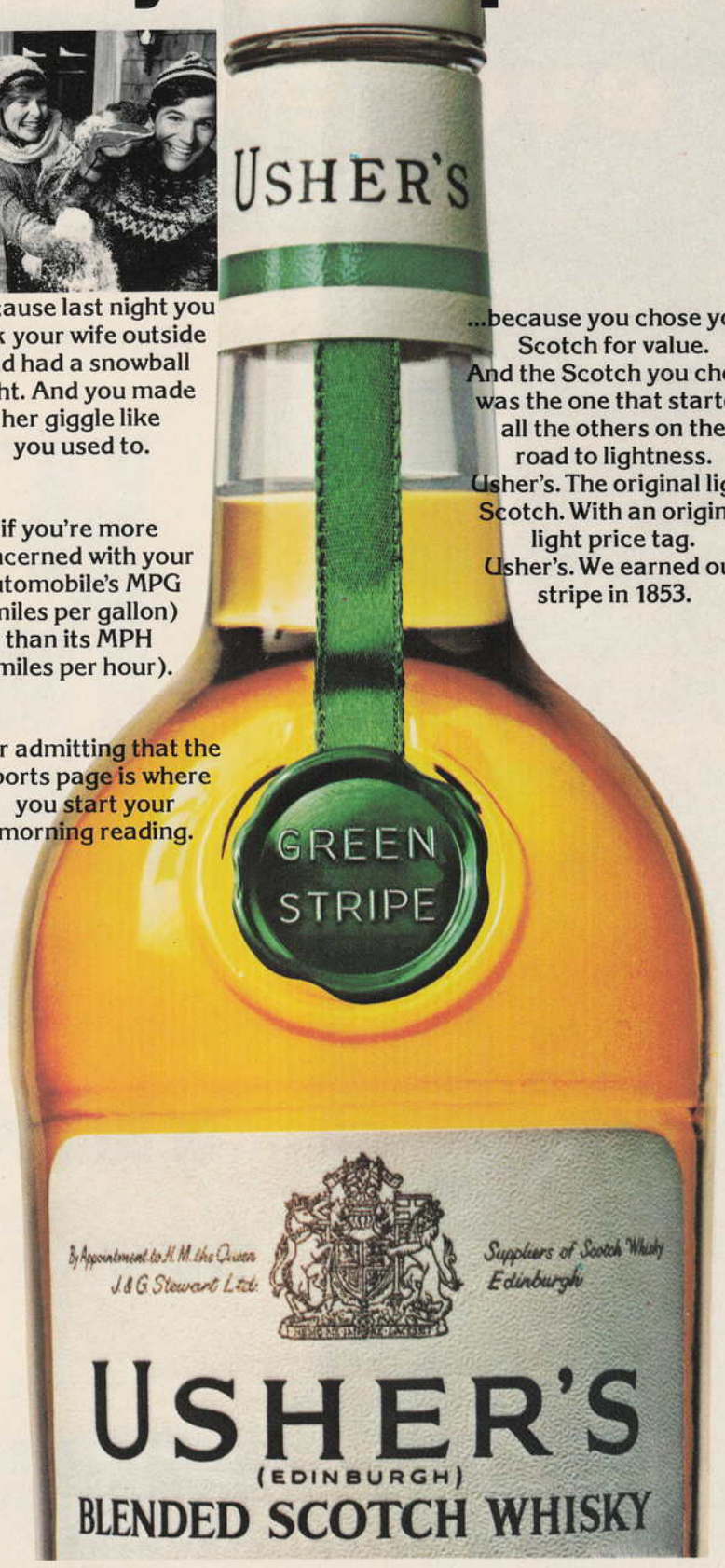

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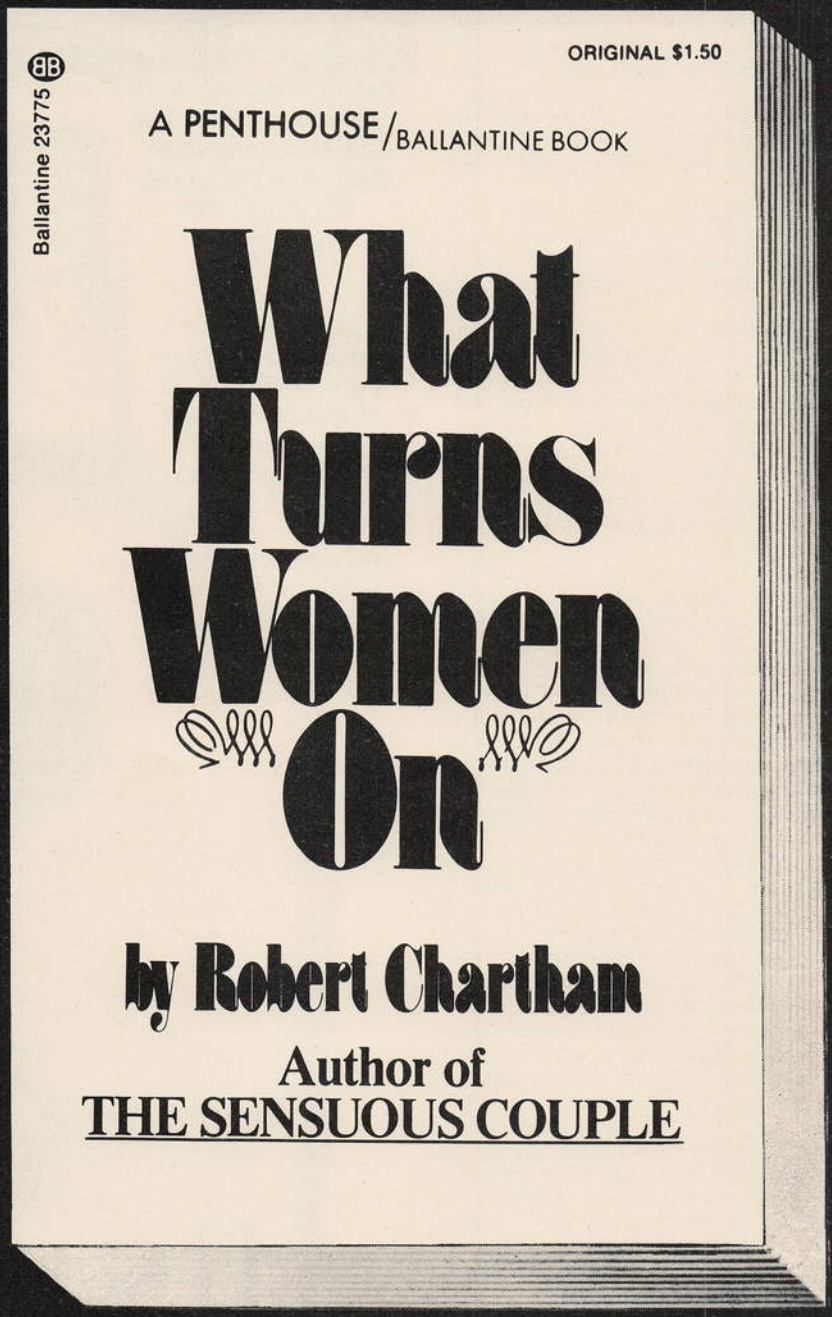

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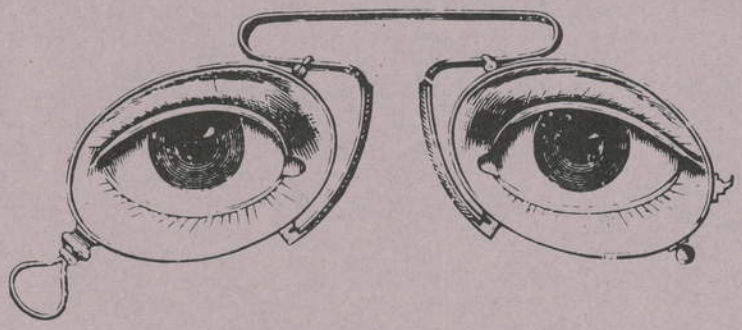


SOAK THE POOR

"Governments last only as long as the undertaxed can defend themselves against the overtaxed."—Anon.

About fifteen years ago, C. Northcote Parkinson, propounder of the famous "law" on overstaffing in government, came up with his second law: *Expenditure rises to meet income.*

It forms the basis of his book, *The Law and the Profits*, the purpose of which, he said, was to show that "there are limits to the collection of revenue and that evils multiply when these limits are ignored."

What limits? What evils?

"With peacetime taxation amounting to over 10 percent of the national income," he wrote, "capital will begin to migrate. If its flight is prevented, whether by circumstances or by legislation, taxes can rise to 20 percent but against stiffening opposition which takes the form of tax avoidance and evasion carried to the utmost lengths of determination and skill."

When those words were written, Americans were already being taxed by federal, state, and local governments at a rate of slightly over 30 percent. Capital had begun to migrate and avoidance had developed into an elaborate art form for those who could hire the most expensive artists. And we were well into the rest of Parkinson's prophecy.

"Above 20 percent each tax increase will produce proportionately less. Above 25 percent there is serious inflation, reducing the value of the revenue collected. Above 30 percent the decline in national influence, observable long before to the expert, becomes obvious to the world at large." Pretty good so far? Read on.

"At 35 percent there is a visible decline in freedom and stability. At 36 percent there is disaster, complete and final, although not always immediate. Taxation beyond that point, feasible and perhaps necessary in time of war, is lethal in time of peace. Of the taxation precipice, 36 percent (for most countries) represents the brink."

The average American today works the first 120 days of the year, from January 1st to May 1st, just to pay his taxes. The Tax Foundation in New York puts the bill at $1,777 per year for each man, woman, and child. That's $72.12 a week for the "average family" of 3.2 persons. This is the second-highest rate in the world, topped only by Sweden—where the people are given total financial security in exchange, which we are *not*.

When Gerald Rudolph Ford—known to intimates as Nixon's Revenge—assumed the presidency, it was apparent to everyone except his economic advisers that we were at the brink of the precipice. So what did he do? First he stalled for time by calling a month of "summit conferences" on the economy. These, of course, were chaired and dominated by his own (and Nixon's former) economic advisers. Then he came up with his so-called "bite the bullet" program.

It was full of benefits in the form of tax *relief* for the millionaires and corporations who were already *under*taxed. These benefits included increased investment credits, deductions for dividends on preferred stocks, liberalized capital gains rules, further emasculation of regulatory agencies, and other "incentives." And an additional tax burden, or surcharge, of 5 percent, or $5 billion, was proposed for those who were already *over*taxed—individuals earning over $150 a week and families over $15,000 a year.

What Ford said, in plain English, was: "You middle-class schnooks must make the sacrifices, while my rich friends and sponsors make the profits."

For the poor, especially the aged poor who were already cold and hungry, he offered mostly advice: "Use less heat"—in other words, go to bed wearing *two* overcoats if you can get a second one from the Salvation Army—and "stop wasting food; clean your plate." Make that can of dog food stretch for three meals instead of two. And don't forget to wear your WIN button.

These fatherly bits of peptalk become more meaningful in light of the conclusions of leading nutritionists that the elderly poor were already unable to survive on what they could buy on welfare and Social Security. And Mr. Compassion was saying, in effect, that it was their duty *not* to survive; that their best contribution would be to go off someplace and quietly die, because they were no longer in a position to compete in the marketplace for such necessities as food, heat, electricity, and medical care, at prices high enough to make it sufficiently profitable to the suppliers.

He was not about to tell those suppliers to get along on less profit. Or (Hoover forbid!) pay their fair share of taxes.

Just to show any doubters on which side of the tracks his sympathies lay, he had already appointed one of the richest men in America, Nelson Rockefeller, to be his vice president and heir apparent—an act that could only be interpreted as Ford's Revenge.

If the new Congress now assembled, free of election worries for two years, should enact Ford's "programs" into law, what remains of the middle class will quickly replace the departed elderly in poverty. We'll all be found lining the river banks washing our remaining rags in cold water and beating them against the rocks, while Ford and his finally accepted vice president drive by in their bulletproof, gas-guzzling limousines, commenting on the obvious improvement in our character.—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

IS VIOLENCE ART?

On April 26, 1971, Chris Burden, a young artist, squeezed into a 2′ x 2′ x 3′ locker at the University of California at Irvine and remained there for five days. His only preparation for the ordeal was installing a five-gallon jug of water in the locker above him and an empty five-gallon jug in the one below him. When Burden emerged on April 30, his Masters' thesis was complete, and a new myth in the field of "performance" art was born.

The last four years have seen that myth continue to grow out of a series of pieces ranging from absurd to death-defying that Burden has performed before small, usually invited, audiences. But it wasn't until the fall of 1971 that Burden performed the first piece that would soon lead to his being equated to Evel Knievel and Harry Houdini. Like those two legendary daredevils, Burden was about to risk his life—but not for money or glory. Instead, Burden was going to do it for the sake of art. He was bolted to a concrete floor with copper bands on his arms and legs. A bucket of water was placed on each side of him and a live 110-volt wire was dropped into each bucket. Burden lay there, completely vulnerable to anyone who, deliberately or accidentally, might kick one of those buckets over. He performed this piece, called "Prelude to 220, or 110," for two hours a day for three days. Needless to say, the buckets remained upright for the entire time. No one would go near them.

Although in the nearly fifty pieces Burden has performed since 1971 he has actually risked death or mutilation on approximately six occasions, it is those few pieces that have predictably resulted in his notorious reputation. These works easily overshadow the humorous absurdities of "You'll Never See My Face in Kansas City," in which Burden sat in a gallery in Kansas City, head and neck concealed behind a panel for three hours and, in conjunction with that, wore a ski mask over his face for the entire three days he spent in the city; or the social/political outrage of a piece like "TV Hijack." "While an interview was being taped I got up and put a knife to the throat of the lady who was interviewing me. I could have captured the TV station or made her perform obscene acts on live TV. But I didn't actually carry through with it. It was just an experiment to show what could happen."

What did happen in Burden's most infamous piece, "Shoot," was that something did go wrong. In November 1971, Burden stood against a wall facing a friend fifteen feet away who was about to fire a .22 calibre rifle at him. The friend, who was to merely graze Burden's arm, was a few inches off and put the bullet completely through it. Burden was taken to a hospital and was put in the awkward position of explaining to those treating him, as well as to the authorities, how he came to be shot.

"I wanted to do something with some mystery to it and the idea of being deliberately shot at has that. How can you know what it feels like to be shot unless you actually are shot? I had been contemplating how to get shot in the context of art for some time. . . . I thought it would be a powerful sculpture."

One of the most agonizing of Burden's pieces was "Through the Night Softly," in which Burden, wearing nothing but bathing trunks, crawled across fifty feet of broken glass with both hands held behind his back. This piece was documented on 16mm film and subsequently shown in Los Angeles, in a series of ten-second clips, once a night, from Nov. 5 to Dec. 2, 1973 on purchased airtime.

However, Burden insists he is not concerned with the aesthetics of violent behavior. "I'm not into blood and guts. When I crawled through the broken glass there were very few spectators. I also shot the film in black and white because I knew people would get off on [blood] and that's not what it was about. I wanted the bits of broken glass to look like a lot of little stars."

The only thing that worries Burden is the fact that he has no control over the residue of his own art, the myth that begins to spread by word of mouth the moment he completes a new piece.

"I am two people: me, the artist; and me, the myth. I have some minor control over the myth, but otherwise I have to take what comes. I have these fantasies, then I act them out and they become myth. But for a brief moment in time, they were real. They really happened."—*Jeffrey Walker*

Burden after "Shooting"
For the sake of art

CAN HOOKERS BE LIBERATED?

"Pushing pussy isn't easy," said Holly, as she sat rubbing her worn feet. As with most prostitutes, she faces continual occupational hazards—getting beaten by her pimp, entrapment by the vice squad, and trying to stay just one kink ahead of her clientele.

"You bet I've heard of COYOTE and PONY," said Holly, in reference to the two existing hookers' lib organizations. "I'm all for them!"

Margo St. James, an ex-madam from New York City, started COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics) with the help of Flo Kennedy, the well-known black feminist lawyer. Since their first national convention in the spring of 1974, the San Francisco-based organization of prostitutes has been fighting to achieve the rights their working girls deserve. Another national convention is planned for this spring, in addition to a Valentine's Day sweetheart dance and a Mother's Day picnic. Sister groups have sprung up in New York (PONY—Prostitutes of New York) and Seattle, Washington (ASP—Association of Seattle Prostitutes); organizations dedicated to improving the lot of unhappy hookers.

The COYOTE philosophy is that prostitution is a victimless crime. The prostitute earns a living and the customer isn't having anything forced on him that he isn't glad to pay for.

"Why," asks Margo St. James, "should a prostitute be penalized for doing the same thing everyone does to earn a living?"

The way Flo Kennedy sees it, the hooker is a powerful woman—she just needs a little organization. "If hookers would share their black books," says Flo, "if we could get all those guys who use prostitutes and then, in their official positions, turn on them, we might be able to achieve our goals—most importantly, the decriminalization of prostitution."

But COYOTE wants no governmental control for legalized prostitution. Its goal is total freedom for a prostitute to earn her living the way she chooses. But isn't prostitution a responsibility-free form of sex—no marriage, no children, no barbecue—and therefore a danger to society? Perhaps, but no society has ever been able to eliminate prostitution.

"Face it, sweetie, they can't get enough of me," says Holly. "The ones I can do without are the jerk-offs on the vice squad. On my corner, the girls wander the block without too

WILL AEROSOL CANS DESTROY US ALL?

The slogan of the du Pont chemical company used to be, "Better things, for better living—through CHEMISTRY!" Well, sure enough. Everything we own today is made of plastic. But little did the chemical industry know that the "better living" they envisioned contained the potential to end all life on earth.

In 1930 du Pont began producing chlorofluorocarbons which were, and are, used as refrigerants and, more recently, as the gaseous propellant for aerosol sprays. These gases are known, loosely, as "Freon" because that is the trade name given them by du Pont, the first manufacturer. As recently as 1973 no one knew that Freon could be a troublemaker. But last year, at least three separate groups of university scientists reported that there is an excellent chance that these gases could deplete the ozone layer in the stratosphere. That could expose us to dangerous doses of ultraviolet rays which, in turn, cause skin cancer. If too much of the ozone disappears, life on earth would cease.

Dr. F. Sherwood Rowland of the University of California at Irvine said that because it would take from twenty to fifty years for Freon to reach the ozone layer, ten to thirty miles high, the expected ozone breakdown has not yet begun. But he said that "the benefits we attain from the use of aerosol sprays are not worth the risk we are running."

In an independent study, three University of Michigan scientists concluded that by 1985, or 1990 at the latest, Freon will be the dominant factor in ozone breakdown.

At Harvard, Dr. Michael B. McElroy and Dr. Steven C. Wofsy are of the opinion that even if the manufacture of these gases were halted immediately, the amount now in the atmosphere would still reduce the ozone by an uncomfortable 5 percent by 1990. They estimate that if we keep increasing Freon production by 10 percent a year (a conservative estimate since the current annual increase is 21 percent), as much as one-fifth of the ozone will be gone in twenty-five years.

A du Pont spokesman told *Penthouse*, "If we stopped making Freon, the company would not founder. But Freon is the biggest production factor in our organic chemical department. And our organic chemical department is about the third or fourth in the company."

Du Pont and the other manufacturers—including Allied Chemical, Union Carbide, Pennwalt, Kaiser Chemical, and Racon—have given no indication they will halt production of Freon.

Du Pont agreed that further tests should be made "to verify the hypothesis set forth by the university scientists," but "at this point, no regulation is needed."

Dr. Raymond McCarthy, head of the technical section of du Pont's Freon Products Division said conclusive tests could be completed within two to three years and he called on university scientists to work with their industrial counterparts in reaching "final conclusions."

Dr. McCarthy terms the findings of Drs. Rowland, McElroy, and their colleagues to be "theoretical" since they are largely based on what is known, mathematically, about the behavior of chemical elements.

But Dr. Rowland believes that, while unknown factors may exist in the ozone layer: "We can't wait until it happens and then say, 'Aha! We were right.' "

He contends that substitute propellants are available and that simple spray bottles, operated by the pressure of the thumb—Windex bottles, for example—could be used to spray most of the things we now put in aerosol cans.

Many scientists and concerned citizens clearly feel that some governmental action should be taken to stop this madness. It would be ironic if the end came not from the bang of nuclear war, but from the whimper of underarm deodorant sprays.
—Ric Ballad

much trouble. The cops, they cruise the area, sure. But they're looking for real crime: beatings, muggings, stuff like that. If some john makes a lot of noise or starts complaining, the police check it out. But they don't do too much to business as usual. . . . But the vice squad! Who knows what makes someone want to have a job like that."

COYOTE helps women by arranging for public defenders. But these public servants often ignore hookers and leave them at the mercy of unsympathetic judges. COYOTE has arranged OR (On Recognizance) for hookers awaiting trial. COYOTE has also done away with the laws that required an arrested prostitute to have a VD test and wait three days in jail for her results. Of course, the john never gets tested.

On the formal legal front, Marilyn Haft of the ACLU is presenting a proposal to the American Bar Association that they support the decriminalization of prostitution. The only major setback for the organization has been the arrest of Jean Powel, head of PONY, for illegal crossing of state lines to attend last year's San Francisco conference.

At that convention, the seventy-three-year-old prostitute Baby Doll Cowan was awarded, in absentia, the key to San Francisco. Well known as the Queen of the Hookers, she was working in Peoria, Illinois, at the time. There she later contracted pneumonia while in jail and died after her release. COYOTE sent roses, and Paul Krassner spoke: "Moral: If you work hard and persevere, you can derive a victim even out of a victimless crime. Welcome Baby Doll, to that great brothel in the sky."

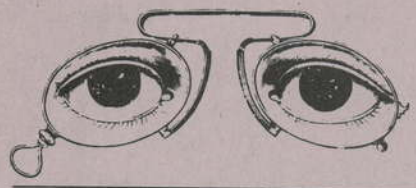
"Everyone knew about Baby Doll Cowan," said Holly. "She was the greatest hooker!"

"We all felt bad," said Flo Kennedy. "And now we'll try even harder to break up the circumstances that conspire to destroy the hooker. It's a big ocean of evil and we may not be able to dry it up, but we can sure try and pollute it. Like I always say, we may not be able to stop them from having their party at our expense, but we can sure piss on the floor."

Holly peered up from under her false eyelashes and said, "It'll take a lot of time before the girls figure out that they deserve much more than they get and that if they work for it, they can get it."—*Henry Post*

Bettye Lane

Kennedy on prostitution
Working Women



FILMS

GHOSTS AT NOON

When Luis Buñuel's *Le Fantôme de la Liberté* premiered on closing night of last October's New York Film Festival, whoever made up the Festival program had the good sense to leave the title intact, untranslated into English. With a title like that, who needs a translation? If you do need a translation, whoever made up the Festival press notes offered *The Spectre of Freedom*, which neatly avoids any cognates and hopefully saves movie critics from confusing it with the other phantom films they've seen: *Phantom of the Opera*, *Phantom of the Paradise*, *Phantom Submarine*, etc. But in one of those brainstorms that assures us there will always be a Hollywood, even if it sits in executive offices in New York, Twentieth Century-Fox has released the movie as *The Phantom of Liberté*, thus hitting every wrong note right on the button. It is like the old Beatrice Lillie act in which Miss Lillie, a housemaid fraudulently entertaining her employer's guests and pushing for all the fake class she can muster, apologizes that her husband is away—off in Africa, "hunting the *lión*."

Fantôme, *Spectre*, *Phantom*—call the monster what you will, it ranks among the most brilliant movies of a master who for some years now has been directing the most brilliant movies we are currently privileged to see—each one, reportedly his last. But at seventy-five, along with his forty-three-year-old co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrier, he is creating the closest thing we have—for energy, irreverence, and insouciance—to a cinema you might accurately call "young." There are other filmmakers as great or possibly greater than Buñuel—Hitchcock, Renoir, perhaps Howard Hawks—but none who has redefined his greatness so incredibly out of the ashes of a supposedly burnt-out career.

That career can be divided into three parts—or four, if you feel as I do that the latest and most sumptuous Buñuel, beginning with *Belle de Jour* (1967), constitutes another departure, or maybe a return to the surrealist exuberance of his beginnings. Buñuel was born in Spain but made his first movies in France—*Un Chien Andalou* (1928) and *L'Age d'Or* (1930)—which were almost his only movies for twenty years. The enforced inactivity, which included some time in New York working for the Museum of Modern Art, came to an end in the late 1940's when he moved to Mexico to direct commercial films.

These films include an extraordinary range of work, from the harshly realistic *Los Olvidados* (better known here as *The Young and the Damned*), through a whole catalogue of minor perversions and sexual obsessions in films like *El* (1952) and *The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz* (1955), to an interesting *Robinson Crusoe* (1952), and even a Latin American version of *Wuthering Heights*.

In 1961 he returned to Spain to make *Viridiana* which, with its sensational subject matter—the subversion of a beautiful young woman about to take religious vows—and its accompanying notoriety, brought Buñuel a degree of attention he has not lost since. His most recent movies have shown a refinement in performance and technique, a new subtlety and ease in handling outrageous material, and an elegant nonchalance gracing the passion that surely still burns within. The Buñuel who, in his first (and most famous) movie image, in *Un Chien Andalou*, sliced open a young girl's eyeball with a well-honed razor, does not seem too greatly mellowed in *The Phantom of* (ugh) *Liberté*.

It would be pleasant to tell you the film's story, except that there isn't really a story; just a series of vignettes held together by non sequiturs. The action begins in Spain in 1808 and ends in Paris in the 1970's. But dates don't mean much, and the cry that opens the movie—"Down with liberty! Long live chains!"—is also the cry that ends it. It is thus imperfectly circular; that is, it goes nowhere. And the problematic matter of what is real, what is dream, so tantalizing in recent Buñuel, may be laid to rest. Everything here is presumably real, though a good part of everything is utterly absurd.

So the giant rooster that struts through M. Foucauld's bedroom in the middle of the night isn't a dream, and neither is the bicycle-riding postman who stops by to drop a letter on his bed. We know that, because the next day Foucauld is able to produce the letter for his doctor. But when the doctor is called aside to read the note his nurse shows him saying that her father is gravely ill and she must come at once, he absentmindedly hands her back his patient's letter and keeps the emergency message himself. No matter. We never see Foucauld again.

Instead we follow the nurse on her drive home, and we stay with her during the curious night she spends in a country inn with four gambling monks, a young man intent on seducing his old-maid aunt, a flamenco dancer and her guitarist, and a hospitable sadomasochistic couple from the provinces.

When she drives off the next morning, we

Luis Buñuel at seventy-five
Redefining his greatness

Buñuel's gambling monks and woman
A precise deadpan casualness

soon lose her and stay instead with the man she gives a lift to, the harried cultural-anthropology instructor of a class full of fun-loving, devil-may-care patrolmen at a police academy. And so it goes, through the man diagnosed with terminal cancer (a side-splitting sequence, it so happens) whose daughter becomes a missing person though she never leaves home, to the convicted sniper who goes scot-free (under sentence of death) after killing a couple of dozen Parisians, to the chief of police whose beloved late sister on the fourth anniversary of her passing rings him up from the mausoleum to explain "the true mystery of death," to an uprising at the local zoo where we go out as we came in—to the sound of bells, gunfire, and shouts of "Down with liberty!"

I haven't really described what goes on in any of the episodes. Much of it is hilarious, and all of it needs the precise deadpan casualness of Buñuel's film treatment, and not a verbal paraphrase. I also haven't explained what it all means, or if it means, because I'm not altogether sure I know. But at the simplest: *The Phantom of Liberté*, which involves two violations of the tomb, several kinds of physical mortification, the ridicule of Christ's body, many murders, and a few fatal illnesses, is a very funny movie about desecration and death. Its continuity lies not so much in its action as in the nature of its jokes. It is not overtly scary (as Buñuel's last film, *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, was often scary) but it deals with anxieties that are frightening indeed. On one level it satirizes functionaries: doctors, teachers, clergy, cops, the establishment in general. But at a deeper level it examines functions: eating, shitting, sex (which is always a bit quirky), and death. It never laughs at anything small.

Behind the laughter, and behind the absurdity and punctilious urbanity, there are the watchers. These are animals, mostly, and the dead—who are a joke in their own right: the police chief's sister (he finds a telephone next to her coffin when he enters the mausoleum), a lively stone burial effigy in 19th-century Spain, the rooster in the bedroom, a stuffed fox above the country inn's fireplace, and all the animals in the Paris zoo with their faces and their eyes—it is as if there were a subworld looking on, and waiting. They are not better than we; merely less exposed. The chief among them, and the only visual image to appear twice and thus become a motto for the movie, is an ostrich.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

FREEDOM FIGHTER

Rubin "Hurricane" Carter is "one bad nigger." He earned this title, the highest accolade among black activists. He earned it from prison cellmates, paratrooper comrades, fighters in the prize ring, and fighters for civil rights.

Necessarily, he also earned the label from those to whom it is the worst epithet. These individuals included bigoted cops, sadistic prison screws, cracker army top sergeants, and finally the whole nervous state of white New Jersey, which buried him under a triple life sentence. But Hurricane Carter isn't counted out yet.

The hurricane warnings are flying in New Jersey; Rubin Carter's conviction has been challenged by no less than the *New York Times*, in which Selwyn Raab reported that two important prosecution witnesses had recanted their testimony. The crime—the cold-blooded gunning down of three total strangers at a Paterson, N.J., bar—for which he was convicted in 1967 never made any sense to the reporters who knew Carter.

While Carter fights for freedom, readers can find out what it means to be a bad nigger. From his cell in Rahway State Prison, Carter has written his story, *The Sixteenth Round: From Number 1 Contender to #45427* (Viking, $11.95). His life is not the expected sociological case history. He was not the product of ghetto poverty. His father did well by his family and set high moral standards. But Carter had to learn to fight to survive on the streets of Paterson. His fire to fight was fueled in reform school, where some of the book's most moving scenes occur. He discovered the Marquis of Queensberry's kind of fighting in the army. In the professional ring, he set a blazing if erratic record as a spoiler of the biggest name boxing talent. In his present fight, Carter's fists won't help, but there are influential seconds in his corner now.

AND NOW, THE END

"Access to tools" was the disarming subtitle and simple rationale for an endlessly enticing jumble called *The Whole Earth Catalog*. Prepared by a group of hard-working and fiercely original amateurs, this catalog became a publishing sensation. It was followed with doomsday finality by *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, which editor Stewart Brand promised was really that. The staff split and scattered. The million-plus dollars of profit went into a quixotic foundation called Point, which promptly gave it away. *Finis!*

But not quite. There are not enough good ideas in publishing to let a good idea get away. Stewart Brand got back into the "whole earth" business through a quarterly that he wanted to entitle *The Never Piss Against the Wind Newsletter*; he settled for the logo *Co-Evolution*. In that newsletter Brand wrote: "After burning our bridges we reported before the Throne to announce, 'We're here for our next terrific idea.' The Throne said, 'That was it!' "

Hence, *The Whole Earth Epilog* (Penguin, $4). The *Epilog* literally begins where *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* left off, on page 450, and it carries an index to both books. Aside from the fact that there is no repetition, how does the *Epilog* differ? Says Brand, "More people with more expertise spent more time evaluating the items. Information is denser, finer, and more accurate. And as amateur as ever."

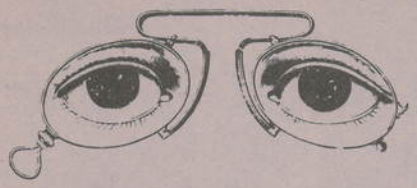
FROM GOVERNMENT FILES

While the Whole Earth people on the West Coast are providing access to tools, a Herculean editor on the East Coast has set out to provide one all-purpose tool—the ultimate "how-to" book, *Public Works: A Handbook for Self-Reliant Living* (Quick Fox, $10). The title is apt, because most of this behemoth book's 1024 pages consist of government pamphlets, and other works in the public domain, pasted together.

Beyond providing self-reliant living, editor Walter Szykitka writes, "I hope that *Public Works* will be seen as an example of a process—not yet fully realized or developed—that I believe will turn out to be the major vehicle for that radical social change many of us have been waiting and hoping for."

Aside from the pompous introduction, *Public Works* is indeed a public document and it is totally objective. Almost no one, including many in the government, has even guessed at the mind-boggling flood of genuinely useful information that pours out of the Government Printing Office and somehow disappears. Access to it by subject is virtually impossible, even in the best libraries.

Public Works is divided into ten chapters with prosaic titles like "Health," "Farm and Home," and "Tools and Construction," which give no hint to the book's truly cosmic range. Its informational profligacy is more clearly seen by grabbing a chunk from the book's index: ". . . jaw, jellies, jetted wells, jobs, John D. Rockefeller Jr. Memorial Parkway, jointer plane. . . ."—*Norman Hoss*



SOUNDS

THE HENDRIX TAPES

Jimi Hendrix died in 1970, leaving behind a fabled Dutchman's Mine of unreleased music. But unfortunately, the releases since his demise in general have been disappointing (*Cry of Love*), and in some cases, downright shoddy (*War Heroes*).

But late last year, Hendrix's last producer, impresario Alan Douglas, announced that there was still gold in the Hendrix vault. He estimated that there exists an additional unreleased 600 hours of Jimi's music. Much of it, even a superficial listening can confirm, is first-rate; some of it, more intense hearings assure, is as good as anything the man ever played.

The first of the new Hendrix records (on Reprise) won't be issued until sometime this year. Not all of the material is complete, and Douglas has some complicated decisions to make concerning what to overdub and what to leave alone. Some of those tapes reviewed here will almost definitely appear on commercial records; some of them may never emerge.

The Hendrix tapes fall neatly into two categories: jams and songs. The former are largely instrumental, with few vocals, if any. They were made during improvisatory, and generally informal, jam sessions between Jimi and a number of other instrumental virtuosi. Among the other players featured are John McLaughlin, the dynamic young guitar player who was just then assembling the first Mahavishnu Orchestra; Khalid Yasin (Larry Young), a mainstay, with McLaughlin, of Tony Williams's Lifetime; and such rock guitarists as Johnny Winter, Stephen Stills, Little Feat's Lowell George, and others. The rhythm section for almost all of the material—songs and jams—is Billy Cox on bass and drummer Buddy Miles, though others sometimes step in. The best of the jams are with McLaughlin and Yasin.

In their raw state, the McLaughlin/Hendrix tapes are reportedly ten hours' long. They were recorded in 1969 at the Record Plant in New York while Douglas was producing McLaughlin's *Devotion* LP upstairs and Hendrix's final formal sessions below. The two master guitarists got together for a variety of dates, mostly following wee-hour sessions. The Yasin tapes were recorded under similar circumstances at about the same time.

Jimi Hendrix in session
Unreleased music

McLaughlin and Hendrix prodded each other. McLaughlin was still learning the differences between acoustic and electric playing, and he occasionally plays runs from the standard Chuck Berry-to-Hendrix rock handbook. Hendrix is capable of responding with jazz licks, and obviously delights in learning from McLaughlin's experience in that idiom. There is much empathy on these sides, few false starts, and once they get started, McLaughlin and Hendrix achieve the sort of interplay that producers of supersessions always seek but rarely discover.

The McLaughlin sessions were exploratory ones, while the dates with Yasin were more fully realized. Yasin was a more experienced jazz player than McLaughlin, with a more fully developed black self-consciousness than Hendrix. He must have been an attractive colleague to a man who had nearly been caught playing the role of Black Superstud to white rock America's fantasies. Then, too, Yasin was as interested in discovering the electric properties of his instrument, the organ, as Hendrix was with his guitar. On the tapes, Hendrix never needs to make the kind of elementary rock statement he does with McLaughlin. Freed by Yasin's flowing organ lines, he delves into the staccato notes, and the lines overflow with feedback. When Yasin moves to the fore, he uses his organ to build waves of feedback, shooting chords into the midst of them like lightning in a thunderstorm. The effects are occasionally mechanical, but also frequently moving.

Hendrix's tapes with other rock players are less interesting, in part because of the excellence of the McLaughlin/Yasin dates. In general, the rock dates branch out from basic twelve-bar blues ideas, which Hendrix had probably already outgrown. For rock guitar fans, though, this may be the most interesting material available. If it is clear that Hendrix is never musically challenged, it is equally apparent that he is moved to take some risks with showmanship.

There are three basic subsets among the new Hendrix songs: First, there are standard songs that Jimi adapted to fit his needs. Included among these are a devastating seven-minute version of "Gloria,"

and a slightly sluggish "Hoochie Koochie Man."

Second, there are Hendrix originals, most of them considerably revamped from the versions previously available. "51st Anniversary," for instance, makes it obvious that the take on *Smash Hits* is nothing more than a preliminary exploration of the tune's possibilities. "Stone Free" is also longer and more introspective. Unfortunately, "Isabella" and "Machine Gun," done here as a medley, suffer from the same aimlessness that marred them on the *Band of Gypsys* album, where they first appeared. But when Hendrix decides to pen up with a truly tommy-gun spray of "machine gun" notes, the effect is devastating.

Third, and most interesting of the Hendrix songs, are his new originals. Some of them, such as "Lover Man," were presented in somewhat bowdlerized versions in earlier posthumous reissues, but several others are completely new. These include "Crash Landing," "Somewhere," "New Rising Sun" (a piano/guitar duet of fragile beauty, which Douglas says has lyrics, somewhere), "Anything Is Possible," "Messenger," "Peace In Mississippi," "Message to Love," and "Farther On Down the Road."

The central thrust of the music is toward a more soulful, R&B approach than previous Hendrix rock songs. As always, the lyrics are Dylanesque, half in tribute to the man Hendrix listed among his greatest influences, and half a result of his own wild imagination.

The greatest of the songs is "Crash Landing," which has all the properties Hendrix was famous for, in addition to a biting sense of sarcasm. And, as if the title weren't epitaph enough, he sings, in a chilled voice you'll remember when the last note has died away: "I'm going to spank your hand and take away all of those stupid needles/I'm gonna try to make love straight for the very first and last time."—*Dave Marsh*

ROCK PRESS: UP FROM THE UNDERGROUND

At the tender age of nine, the rock press —that's rock as in *Stone*—has grown into a hardy institution with a combined circulation of over one million and with individual issues that outsell the glossy newsweeklies on the stands. The rock papers have gone from semiliteracy to slick writing and four-color formats. While many of today's rock magazines would just as soon feature an interview with Daniel Ellsberg or Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., as a rap with Mick Jagger, their mainstay remains the music scene and the record company advertising which helps to keep them financially solvent.

Born in January 1966 in the wake of a thriving underground press, the first publication to offer "intelligent writing about pop music" was *Crawdaddy!*, a ten-page mimeographed paper every bit as brash as the exclamation mark on its masthead. In November of the following year, *Rolling Stone* began printing with a $7,500 investment and custom lettering acquired from the defunct weekly edition of *Ramparts*. Providing news of the rock world, juicy gossip about groups and groupies, authoritative record reviews, and in-depth reports on the counterculture, the rock papers quickly found a hard-core audience. And by consciously avoiding radical politics, they gave advertisers a safe alternative to the underground press. The subterranean papers were soon little more than a memory while the rock press continued to prosper.

As their editors advanced toward the mellowing age of thirty, the concerns of the rock papers became both more varied and more conventional; they gained establishment respectability and profits, but lost the scruffy punk charm that had been so much a part of their early appeal.

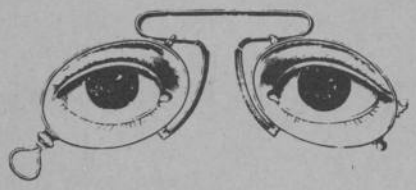
The times they certainly are a-changing when *Rolling Stone*'s "Dope Page" of yesteryear has given way to a regular column unblushingly called "Drinking." *Stone*'s twenty-eight-year-old founder and editor, Jann Wenner, has aggressively expanded the tabloid's political and investigative reporting, often devoting more than half of each issue to nonmusical topics. While about three quarters of its readers still profess to buy the magazine for its music coverage, *Rolling Stone* must be doing something right: it leads the rock press with a circulation of four hundred thousand copies, making the notoriously autocratic Wenner head of a five-million-dollar publishing empire.

Encouraged by *Rolling Stone*'s success, several other rock publications have shifted their emphasis to cultural and general news coverage. Editor Robert Somma has made Boston-based *Fusion* the only rock magazine to consistently print interesting new fiction. Saved from an untimely end by a wealthy investor who bought his son a rock magazine to edit, the latest incarnation of *Crawdaddy*—with a shiny cover but without its *!* —offers monthly columns by members of the Firesign Theater comedy team and by Paul Krassner, the perennial iconoclast. Perhaps the most radically altered of the rock tabloids is *Changes*, "journal of arts and entertainment," which has adopted an austere format reminiscent of the *New York Review of Books*.

More women than men purchase records in this country, but nearly three quarters of the rock papers' audience is male. *Crawdaddy* editor Peter Knobler comments, "For every girl who wants to sleep with a rock star, there are two guys who would like to be in his boots." Whatever their fantasies, a generation gap has begun to appear in their midst. The teenager who recently came of listening age, and for whom the music is still exhilarating and liberating, has little in common with the somewhat jaded older reader of the news-oriented rock papers.

To satisfy the tastes of the latest rock generation, several publications now devote themselves to reporting on the pop music scene. In a tone closer to fan magazine fluff than New Journalism grit, they cover the small galaxy of British stars and American heavy rockers who are the current favorites of Middle America. With readers starved for the exotic and the outrageous, these magazines were the first to respond to the impact of glitter and ersatz decadence in rock music. Second only to *Rolling Stone* in circulation and quickly catching up, *Circus* rode on the coattails of Alice Cooper's success by continually featuring him on their cover. *Circus*'s recent growth has spawned a sister publication, *Raves*, almost identical in appearance and already third in sales after less than a year on the stands. Calling itself "America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine," Michigan-based *Creem* offers coverage of British flash and Midwestern heavy metal with an irreverence that makes it the most entertaining of the music-only magazines.

The growing popularity of the rock papers has turned their writers and critics into cult celebrities. The legendary R. Meltzer has written a scatological autobiography that may be considered too hard-core for any publisher to handle. Patti Smith, erstwhile rock critic, is now a cabaret singer of some renown. With such talented rock writers moving on to other forms, it seems just a matter of time before the rock press will be recognized as a major breeding ground for some of the important young writers of this generation.—*Steve Ditlea*



BEYOND THE SUPREMES

Trend-watchers have been looking for a reemergence of the black female groups, something on the order of the Supremes, the Vandellas, or the Shirelles. Patti LaBelle and the Bluebelles was the best of those Sixties groups, although they never were commercially popular. Today they're called Labelle, and they're still the best around. Their new album, *Nightbirds* (Epic KE 33075), demonstrates a very appealing sophistication towards rock, combined with the good old pelvic thrust. They fearlessly forge ahead into the newly discovered black space age with just a small backup band. Very slick and very accomplished, "Lady Marmalade" and "Space Children" are standouts.

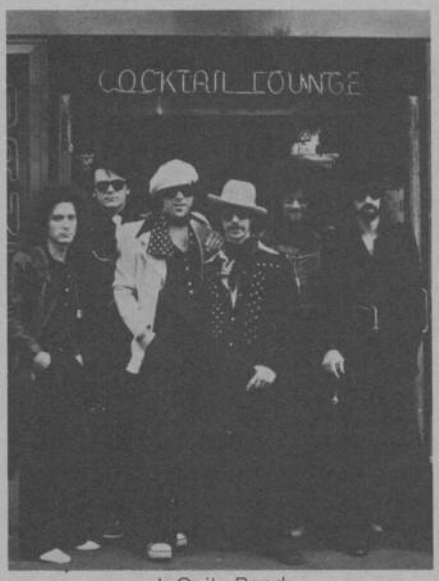
Other candidates miss the mark. Love Unlimited's *In Heat* (20th Century T-443) is another one of those Barry White heavy breathers with an endless number of variations on "Love's Theme." White's own album, *White Gold* (20th Century T-458), should soon be heard on Muzak. For an artist who brought a unique style of lush instrumentation to pop, Barry White has now become the Mantovani of R&B. Disco DJs can use his repetitive themes for blending other cuts.

The most disappointing album, however, is *The Player* (Philly Grove PG 1502), from the Philadelphia trio, First Choice. Their first effort, *Armed and Extremely Dangerous*, was loaded with hits, and the single "The Player" has been a disco favorite. Unfortunately, the title song is the only decent cut on the album. The voices are strong and tough, but the MFSB orchestrations are overdone and the arrangements go nowhere.—*John Gibson*

CURRENT RELEASES

David Live/David Bowie (RCA CPL-2-0771). As with most live albums, this is "Greatest Hits" combined with "and-then-I-wrote." The LP does give you a good recap of Bowie's career and it weeds out his weaker material, which is a very favorable point. The album is also a good example of how to more than adequately make up for the absence of a world famous guitarist (Mick Ronson). Bowie comes through as an accomplished showman.

It's Only Rock and Roll/The Rolling Stones (COC 97101). The Rolling Stones are still pouring themselves into the mold of "the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band," but as time marches on, less and less goes into the mix. This album was cut in Germany on their '74 European tour, and it is little more than a footnote to their long, illustrious . . . etc., etc., career. The songs here are thin, little more than a dalliance. The performances are genuine, but uninspired. However, if *Goat's Head Soup* is more your idea of a Stones album than *Between the Buttons*, then their latest effort will be just fine.



J. Geils Band
From gutter band to high-fashion boogie

Roxy & Elsewhere/Frank Zappa (DiscReet 2DS 2202). This is an excellent live album. It features Zappa's peculiar relationship with an audience, which is simply an extension of his rapport with the band: he tells both what to do, and they do it. Zappa leads them both through a wide range of antics and produces both vibrant music and a good idea of what it is to see his show.

Walls and Bridges/John Lennon (Apple SW 3416). John Lennon has made a career, or at least the latest half of a career, of being an endearing egomaniac. This LP is the best effort of his solo career, but after a lot of "primaling" and hippie angst about the rottenness of the world on previous works, his fans have been left with a conscious disregard for his rhythm tracks—the primary accomplishment of this album. His singing is good, but it's inspired only in spots.

Nightmares/J. Geils Band (Atlantic SD 18107). The J. Geils Band continue to make a slow changeover from an insolent gutter band to high-fashion boogie, and they're doing it without seriously altering the quality of their sound. In terms of technical execution, the band has vastly improved.

Sally Can't Dance/Lou Reed (RCA CPL 1-0611). The problem with Lou Reed's stylish "decadence" is that no one really cares anymore. When it was the Velvet Underground and the records rumbled about spikes in the arms, record buyers tingled with excitement. But today, sideshow freaks are *passé*.

Skin I'm In/Chairmen of the Board (Invictus KZ 32526). This soul trio has been lying low for the last two years, but they've now reemerged with one of the best rhythm-and-blues LPs on the stands. Much of R&B is becoming diffused with heavy orchestrations, but these guys have a machine-driven rhythm that is lean and infectious. "Everybody Party All Night" and "Finder's Keepers" are classic disco cuts.—*John Gibson*

Labelle in the Seventies
They're still the best around.

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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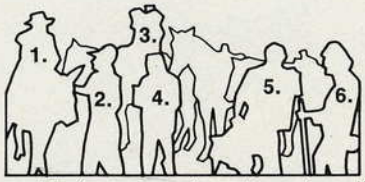

Almost everyone at the corral today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** No. He's Brandon Kowz. Gimmick: Rides tall in the saddle (ever since he sat on a branding iron). Smokes "Quick Draw" cigarettes—one draw and the taste is shot. **2.** No. He's Sid E. Slicker. Outfit is his gimmick: He looks like something that fell off a wedding cake. **3.** No. She's May Aiken Bach. Buys every camping gimmick made. Even her horse opens up into a sofa. Tried an orange-flavor cigarette, but didn't know whether to smoke it—or squeeze it into her drink. **4.** Nope. He's Harry Decamp Kunsler. Wears gimmick on back, especially during hunting season. Was later attacked by a moose—who couldn't read. **5.** Right. He goes back to nature to get away from the fads and gimmicks. Likes his cigarettes natural and honest, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. All flavor. **6.** No. He's Tim Berwulf. Gimmick: "Expert" tracker. He once followed tracks into a cave—and shot a train.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

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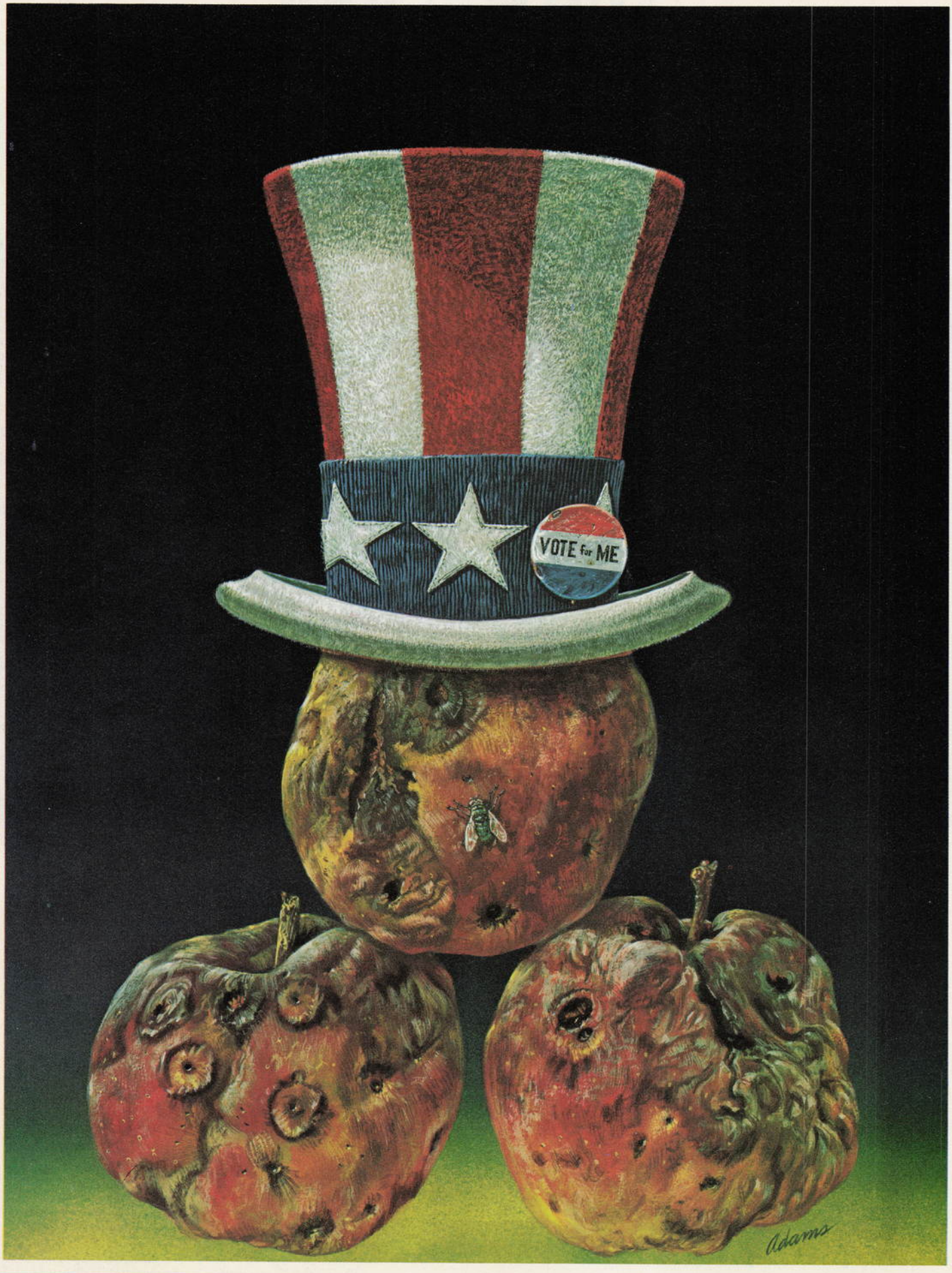
19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.


VOTE for ME
Adams

AMERICANS HATE POLITICIANS

BY KARL HESS

This is a report of a three months' journey around the United States, during which time I talked to ordinary people in ordinary situations about an extraordinary subject: the utter and absolute corruption of politicians and of the political system. The trip covered the end of the Nixon era, the Ford honeymoon, and people's rude awakening when he pardoned his old boss. I traveled from coast to coast, north and south.

I didn't formally interview people. We talked, stranger to stranger, chance acquaintance to chance acquaintance. I didn't take a poll and I didn't work out a scientific sample. I didn't inhibit the conversations by taking notes or running a recorder or doing anything beyond what you do every day yourself when you talk to people you meet. I spoke to people on the job or near it, at lunch, waiting in lines, at stores, in cafés, on corners, in cabs, on trains, in buses.

I spoke to about seven hundred people. My notes were taken, always, after the conversations and they concentrated on highlight quotes and moods.

The subject was always the same: politicians and politics. If they didn't bring it up, I did. And I've concluded that almost all Americans now are absolutely convinced that politicians are crooks; that politics is dirty, and, even more significantly, that it is a dirty *business*—it is both dirty and a business; and that big money is just as bad.

This doesn't mean that Americans are about to do anything about it. The talk was cynical, not revolutionary—so cynical that it's possible people could finally accept the biggest crook, with the biggest promises and the biggest lies. Or—hopefully—people could move beyond cynicism into a healthy skepticism that would actively reject politicians and politics as now established and organize a new force for social change and even a new democracy.

There were exceptions to all of this. There is a social line, it seemed to me, that sharply divides the vast majority of people who are fed up with politicians, and those who continue to have both faith and a well-defined stake in politics and business as usual. The latter includes the people who travel regularly on jets, have substantial expense accounts, make their living by wheeling and dealing more than by creating or producing, most lawyers, managers, people with an eye on elective office themselves, people living off inheritances or from the ownership of property, and the people who, from butlers and valets to vice presidents, might be called the servants of the very rich, who are all still very enthusiastic about politics. It is, after all, seen as *their* politics, dominated by *their* people, and representing, by and large, *their* interests. However, it is unlikely that this group numbers more than five million people.

There are tens of millions of other Americans who are more like most of the people I spoke with. I can't say, of course, whether they all talk like the people I met. But, when talking naturally and on their own, I am convinced that these tens of millions also would say that politics is a dirty business, that politicians are crooks, and that something deeply corrupt is eating at the vitals of the land which they actually and dearly love despite it all.

This is the way it sounded, all across America:

At a Los Angeles magazine stand, talking to the vendor. "Will you look at that? I swear, everything you got there is putting down some politician or another."

"Ain't nothing. That's just the ones they catch. If they told the truth about all of them, I wouldn't have space enough."

"Hey. There's one about that guy who shot Wallace. What you think of that one?"

"I'll tell you what I think, mister: I think Nixon paid him off. You know, who else got anything out of it? I think Wallace could have beat that sonofabitch and I think he had him shot. You wait and see."

"That'd really be something, wouldn't it? How about Wallace? You like him?"

"Aw, shit, mister, I guess he ain't no worse. But I tell you, I wouldn't wanta catch him around the cash register. You can bet they're all crooks when they smell that money."

At a downtown L.A. car wash, during a lunch break. A policeman, apparently off-duty, has been talking to three washers. There is seemingly good-natured laughter. The policeman walks away. I swap half a salami sandwich for an egg salad, borrow a bottle opener for some pop, and we talk. It gets around to the usual.

"We get some of them hot shots from downtown in here with the big cars. You think they tip? Shit. You lucky, man, to get the time of day. Acting so big. What do they do? You ever hear one of 'em do anything? Just fuck it up more. That's what they do. Steal, man. We gonna all die here in the smog, but they don't give a shit. They gettin' what they want and screw you, man."

"Yeah. Maybe it'd be better if we could just do stuff for ourselves. Whattaya think? Couldn't do any worse, could we? Like you guys could run this thing, couldn't you? Maybe you could run things where you live too, with the other people there. Just run things without the politicians."

"Yeah. Couldn't be worse. But I don't know. Maybe it's all gone too far."

"What about that cop you were talking to? You got along okay with him."

"You gotta be kidding, man."

"How's that?"

"He takes, man, he takes. They all take."

Lunch is over. They clean up some litter. No one told them to. But it's obvious this tiny turf at the corner of the building is theirs: they respect it. Back on the wash line they

"During three months,
I did not speak to one single,
ordinary, on-the-streets sort of person
who had a kind word to
say for politicians."

are like mechanical people. And they obviously don't give a damn. Cars go through with mud streaks untouched. Brushes are dropped and kicked aside. And at the cashier's cage a very bored, gray-haired lady is arguing with a customer who thinks she took him for some change.

On a plane headed for San Jose. There are two California law enforcement officers behind me. Their view of the world is very different from anything else I encountered.

First they talk about office politics. They talk matter-of-factly about payola for city police chiefs, from other policemen, to get better job assignments. They use the phrase "peace officer" over and over rather than "policeman." They have a strong sense of duty in a very special sense. Both speak proudly of the times they have gone out of channels to remedy an injustice, but in every instance it is a matter concerning promotion and pay. Only once do they even touch on the nature of their work. It's a discussion—in the same tone of voice they use when discussing pay and promotion—about the use of hollow-point bullets to kill people. They like them. But they also have a gripe: shoulder holsters—they call them training bras—are hot and chafe. One of them says his wife could have come with him on the trip "but I don't know what she would have done with the kids." They are very clean talkers. Not even a *damn* in their talk, for the entire trip. As we deplane, and I can finally see them, they are the spitting image of everyone else on the plane. They're all businessmen. Only one difference: their holsters chafe them.

In a San Jose diner, a very fancy place, with an old friend working in a local bank. The restaurant is filled with gleaming people and crystal. My friend is very sympathetic to the view that the politicians are really corrupt. Yes, he knows all that. But no, there's nothing we can do except get some better politicians.

How about trying to do things ourselves, where we live, with our neighbors? No, won't work. People just won't take responsibility. Things are too complicated. Got to have experts. But who are the experts? Aren't most of them just neighbors anyway? The experts aren't the big politicians, they're competent people who can build things, operate things, invent things. Right?

"Sure, sure. Right. But somebody has got to organize them. How would you get it all together without the political system?"

"But you just admitted that system was responsible for everything falling apart. How can you see it as the cure for the problems that it causes in the first place?"

"Get better people."

"Why hasn't that happened so far? How come it gets worse rather than better? What makes you think we've just had a run of bad luck with leaders? Can't you imagine that the whole idea of a few people running everything is a *system*—one that produces bad results?"

"I hope not."

"What do you mean?"

"I hope not, because I'm part of the system. I couldn't live outside of it. You can't seem to understand that. You can't go around expecting people to give up what they've got. I won't. Who would? That's all there is to that. You may say it's bad. Sure. It could be worse, though. As it is, I'm still getting a fair share of it. I intend to keep it. It's as simple as that."

With some young people on a Farm Workers picket line in Arizona. Ten years ago they would have been working for some reform candidate, and they still haven't abandoned politics altogether—they use it as they can. But they are no longer political groupies or hero-worshippers.

"We had to learn. And we did. Camelot, all that shit. Had to go through it. Now we know they all use us, all of 'em. Waste us. We know that politicians aren't an answer anymore. They're just like steps on the way. We really know that. They're crooks, too. If it wasn't Nixon stealing, it would be a Democrat stealing. We know that. Really know that. So we're back where we belong, I think. Back in the unions. Back in the neighborhoods. Working. We know where it's at now. We know where we're at."

With a really nice lady at a motel. She and her husband started the business after getting fed up with the dirt, the toil, and the turmoil in the east. Now there's an almost steady dust storm blowing from the construction work that surrounds the motel in a sea of progress.

"It can't just go on like it is forever. I think this thing with Nixon is, well, just about the end of the road. I just know it can't go on like it is." She waves at the seemingly unending ripping of the land, the building for building's sake, the dust hanging like a curtain between where we are and somewhere else where the air is clear. "It can't go on like this." She says it several times. Then she punctuates it. It's like a very shy little period at the end of an anguished sentence.

"But. . . ."

Texas. If there's any place where there should be boundless, undiminished, shining, glowing, shouting, howling, defiant faith in the Big Game, in politics, in politicians, it should be here, right?

Two hours in the Dallas–Fort Worth airport. It's big enough to be a town to itself. It's also far enough away from anyplace else. The phones don't even take dimes—they start with a quarter. And here are the people who say they believe in the system. The people who figure they *are* the system. The people who take politics and politicians seriously, who have opinions and favorites . . . who know what's what.

You don't catch these people falling for any hysterical nonsense about crooks in the White House. They know bigger crooks somewhere else. They knew that Nixon was their boy and they're sort of sad that he got caught. But they certainly aren't disillusioned. They are the great unmarked, unscarred, unbowed old faithfuls. The Boss, national or corporate, is God, and they are His apostles.

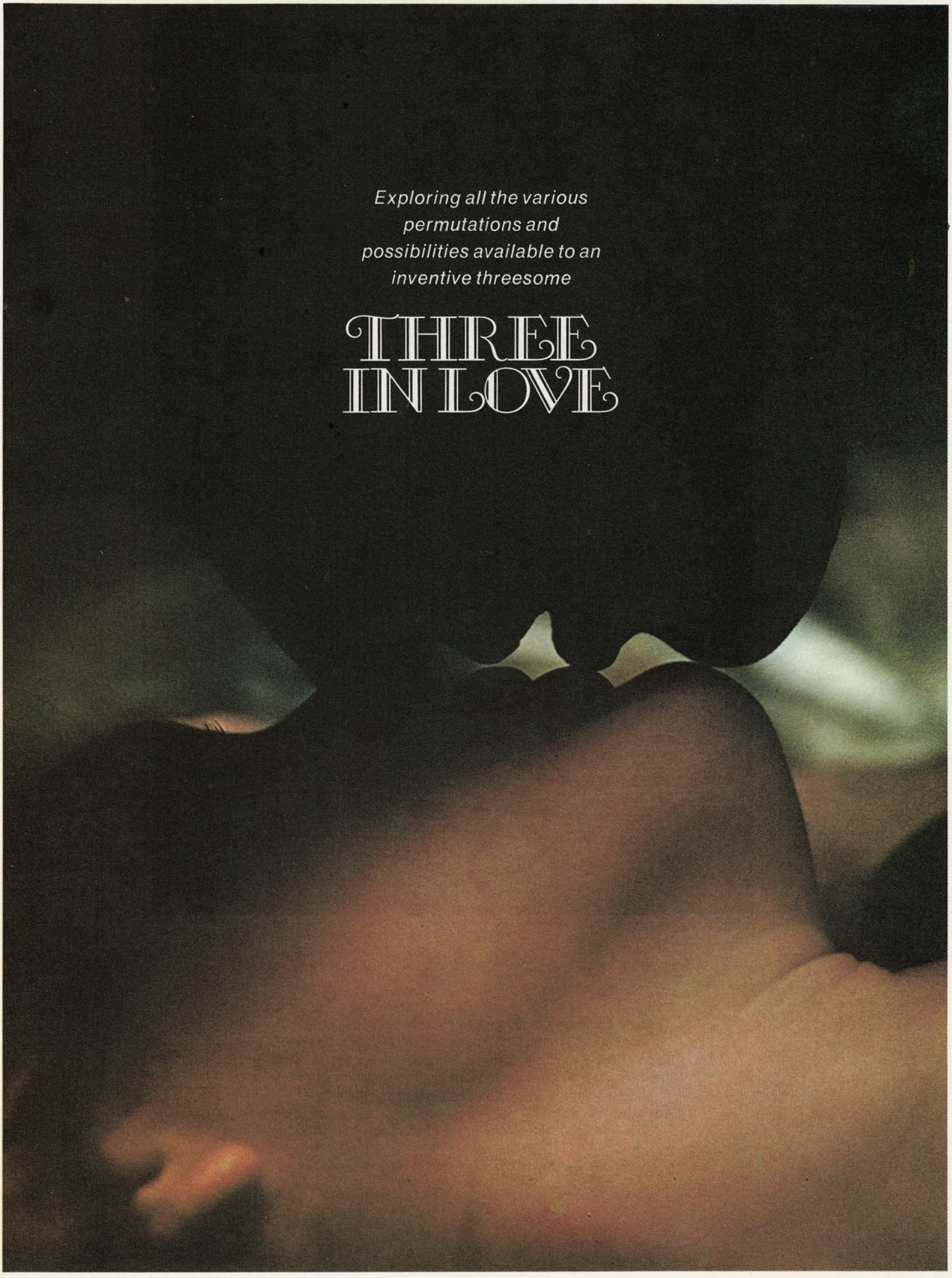
If polls were taken at airports, politics would look like the hottest ticket in town, now and forever. And since the airlines boast that they haul almost 200,000,000 passengers a year, there is a sudden temptation to think that means all America still loves its politicians, and that I've been just talking to a bunch of surly nuts out on the streets.

But the airlines' statistics are deceptive. You get counted every time you step on board. In three months alone, I must have added a hundred passengers to the statistics, all by myself. And so do most of the people you see at the airport. They are always on the move. Maybe that's one of the reasons for their vast faith in the Boss. They don't have to spend much time sitting still for him or with him. So the airport regulars, the real rooting section for the politicians, probably don't number more than a million altogether. Even if you double or triple this number to include their families and the political faithful, you still have a small minority in a land which otherwise, I am convinced, is deeply, fully, and perhaps finally fed up with crooks in office and maybe even with crooks in offices.

Downtown Dallas. The foreman of a street crew, fixing up the aftermath of another one of those interminable tear-one-down, put-

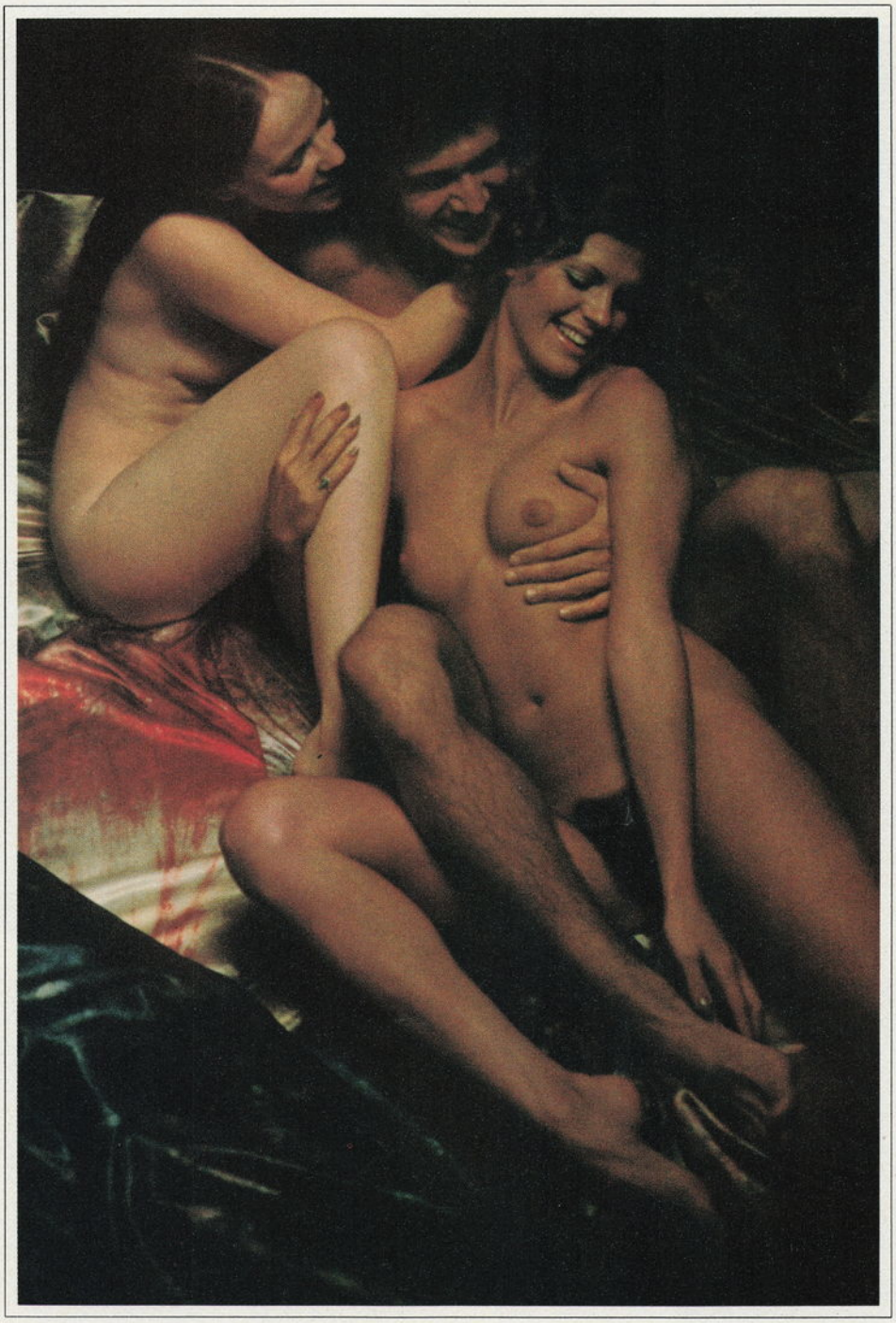
CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

"Wallace ain't no worse
than most politicians.
But I wouldn't want to catch him
near the cash register."



Exploring all the various permutations and possibilities available to an inventive threesome

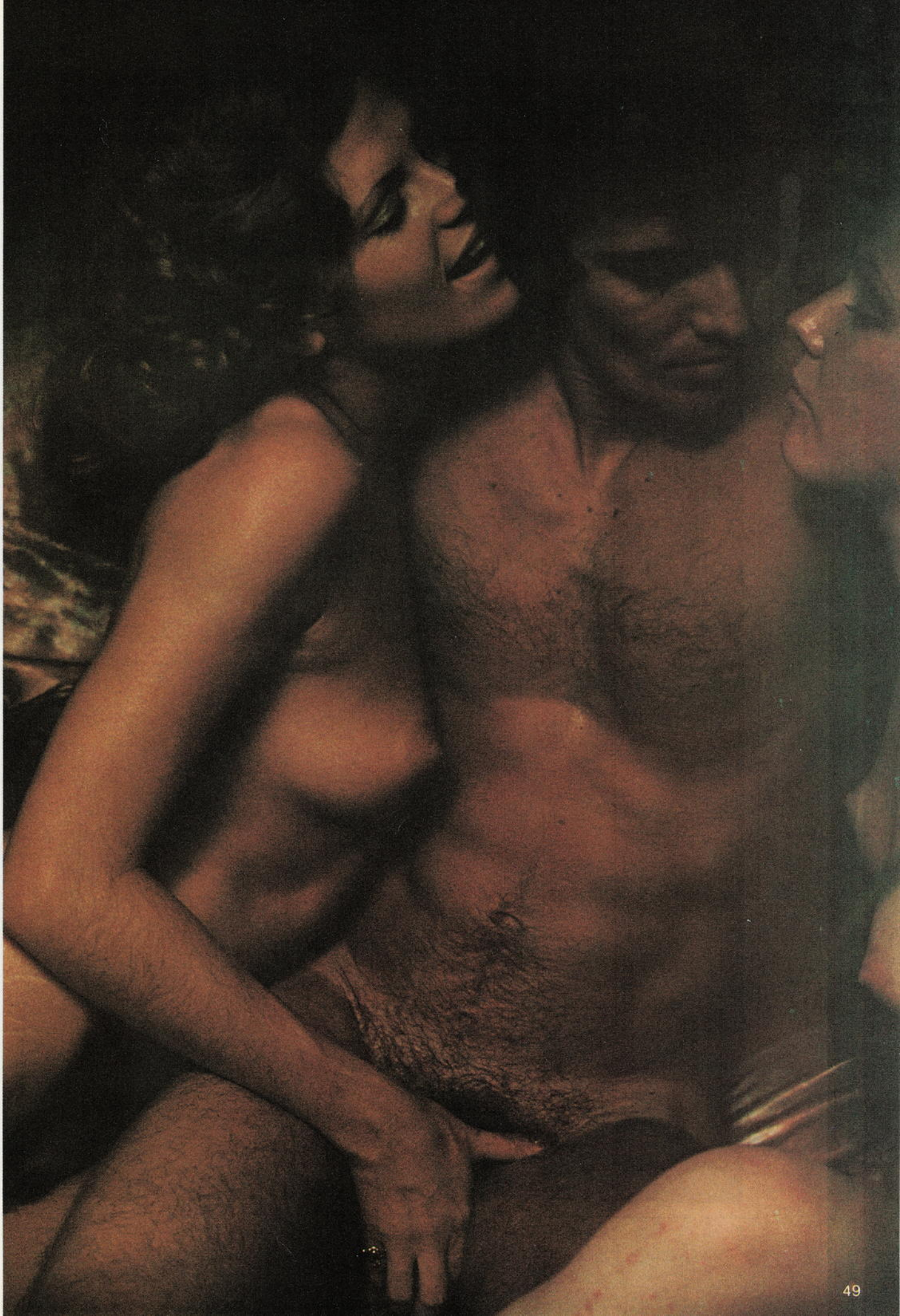
THREE IN LOVE

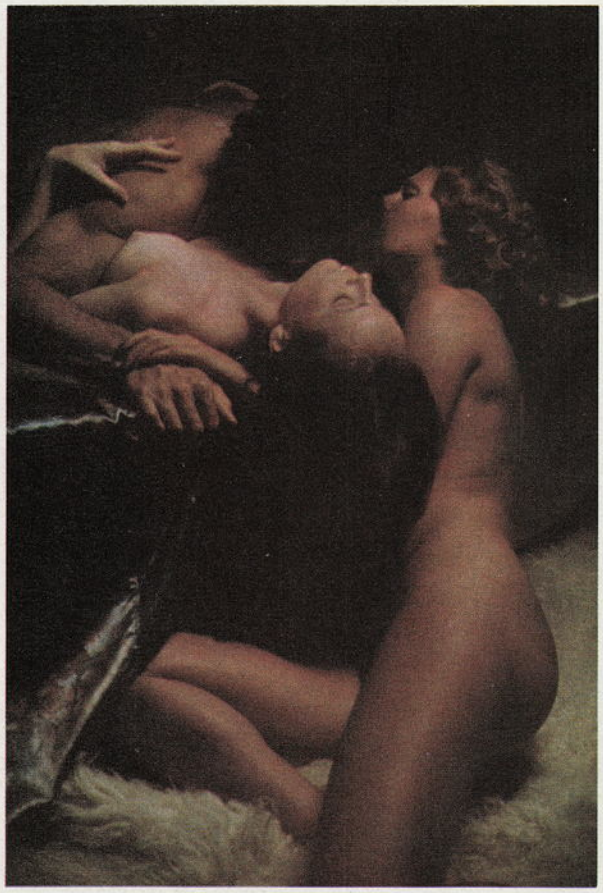


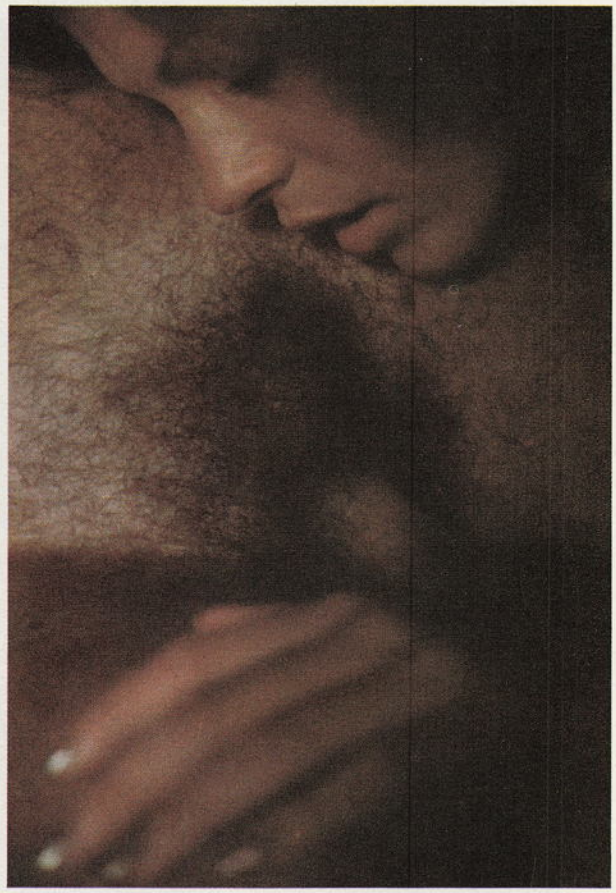
"People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are," wrote George Bernard Shaw in his play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession.* "I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and, if they can't find them, make them."

It's as true today as it ever was—and nowhere more so than in the area of love and sensuality. Many people have come to realize that a

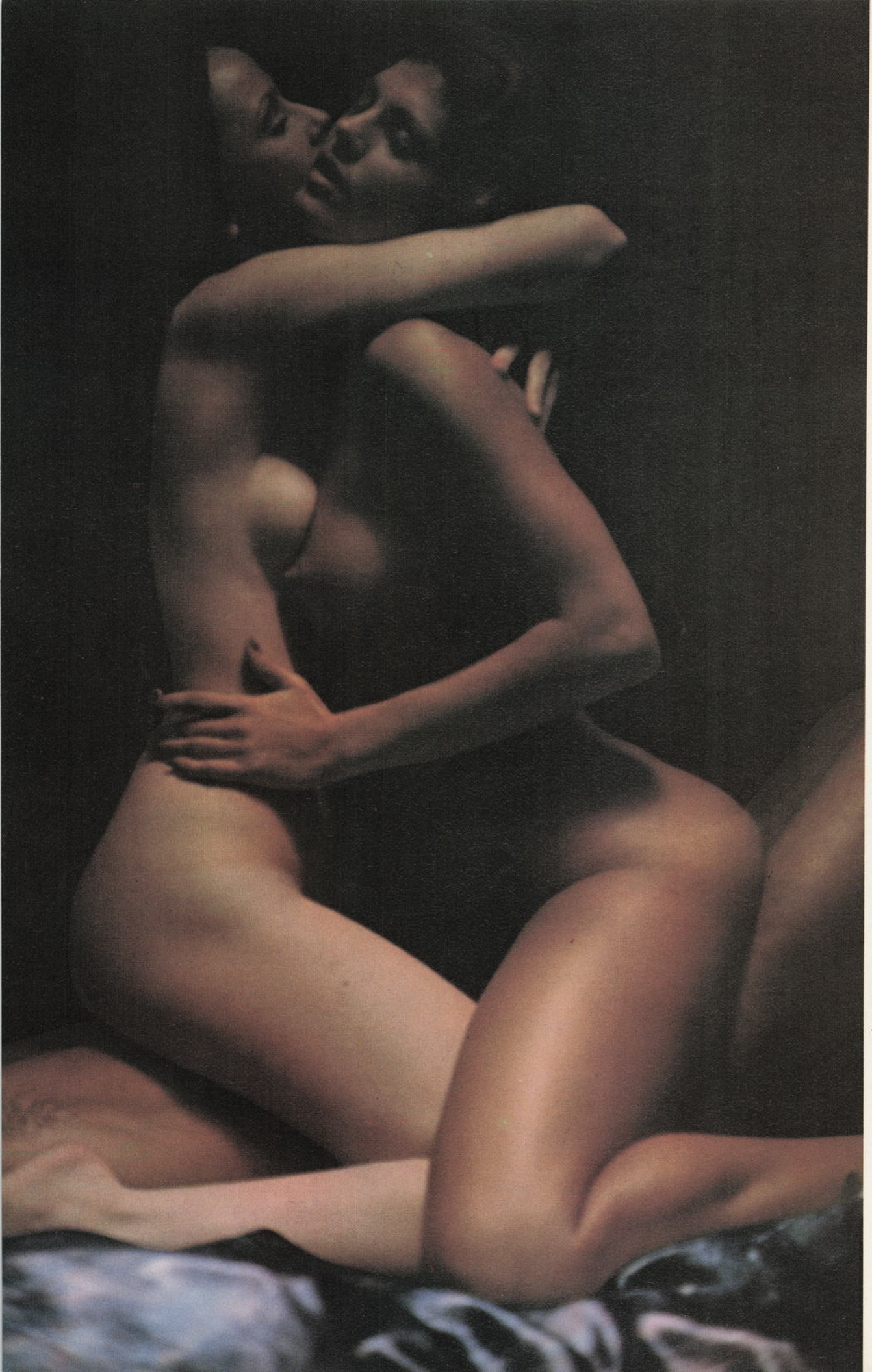
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI







permanent one-to-one relationship can be inhibiting to the total growth of the personality. So they create the circumstances they desire and, as Shaw said, "get on in this world." Troilism—erotic activity between three people—often evolves naturally and honestly among



men and women who are seeking to explore all the various permutations and possibilities available for lovemaking today. Slipping into a sensual embrace with multiple partners used to be the province of libertines. Reality for most people rarely included a tableau quite like this one. But now, when sensitivity and

sensuality are the keys to a generous commingling of an attractive threesome—or moresome—the *ménage à trois*, always a titillating prospect for the sexually turned-on, is coming out of the closet of sexual fantasy and into the real lives of more dreamers every day. Or—as another sage once said—three heads are better than one.

SEX SECRETS OF FAC
SCREW

VULGARITY IS THE CONDUCT OF OTHERS. -OSCAR WILDE

TRASH

BY TRACY YOUNG

Pink Flamingos, called "the most disgusting movie ever made," began its lurid career as a midnight sleeper at the Elgin Theatre about two years ago. Since then, it has popped up here and there as a New York underground staple and has been discussed by all sorts of pop-culture mavens. John Waters, who shot this, his first color film, at a trailer park near Baltimore, billed the epic as "a trip through decadence"; but I found it a far cry from the glittery New York-via-London adaptations of chic continental perversity. *Pink Flamingos* is, rather, a peculiarly American, and (dare I say) charmingly pseudo-naive exercise in self-conscious naughtiness.

Closer in spirit to *Bonnie and Clyde* than *Satyricon*, *Pink Flamingos* is the slapstick story of two families vying for the title of "filthiest people alive." And the characters, who are as freaky as Warhol's but nicer, include: Divine, a three-hundred-pound transsexual who shoplifts by sticking steaks up her snatch; Divine's mentally retarded mother, Edie, who lives in a playpen and devours eggs by the dozen; her hippie son, Crackers; his Jean Harlow-ish girl friend, Cotton; and their rivals, Connie and Raymond Marble, who have red and blue (respectively) hair, kidnap girl hitchhikers, have them impregnated by their transvestite servant, Channing, and sell the babies to lesbian couples.

Pink Flamingos has something for everyone; but it is not erotic. Granted, Divine goes down on Crackers ("Oh, Mama, I *knew* you'd be the best")—but poor Crackers doesn't even get a hard-on, and neither does the audience. Most often the scenes veer between grotesque—cannibalism, torture, shit-eating—and Junior High hilarious, as when Connie Marvel announces: "There are two kinds of people in the world . . . my kind of people, and assholes."

The audience, usually a motley assortment of glitter freaks and other sophisticated hangers-on who often come back for two or three viewings, had very strange reactions to the film. They would usually either guffaw when someone said "shit," as if they'd never heard the word in public before, or they would remark, "This is the trashiest movie I've ever seen," with a note of reverence.

About a month after *Pink Flamingos* made its initial impact, chic East Hamptonites began cruising poor black neighborhoods in the Springs, looking for pink lawn flamingos to rip off and bring back, like talismans, to their summer homes.

Pink Flamingos was no fluke. It was, and is, emblematic of the cultural phenomenon of Trash that has wormed its way into everything: fashion, music, movies, drugs, sex, language, hangouts, hairstyles, and so on. But Trash, like Camp, is nothing new. It does not really involve breakthroughs in art. What Trash is now is a new sensibility that depends, like Camp, on point of view. Trash is a new way of looking at trash.

For example: A blue-collar family works its way up to the middle class, moves to the suburbs, and displays the fruits of its labors by purchasing a turquoise El Dorado with white hand-tooled-vinyl roof and matching seats. The family is proud of their car—it is more than conspicuous consumption; it is the height of elegance. It is their version of rich.

Their son is driven off to college in the El Dorado. He gets his head bashed at a few demonstrations, blows a lot of dope, maybe drops acid, gets into transcendental meditation, where he pays seventy-five dollars for his private mantra, grows a beard, balls his girl friend in front of an audience at Woodstock, takes a few courses in Third World struggles, and then comes home for a visit. Now he won't even

ride in the Caddy. To him, it's hideous. Aside from the fact that it is no longer just a big, flashy car, but a mobile symbol of everything wrong with the bourgeois, capitalist, environment-destroying middle-class oppressor that college has taught him to hate, the car is aesthetically unappetizing. Plastic. The very word has nasty overtones.

His little sister, on the other hand (and on the other side of the generation gap that occurs at least every three years in modern families), has been smoking dope since she was eleven or twelve. She thinks of Jimi Hendrix as someone who died of an overdose when she was younger. To her, Woodstock was a lot of goofy people in bellbottoms eating flowers and getting dirty. But she can get off on the car like her parents do—except that her enthusiasm is tongue-in-cheek, self-conscious, tempered with an odd combination of attraction and repulsion. She is into Trash.

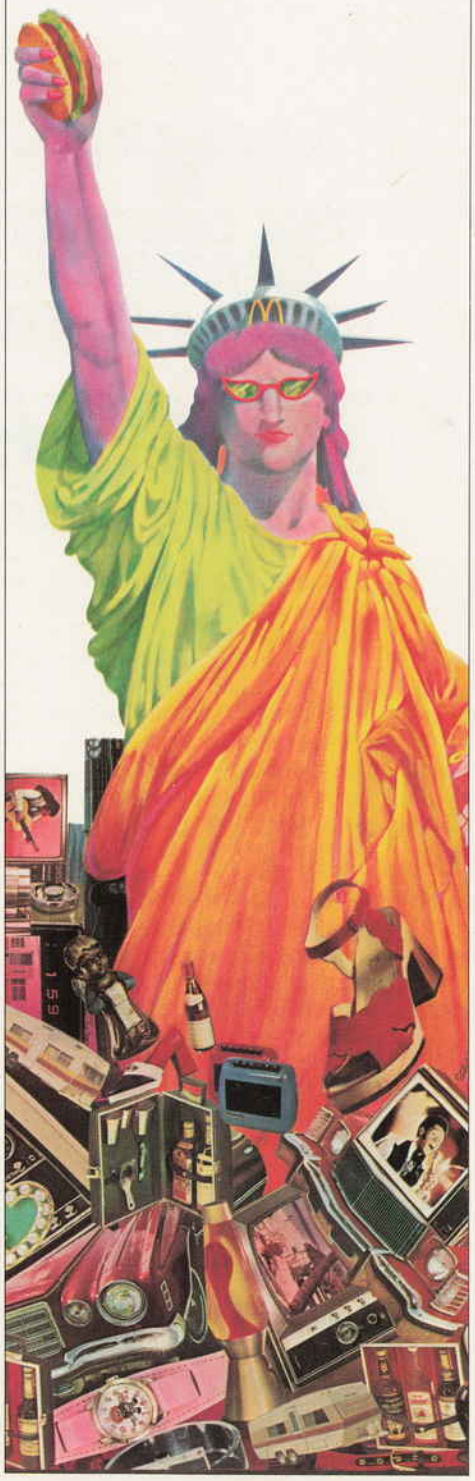
Trash, then, is a social phenomenon, a contemporary consciousness that is more evident in the flimsy realm of aesthetics—or, to put it where it belongs, taste. As such, it has certain similarities to other movements of other eras, notably the 1890's, a period of economic prosperity and a time of new art and new ideas. Interestingly enough, the *fin de siècle* ferment produced not only the esoteric virtuosity of *The Yellow Book* but also the militant commercialism and sensationalism of the yellow press. And it was the latter that survived to become a part of the Trash canon.

Because it is so American, Trash is not just part of an elitist decadence—it is part of a mass decadence. And whereas the *fin de siècle* aesthetes watched the industrial revolution in horror, retreating into highly personal reveries, Trash aesthetes celebrate the mass-produced, the mediocre.

If you really want to stretch the point (and why not engage in Trash criticism?), you could say that Trash as an art form has roots in Dada and in the American avant-garde that took the language of the streets and the life of the gutter to make its statement. But Trash really has more to do with kitsch, with television, with advertising, and with Hollywood than it has to do with any European or American artistic and intellectual tradition.

In a funny way, Trash, like trash, is a function of economics. Trash represents a recycled synthesis of everything that grew out of the Fifties and Sixties and is now deemed worthless excess—at least by the avant-garde. Trash mocks the middle-class drive that began with the economic surge of the Eisenhower era, flourished during the Sixties, and culminated in today's recession. Trash also mocks the political and moral fervor that woke us from the apathetic Fifties, polarized us during the Sixties, and now lies impotent or has jumped bail and gone underground. Trash is Seventies, Trash is ourselves, now, because of our sense of loss. Our awareness is of vanishing extremes, dissolving borders, and the threat not of good or evil but of mediocrity. So while lesser imaginations gravitate towards nostalgia (be it for the Fifties or for the Sixties), the cultural faddists, the exhausted avant-garde, and the kids have chosen to glorify mediocrity, to invest it with a whole new mystique. Thus, Trash.

Trash? McDonald's and the Chelsea... barbiturates and glitter... mobile homes and T-shirts with maps of Puerto Rico.



If Trash relies on point of view, it is also inherent in certain objects. Not everything mediocre or middle class or commercial is Trash. What is Trash?

- Plastic belts
- Commercial porno, e.g., *Deep Throat*, *Screw* magazine
- Max's Kansas City hangers-on
- Satin pedal pushers
- McDonald's
- The Chelsea Hotel
- Souvenirs
- Muzak
- Red fingernails
- Glitter
- T-shirts with maps of Puerto Rico
- Hawaiian music
- Mobile homes
- Plastic slipcovers
- Castro convertible sofas
- Turquoise
- Religious kitsch
- Beer in the can
- Cheap wine
- Barbiturates
- Barry White, Love Unlimited, and other "black cocktail music"

Because Trash depends on mediocrity rather than extravagance, something or someone can be too good to be Trash. Bob Dylan, for example, is not Trash. Alice Cooper, who also can't sing, is. Bette Midler was Trash when she was first playing the Continental Baths and calling them "the pits." Since then, the Baths have become too chic to be Trash, and Bette Midler has become too accepted and has taken to playing Lincoln Center, which may be mediocre but isn't Trash.

Evidently Trash cannot abide genuine stars, real talent. It does, however, wax sentimental over faded stars. Trash is fan-ism. Trash buffs read movie magazines and gossip columns and derive their jargon from both: "divine" . . . "faaabulous" . . . "to die over." Trash has also given birth to new reading material for its proselytizers, like Andy Warhol's *Interview*, a *Photoplay*-style tabloid in *Rolling Stone* format that confers a kind of chic and even authenticity on what was once regarded as the lowest form of hack journalism. And the *National Star*, a new tabloid akin to the *Inquirer*, couldn't have gotten off the ground a few years ago. Hunter Thompson can go to Las Vegas in search of the American Dream, find Trash, hobnob with Trash, eat, drink, smoke, and drop Trash, and then go ahead and write about it so brilliantly that the book is touted as a journalistic coup.

Trash glorifies styles rather than individuals. It imitates pimp flash and hooker morality (Bette Midler used to introduce her backup group, the Harlettes, as "three cocktail waitresses from Encino—real *sluts*").

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Penthouse paraphenalia

THE FINISHING TOUCH

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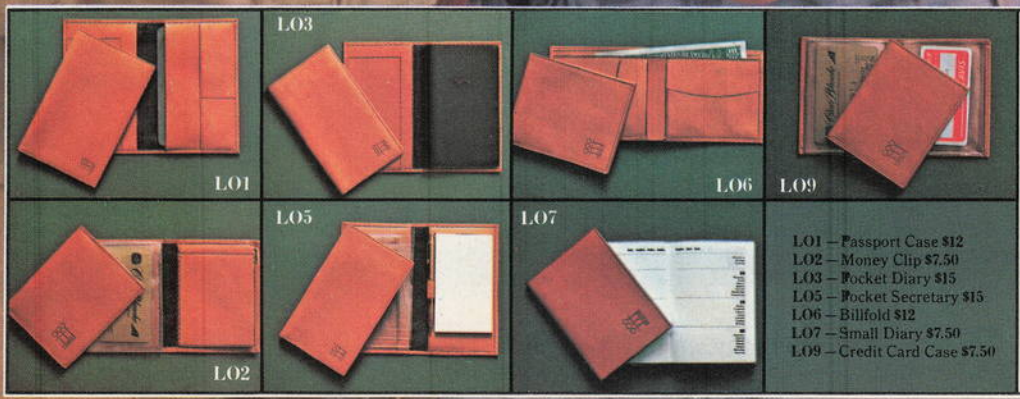

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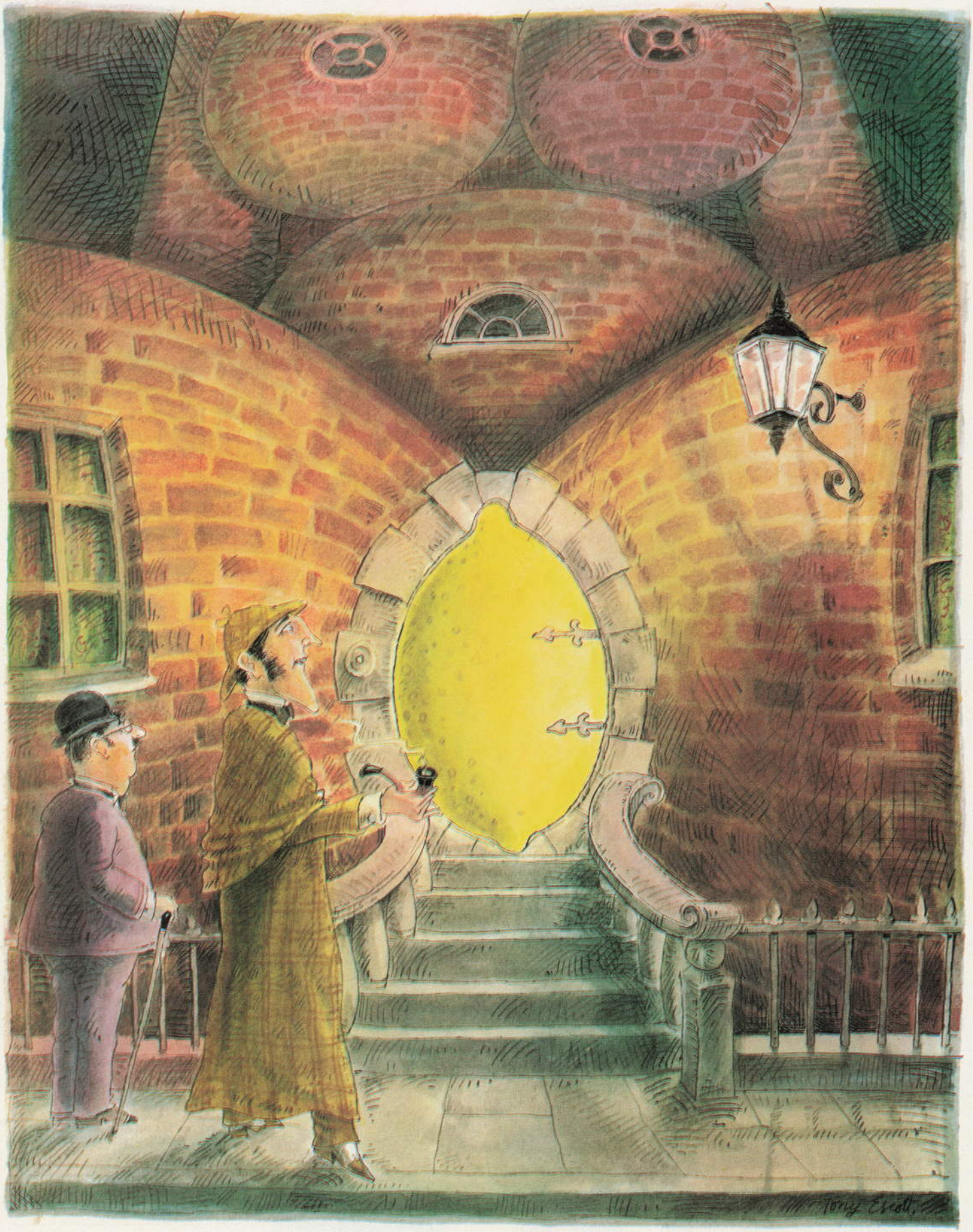
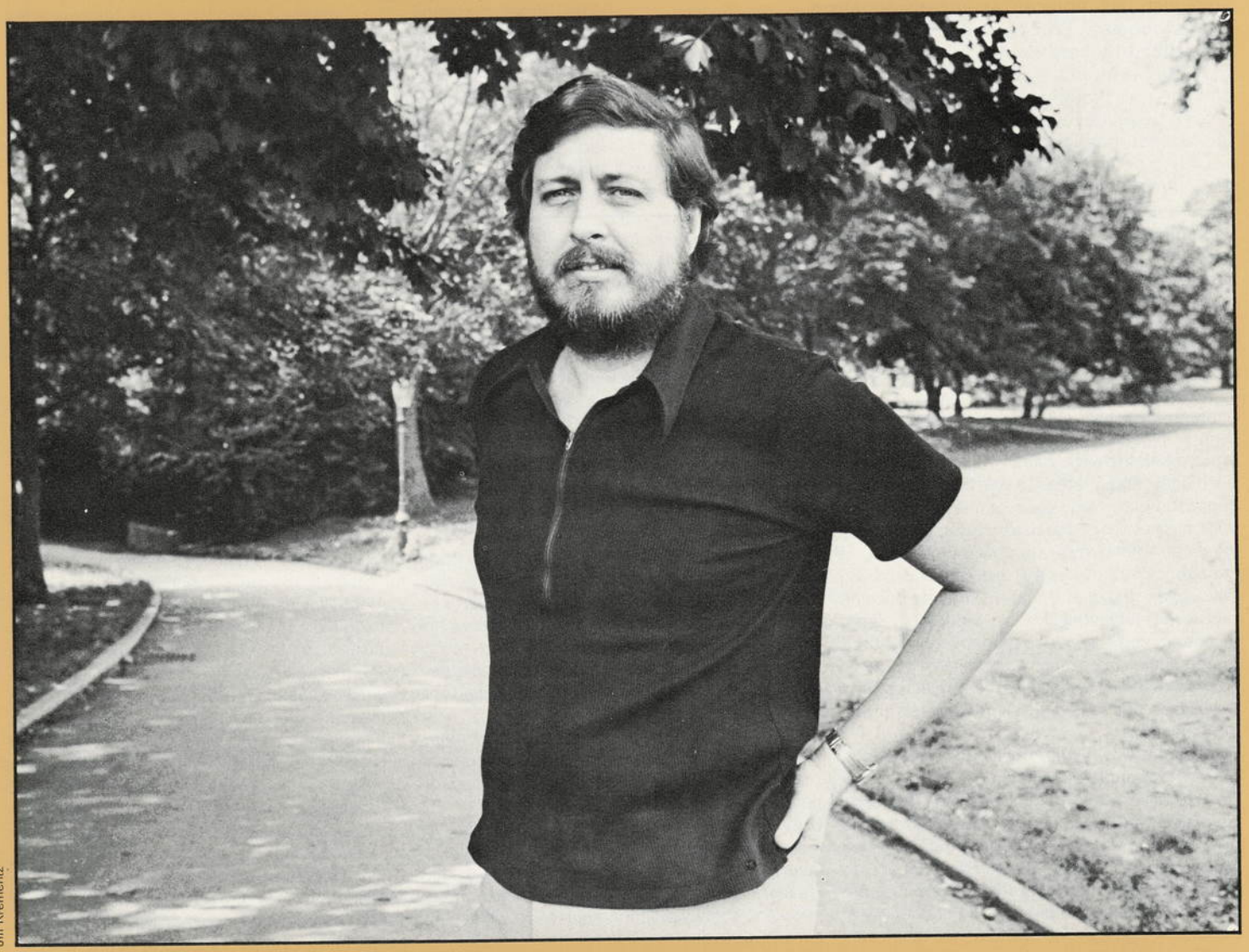


"A lemon entry, my dear Watson."

An exclusive conversation with the author of *You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis*—America's best-known economic prophet.

HARRY BROWNE



Jill Krementz

Harry Browne is a bearish man who, in the past ten years, has traveled from the fringes of the John Birch Society to his current eminence as America's best-known economic prophet. He has written three books, two of them smash best-sellers advising people to forsake stocks, bonds, and paper money for gold, silver, and Swiss francs—the only commodities, in Browne's opinion, that have any real value in a world of galloping inflation brought about by mankind's increasing reliance on government.

His latest book, *You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis* (Macmillan), has been a runaway success in hardback, and is being released and updated in paperback this month by Bantam Books, who paid a reputed $750,000 for the privilege of publishing it. Writing books is not the only way Harry Browne profits from a monetary crisis—he charges $2500 for a four-hour session of individual investment advice, and gets around $15,000 for an all-day seminar before eager audiences of businessmen from coast to coast. Browne told *Penthouse* interviewer Ken Kelley that he is not yet a millionaire—"but almost." *Forbes* magazine, while scoring him as a prophet of doom, admits that Browne's "only rival for exposure might be Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith."

According to Browne, he is not a prophet of anything: "I simply dispense advice, according to things I have found in my own life to be true, to those who ask for it." Browne also despises "morality," and says he won't "waste my time" preaching a new system of government, since "whatever they replace the present system with will be just as bad." Browne says that genuine free enterprise

ended in the United States "when they signed the Constitution," and that through the years big business has used government as a tool to eliminate the competition. "If I wanted to start a power company that charged lower rates than the present monopolies, I would be put in jail. If I resisted going to jail, I would be shot." At the same time he thinks that, left unfettered, big business would eventually even itself out according to the laws of supply and demand and establish an equitable system of services for consumers.

Browne says government is just another unfortunate limitation of life, and the "best I can do is insulate myself against it." When the economic collapse occurs—very possibly within a few years, in Browne's view—he will flee to his retreat in the mountains of British Columbia with a three-year-supply of cigarettes, food, and, of course, enough gold and silver coins to give him "liquidity" when he reemerges. Then he can purchase a loaf of bread "which might cost ten thousand paper dollars or two gold dimes," or a plane ticket to somewhere else in the world just in case a Communist revolution has replaced American capitalism.

Appropriately, Browne's editor at Macmillan is the same woman who edited Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Browne firmly believes in the power of the individual working in his own self-interest, though he dismisses the Objectivism of Ayn Rand —"she believes in forcing certain people to give up their ways of life for the benefit of a higher morality."

Critics point to the fact that people who took Browne's advice in 1967 and invested in silver took a bath when the government started selling silver the next year. Browne counters that "I never tell people to consider investing in gold or silver in any but a long-term way. If they are uncomfortable with that arrangement, they should invest in Swiss francs.

"It's been a very difficult time for a lot of people in stocks, banking, and—especially—people in the business of giving financial recommendations," Browne continues. "Almost nothing has worked in the last few years, and those people are under constant pressure from their customers because they're losing money. But a lot of people can point to Harry Browne and say, well, his recommendations have made 200 percent or 300 percent or 400 percent profit. . . . It's perfectly understandable that the less-secure people in that position would seek to discredit me."

"Wall Street's excuses for why their Index plummets are really bullshit," according to Browne. "A lot of people can't accept that —they figure, well, the stockbrokers are the professionals, they must know what's going on. Those people have never seen how Wall Street operates—the brokers haven't got the faintest idea about what's going on."

When he's not lecturing, appearing on TV talk shows, and generally being the most successful "goldbug" around, Browne, who is forty-one, lives a quiet life in his Vancouver home with his girl friend, listening to operas, the real love of his life next to money. In fact, he plans to write a book about opera—"I have some strong ideas about it I want to communicate." No doubt Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* will be prominently featured.

Penthouse: Why is our economy in such bad shape?

Browne: Well, you could probably sum it all up by saying that the problem is that everyone relies on the government to take care of things—that's true not only in the United States but probably in every country in the world. And governments have been given the opportunity to handle the real money—gold—and print paper money as receipts. Not surprisingly, that power's been abused and the world has been flooded with paper money. And whereas "a little bit of inflation" is supposed to be okay, just so it doesn't go too far, there has never been such a thing as "a little bit of inflation." After thirty years of drowning the world in paper money, all kinds of economic distortions have taken place; and that money has become progressively worthless. This process is really just beginning now. We're probably going to see price-inflation rates much higher than what we've become used to in the last year. Double-digit inflation is nothing—wait until we get to triple-digit inflation.

Penthouse: Do you think that's going to happen in the next couple of years?

Browne: It very well could. Such things cannot be predicted with precision because they depend upon the acts of politicians. The Federal Reserve Board, for instance, has the nominal authority to control money in the United States and they are certainly subjected to pressures. But one way or the other it's going to be the acts—the future acts —of individual human beings that will determine whether or not we have an all-out, full-scale, runaway inflation. The important point is, though, that if we don't have an all-out, runaway inflation, we assuredly will have a crash at some point, either instead of the runaway inflation or after it. So there is no way that an individual can just *hope* that governments will take care of everything, because there is nothing the governments can do now to change the mistakes of the last thirty years. You can't go back and rewrite history.

Penthouse: Is it only government people you are talking about when you say individuals will determine the economic future?

Browne: Basically, yes. Government people could stop inflation tomorrow morning simply by turning off the printing press. The reason they don't is that they are afraid of a crash—a crash that will inevitably come soon after inflation stops.

Penthouse: You say that government people have this power. But Harry Schultz, the well-known economist, feels that the main reason America is headed for a disastrous inflation is that the people who control American finance, and thus international finance, are arrogant, venal men intent on making a buck at the expense of the welfare of the rest of the world. Is that true?

Browne: I think that all government officials in all countries are probably arrogant men—or else they wouldn't be so sure they can run the lives of others. And when you give too much power to those men, you have to assume that you are going to have all kinds of problems. That's just the nature of government and has been for thousands of years.

Penthouse: But Schultz was talking about more than just governments: he included bankers and stockbrokers and gold traders—those kind of people—as well.

Browne: Well, Harry Schultz is a moralist, as most people are, and moralists get upset when other people do what is simply in their own self-interest. My attitude is that you can't expect these people to act any different from the way that they act and it's foolish to get upset about what they're doing. It's far more practical to arrange your own affairs so that you're insulated from their actions. Then they can be as arrogant and venal as they want to be, but they aren't going to hurt you.

Penthouse: But not very many people are in a position to do that.

Browne: I think everyone is in a position to do it. Now I don't mean that the person who has a thousand dollars that he scraped together is in the same position as someone who has a million dollars, in terms of the scale of things that he can do. However, the person who has a thousand dollars can do something just as significant—for himself—as the person with a million dollars can.

The principal danger for an individual is to become a defeatist about it and say, "Since I can never change the men in power, I'm doomed to go down with the dollar." That isn't the case. Anyone is in a position to do something to insulate himself from the problem. That's the whole issue. It's a question of values. If a man values his second car and his second television set more than his future, then there's probably nothing he can do because he not only doesn't have any money saved, he's behind on the payments, his liabilities.

However, if a man were really concerned about his own future and the future of his family, he could liquidate a number of assets that he takes for granted—because inflation creates a false standard for people in the short term. If he did nothing more than buy a bag of silver coins for a thousand dollars, he would have purchasing power that could take him to the best place in the world if everything fell apart completely. And that man would probably be quite surprised to find that the purchase of a thousand dollars' worth of silver coins could alleviate a great deal of his anxiety. Because now this hypothetical individual is totally helpless, and he feels it—whether he expresses it and defines it in those terms. He feels a tremendous sense of anxiety because of his virtual helplessness. But the moment he does something to provide himself with some kind of secure purchasing power, he will find, in most cases, that the sense of insecurity begins to fade.

Then his incentive will become so great that he'll try to figure out something to do to change the one thousand dollars into two thousand dollars and so forth. I don't mean that he'll make a hundred thousand dollars, but he may double or triple what he started with. He may simply get rid of other things he doesn't use anymore, work an extra couple hours a day if he's in a flexible income, and salt away the money that he makes —instead of simply trying to catch up on his payments and buying more things on credit.

Penthouse: How does a return to a standard of worth—gold, silver, that kind of thing—translate

into a purchasing power? In other words, if this person invests a thousand dollars in a bag of silver coins, he couldn't go to the market and buy groceries with those silver coins.

Browne: One of the basic problems today is that money is not understood. The whole purpose of money is to provide some stored value over a period of time—whether that be one hour or ten years. The idea is to be able to sell something, whether it's your labor or something you own, and receive in exchange something that will hold a stored value for you until such time as you intend to exchange it for something you actually want to consume. That's the whole purpose of money—and paper doesn't serve that purpose anymore. It only served that purpose well when the paper was a receipt for something that did serve the purpose. Once that ended, a steady deterioration in the value of the paper began. And now that deterioration is at such an advanced stage that only a fool still believes that it serves the stored-value purpose. As a result, the individual has to quit saving paper and start saving something that he knows he'll be able to exchange at a future date for what he wants—food, a new car, whatever. The silver coins serve that purpose because they are appreciating rapidly in terms of paper, while paper is depreciating rapidly in terms of everything else.

Penthouse: Does that mean we should replace the paper system which exists now with actual gold or silver?

Browne: Yes, that would be nice. But I'm not saying we should do that.

Penthouse: What are you saying we should do?

Browne: I'm not saying we should do anything. I'm saying that I have done certain things for myself, and I am making suggestions to other individuals who want to do something for themselves. I have no interest whatsoever in reforming the system, because my life is too important to me. The few years I have to live are not going to be wasted running around trying to convince people that we all ought to get together and form a new system. There are just too many better things to do—such as lying on the couch listening to Puccini operas, or traveling—that would be forsaken for something that will never happen anyway

What I am doing is exchanging my understanding of the situation for money—whatever form it comes in, paper or otherwise—which I immediately trade in for something that will perform a stored value for me. So if you want to talk about how the world would be better on a gold system or something like that, we can; but it has no practical value to the individual reading this interview.

It *will* be of practical value if that individual uses the funds at his disposal right now to assure a better world for himself in the future—whether or not it's a better world for anyone else. I'm not counting on everyone following my advice or even a significant number doing so. If that should happen, however, it would benefit everyone, even those who don't do it.

I'll give you one example of how that could work: if the paper money system breaks down completely, if it reaches the point where the prices of things are going up hundreds of dollars every day, one day no one will accept the paper money at all.

Once that happens, the country will be in chaos because there will be no medium of exchange by which one person can pay another, or employ another. There will be no way to handle the normal trappings of civilization that have been taken for granted for thousands of years. The only way that civilization might be preserved in its present form is if a large enough number of people have been holding silver and gold coins during the early stages of the runaway inflation. Then a second price level might be established during the runaway inflation, whereby a loaf of bread might cost ten thousand paper dollars or two silver dimes.

> "I don't presume—like economists, politicians, and bureaucrats—to know what's best for people. If you let people express their desires freely, you'll find out what they want."

The day after paper money falls, a situation in which a loaf of bread cost ten *billion* dollars or two silver dimes, a loaf of bread will still cost two silver dimes and trade can go right on because a price level in a firm money system will have been established—not by the government but just by people acting in their own self-interest. Then everything can continue onward. This is only possible, however, if there is a wide distribution of silver and gold coins. Not everyone has to have them, not even a third of the people. But if a significant number, such as five million people in the United States, have them, there will be enough of those coins in circulation to reach other people. Anyone doing anything for anyone else will get a silver dime—and this way an economic recovery may be possible.

So if a significant number of people followed my example, it would be good for the United States of America, but I'm not counting on it.

Penthouse: What *are* you counting on? What are your own plans for when the crash comes?

Browne: Basically my plans are to have enough wealth in Switzerland in gold and silver so that when everything finally returns to normal, I will be in a wealthy position. In the meantime, in the abnormal period, I plan to have enough of the necessities of life to tide me over for a period of time, plus a sufficient number of gold and silver coins to give me some purchasing power wherever that might prove to be useful. And, of course, if the worst doesn't happen, to reap the profits from being in the only things that are making real money for individuals today, which are gold and silver and strong foreign currencies. The idea, basically, is to be protected three ways: to be protected in the event of a crash—a normal-type crash of 1929 proportions after which everything goes on as it was, just that everybody's poorer than they were; or (2) a runaway inflation which leads to chaotic results; or (3) just simply a continuation of the *status quo* if it turns out that this *status quo* can go on many more years than I thought it could. I have certainly not bet on disaster by investing in gold and silver the last few years. I've been betting on myself—because I've made a great deal of money without the worst having come to pass . . . yet.

Penthouse: You mean a great deal of money from your investments, separate from your books and seminars and lectures?

Browne: Yes, the price of silver and gold have each gone up 200 to 300 percent in the last four years. Now take away the inflationary component and you still have a profit of well over 200 percent during that period of time. That's 200 percent in real purchasing power terms. Now I could have been in oil or in a lot of other things, but the chances are that I would be doing real well if I were making 50 percent during that same period, in real money terms.

Penthouse: Exxon made 800 percent in one year.

Browne: But the people investing in it didn't make that kind of money.

Penthouse: Is it accurate, or is it useful in your estimation, to say that gold is not really going up in price but that, using it as a universal measuring constant, all paper currency is simply decreasing in value?

Browne: To a certain extent that is true, but it isn't completely true. Gold and silver are increasing in terms of purchasing power at the same time that the dollar is decreasing; those two things together have made gold and silver go up fantastic amounts when measured by dollars. We have a unique situation that has created a tremendous opportunity for anyone who knows what he's doing. And this situation arose because our government has accumulated powers far beyond those that any government has ever had.

It used that power in many ways, but two of its most significant acts were the suppression of the prices of gold and silver for as long as it could. But no government is as omnipotent as many people may come to think that it is, and eventually that power is lost. Once it is, as has happened already to the U.S. government, the prices of gold and silver have to take off to catch up with all the time that's been lost.

So I'm sold on gold and silver today not because of a "mystique" about gold or silver or precious metals, or that "in times of uncertainty the whole world will turn to gold and silver"—although to a certain extent those things are true. But mainly I'm convinced that we're in this unique economic situation that has arisen in which gold and silver have to go up much faster than everything else just to make up for lost time.

Now the interesting thing about this is that if we do have continuation of the *status quo* we are going to see most things going up in price, but gold and silver going up much faster than others. Or if we have a runaway inflation, everything will go up in price rapidly, but gold and silver will —again—have to go up faster because they were underpriced to begin with. If we have a deflation-

ary-type crash, such as we had in the Twenties and Thirties, then most things will drop—but once again, gold and silver are already underpriced, so they will either continue to rise, or stay even while their purchasing power is growing, or at the worst, they will go down less than anything else, in which case they will also be gaining purchasing power.

Penthouse: Is this also true of foreign currencies?

Browne: Yes, it is to a certain extent. That is, it's true of the *strong* foreign currencies, because they were suppressed in price by the fixed-exchange rate system for a period of about twenty-five years. Anytime you have wage or price controls, these kinds of situations develop.

For example, all commodities have been affected to a certain extent by the price controls over the last few years; but silver has had virtually *one hundred years* of price control; with gold, it's about thirty-five years; and with foreign currencies it's about thirty years.

This is so long that a lot of offsetting things can happen without damaging the investment. A new discovery of silver could develop, for instance, some great new mine could produce twenty-five million ounces a year (which would be phenomenal) and it would not destroy the silver profit potential. Or governments could dump gold on the market, which would certainly drive the price down in the short term. But in the long term it would just make the price of gold that much higher, because gold would be an even better alternative to currencies than it is now.

With gold and silver you're in a position where you don't have to know everything that's going on to make sure your investment is safe, because it can tolerate all kinds of things happening.

Penthouse: The graph in your latest book, *You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis*, showed the rise in the last ten-year period of gold, silver, and Swiss francs. For a long time Swiss francs stayed about the same, and then in 1973 they rose a little bit while gold and silver rose spectacularly. Why do you advocate investing in Swiss francs?

> "I have no interest whatsoever in reforming the system, because my life is too important to me."

Browne: No two people should invest in exactly the same way—even if they both think that gold, silver, and Swiss francs are the whole answer. The way they divide it up is going to depend on individual considerations. The advantage of Swiss francs is their liquidity. Anytime you invest you know that if you need to take the money back out for some purpose the most you could lose might be 10 percent. And it would take a very unique combination of circumstances to cause that. But that is what you can consider your maximum risk, in dollar terms anyway, while still enjoying potential profit. Therefore, to whatever extent you need to be liquid, you're much better being in Swiss francs than in gold or silver, where the wrong combination of circumstances could cause a 20 or 30 percent loss.

On the other hand, if you want to make money and are willing to invest for the long-term, you should be much more in gold and silver than in Swiss francs. Gold is probably the safer, surer bet, because of its status as money, which silver doesn't have. Silver, on the other hand, has a greater price potential. So those considerations will influence you to a certain extent. It's safety versus opportunity. And the last consideration is that if you want to make money, but are unwilling to tolerate the fluctuations which inevitably happen in gold and silver because they cause you too much anxiety, then you really should invest only in currencies where you still have a good strong potential, but not nearly the risk.

Penthouse: So Swiss francs are sort of a hedge against the gold and silver markets.

Browne: Right. A good example of this occurred in 1973. Suppose someone invested in gold when the price was around $127. The price then dropped to about $90, over a period of a month or so. Even though it was up to $150 within a year, if that person found that it tore his stomach apart during the drop, he really ought to take the opportunity to get out of gold and get into Swiss francs and Dutch guilders. He may not make as much money, but he won't have as much anxiety. And it's very important to emphasize that, in the last analysis, you have to invest in a way that's comfortable for you. It doesn't matter that someone else may make more money, you've still got to live in the present until the investment pays off. You should consider the wear and tear, not only on your emotions, but on your health and your family. That sort of thing can wreck your life. To overlook it and merely look at the numbers is a terrible mistake, I think.

Penthouse: Let's get back to the concept of government, a concept you constantly criticize. The logical extension of what you are saying is a return to the *laissez-faire* approach. But without any government controls, against monopolies for instance, what prevents businessmen from behaving the way they did around the turn of the century, or—for that matter—the way they do now?

Browne: That's truer than you realize. But it's not true, I don't think, in the sense that you mean it. At the turn of the century, large companies that were having difficult times because of the competition with each other did do some pretty mean things: they turned to the government and created anti-monopoly laws, which were designed to *prevent* competition rather than to encourage it. If you look back through the history of the United States you find that almost all regulatory agencies have been set up by the industries themselves as a way of creating coercive price-fixing arrangements that wouldn't work without government help. Price-fixing arrangements only work when the government backs them up with the force of law and says, "If you undersell your competitor we're going to throw you in jail."

Penthouse: But John D. Rockefeller didn't want the Sherman Antitrust Act to come into existence. It certainly didn't help him.

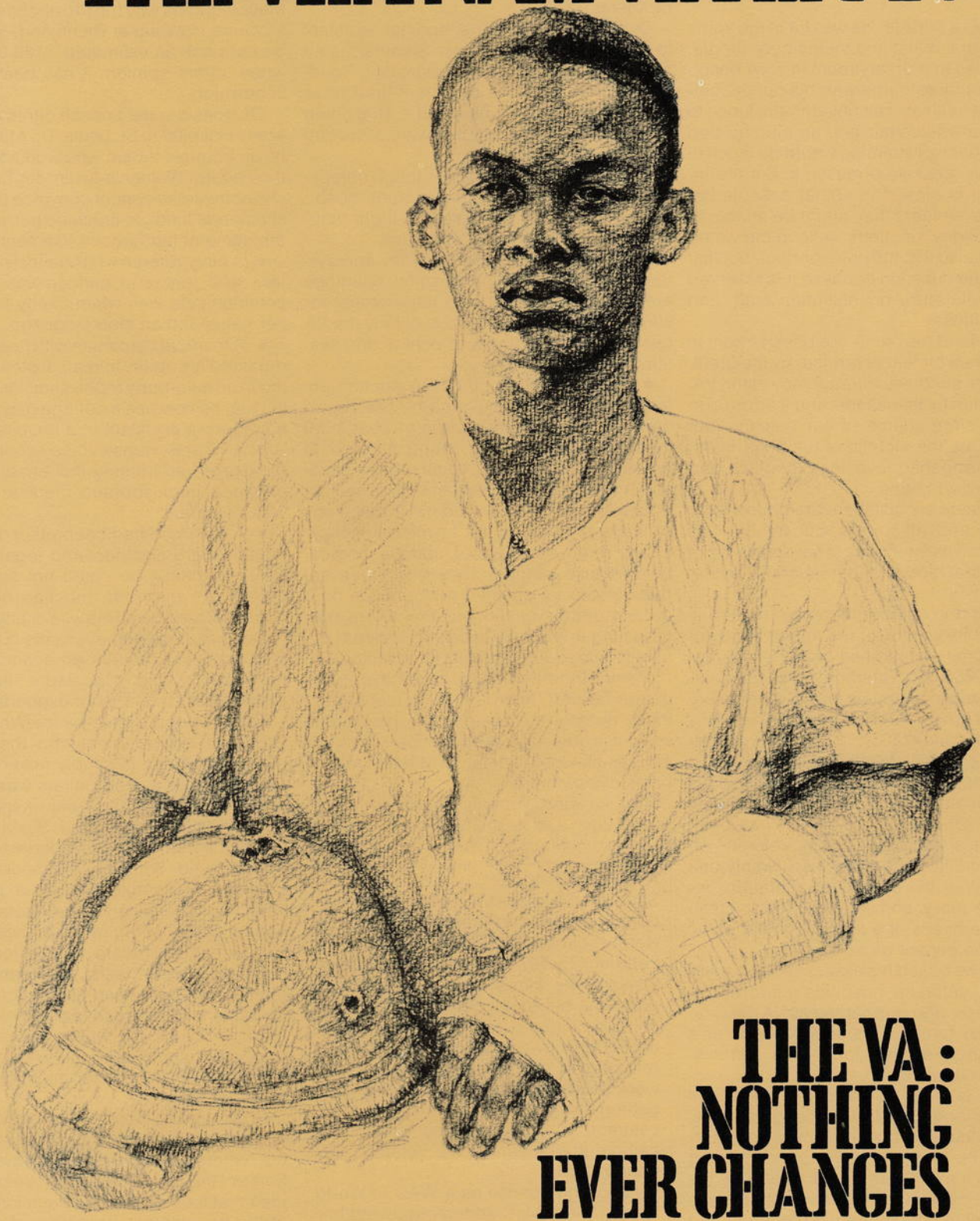
Browne: What often happens is that the power gets turned against the people who set it up in the first place, which is another good reason why you should never as a practical matter turn to the government to solve your problems. The late 19th century is replete with examples of voluntary price-fixing arrangements that didn't work. Eventually the meat packing industry, the steel industry, the iron industry all turned to the government and demanded a Federal Trade Commission that would regulate this. And so antitrust laws were passed.

John D. Rockefeller probably is one of the five

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

"Would you care for a slice of cake, my darling?"

THE VIETNAM VETERAN



THE VA: NOTHING EVER CHANGES

By Sarah McClendon

The Vietnam Veteran—Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

David H. Cohen

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26 (UPI)—The Veterans Administration said today that a former serviceman was "taking a chance" by seeking emergency treatment at a Veterans Administration hospital, because critical staff and space shortages had adversely affected the agency's ability to offer medical care.

The man is a cripple. He was hit in the spine by a sniper's bullet in a Vietnamese jungle. Now he lies in a dreary room in a VA hospital. He could be home with his family, getting some fresh air. But government funds to buy him a wheelchair and an electric bed were cut back. Swimming would do much to restore his weakened muscles. But the indoor pool is closed to spinal patients because the VA fears they might be unable to restrain bodily functions while in the water. He could also use the outdoor pool, but that is out of the question because it is reserved for the Veterans Administration staff, and their families.

Never mind his name. He doesn't want to be identified for fear of reprisal by the great, sprawling, mindless bureaucracy of the VA. Multiply him by thousands, and it adds up to just one more shame of our country. Our veterans are the victims of fumbling inefficiency, arrogance, evasions, neglect, and computerized chaos.

In a system so vast there are bound to be mistakes and inequities. But the VA has worked as if its intent was to set some kind of international record for bureaucratic fouling up.

In 1973, the number of people treated in VA hospitals went over the million mark for the first time. In addition many of the nation's 29,265,000 veterans received treatment in private hospitals or had ambulatory care. But only 141,000 Vietnam veterans sought hospitalization. Because younger veterans are trying to stay *out* of hospitals in larger proportions than veterans of previous wars, a greater strain is placed on outpatient facilities. Oliver Meadows, who has been the staff assistant to the House Veterans Affairs Committee for more than twenty-one years, called the outpatient operation "inadequate, lousy, and under-staffed so greatly that the needs of a large segment of the population cannot be served."

Meadows based his assessment on a survey of all veterans' hospitals made by Dr. John Chase, who was named as VA medical director by former President Nixon after a media outcry against former VA administrator Donald Johnson.

Chase quickly acquired the respect of Congress and of old and young veterans' groups. Meadows praised him saying, "Being new he had no built-in concepts and could tell it like it was. Thank goodness his report went direct to the president and was not subjected to editing, changing, and whittling down by the Office of Management and Budget in the White House, as has so often happened to VA reports in the past."

The report was sent to Nixon in June 1974. President Ford in a Veterans Day address in October at Arlington National Cemetery admitted that overcrowding and other bad conditions exist in VA hospitals. But he cited a special poll of veteran patients to indicate that, in general, "VA medicine is first-rate."

He added, "Where problems still exist I have asked the VA administrator . . . to let me know what is needed to eliminate these problems."

Dr. Theodore C. Marrs, special assistant to the president and Roger Semarad, staff assistant to the President's Domestic Council say they gave the president the Chase report and he says he has read it. That being the case, he should now be aware of several alarming facts, such as:

- There is nowhere near enough competent personnel to serve the veterans' hospitals at night and on weekends. Eight thousand positions remain to be filled.
- The electrical, water, and sewage systems built into existing hospital buildings are unable to support the requirement for surgery, raising the question of how the VA has used the bidding and contracting system in the past.
- About one-third of the VA doctors are foreign-trained and have come here in recent years. The VA claims they all pass local medical boards before being allowed to practice in veterans' hospitals, but a study undertaken by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare indicates that many of these physicians fail to meet specialty board requirements and certain medical performance ratings. They also have not been tested for specific performance on a patient-doctor basis, but the VA is participating in a survey at Johns Hopkins University aimed at measuring this factor.

Many of the foreign doctors have a language barrier. Since a high percentage of these doctors are assigned to psychiatric work, it is obvious that enormous difficulties can result. Communication is, after all, the basis of psychiatry.

The VA says it badly needs its foreign physicians and some veterans' leaders, such as Jim Maye, executive director of the Paralyzed Veterans of America, have praised the contributions of some of these doctors. Maye says their ingenuity and dedication have helped greatly.

Another serious problem involves cutbacks in various programs that many veterans feel are worthwhile. For example, Jim Maye wonders why the Prosthetics Center at McGuire Hospital at Richmond, Va., has to be cut back an estimated $138,000 a year when, in his opinion, it has been doing a superb job.

Or, consider the speech clinic at the Veterans Hospital in St. Louis. Dr. Madge Skelly, an Iroquois Indian who works there, won the Federal Women's Award for Service but she sometimes cannot convince the VA that she needs funds to continue her work. Here are some of her accomplishments:

- A navy veteran who had lost his tongue, jaw, and larynx to cancer was taught to communicate well when Skelly taught him her native Indian sign language.
- A medical corpsman with head wounds regained his ability to read. Instead of working in an auto-body repair shop for the rest of his life, he now has a college degree and is a surgeon's assistant in a hospital.
- A veteran whose voice sounded like a girl's received training that enabled him to advance from soprano clerk to baritone vice-president.
- A man who had been placed in a psychiatric ward and declared legally incompetent because he could not speak, was cured, got married, and has no trouble communicating with his wife or anyone else.

Despite these achievements, Skelly says that whenever there is an economy drive, her speech clinic is labeled a "frill" and is placed first on the list of expendables.

Because of pressure by the White House Office of Management and the Budget, much VA money is simply never spent. In 1973 fifty-four million dollars was returned to the federal treasury. It was unspent and—by implication—unneeded. Sometimes this meant the purchase of needed wheelchairs was delayed. Sometimes it meant a failure to order air conditioning for a paralyzed veteran's special car. Some veterans whose normal bodily perspiration processes have been destroyed were compelled to take dangerous "sweat tests" to determine if they really needed air conditioning for cars, despite the fact that such tests have been forbidden. But on the written records it may look as if some diligent VA worker hac saved money. A superior might rate him eligible for promotion.

In discussing these points Jim Maye asks, "Is the benefits program supposed to serve the veteran or the federal government? Some of the 200,000 VA employees have the idea that they must make decisions in favor of the government. This type of employee tends to look at the veteran as a waiting, willing beggar who may be asking for more than he really needs. When this happens, you are probably going to have a veteran going without some benefit that the federal government can well afford to pay and that

About the Author

Sarah McClendon is the White House reporter who talks to presidents as if she were scolding an errant husband. On February 25, 1974, she stood up at a televised White House press conference, pointed a ball-point pen at Richard Nixon, and blurted out, "Mr. President, they are *not* telling you all the facts!" She was referring to the VA's denial that there were widespread and lengthy delays in getting government checks to student veterans. It was part of her continuing campaign to clean up the Veterans Administration.

Following service as a WAC in World War II, Sarah McClendon organized her own news bureau for newspapers, radio, and television.

She is a former president of the American Newspaper Women's Club and the current vice-president of the National Press Club.

the people—acting through their Congress—expect him to get."

The record is full of stories of deserving veterans who do *not* get the benefit of the doubt.

Mackie McLellan, a Vietnam veteran with the Namvets Project in Atlanta, tells of a friend who committed suicide after being turned aside for medical treatment. McLellan is trying desperately to bring home to the VA recognition of the fact that there may be psychic developments, such as fear, depression, terror, and anxiety, which may attack the Vietnam veteran after he returns home and require his hospitalization.

Master Sergeant Everett M. Clark of San Antonio died after six years of haggling with the VA about whether his diseases were service-connected. His friend and sponsor, Lieutenant Colonel Raymond C. Brake, has a ten-foot-high stack of correspondence with the VA about Clark's case. Clark's widow and four children get only $240 a month, and they might have received much more if his case had been decided favorably.

One officer writes that he could not prove his Mexican divorce was legal and he could not find his divorced wife in order to get her statement. So his present wife and family cannot get VA benefits.

A Charleston, S.C., veteran writes, "I went to a psychiatrist to find out if it was I or the federal government that was crazy. I got 60 percent disability for heart trouble from the air force, which is not enough to keep me and my wife. Social Security people say I am able to work and I should get a job. The Labor Department says they cannot certify me for a job because I have heart trouble. Then the VA turns me down when I ask for more compensation. I am just going to quit."

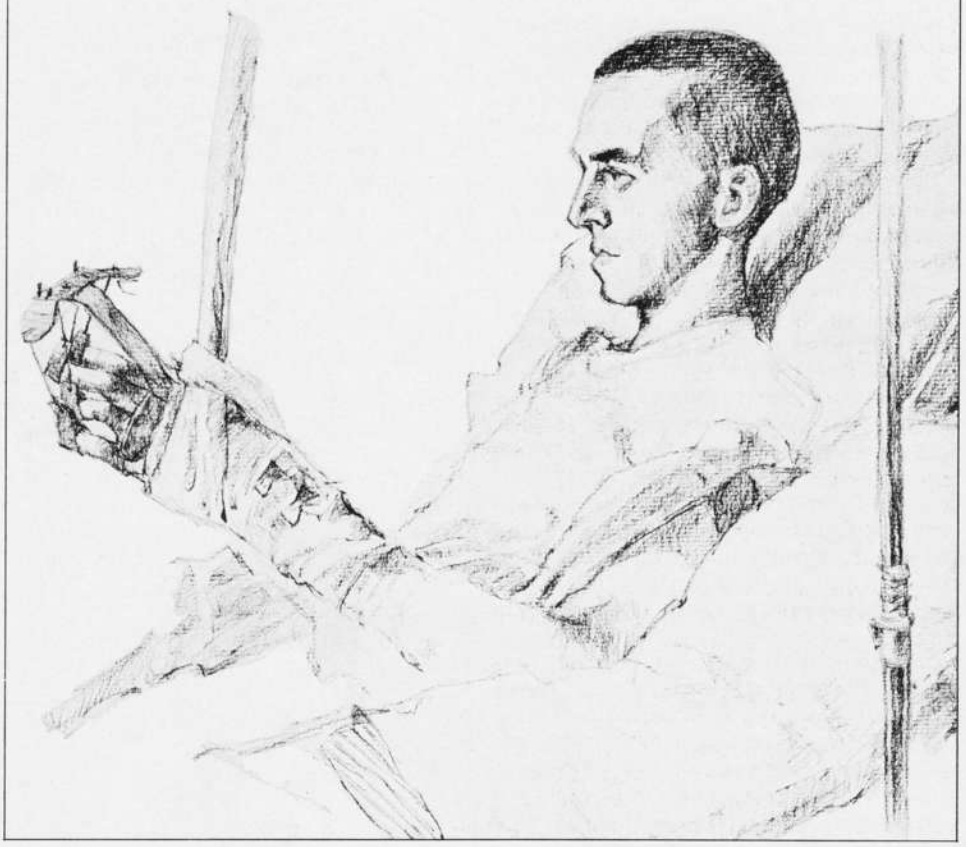
Raymond Pinkerton of Springfield, Mass., has gone through four Veterans Administration Appeals Boards trying to prove that a dose of sulfathiazole, given him in an army hospital in World War II, led to the removal of his kidney in 1951.

Richard T. DeVito of Long Beach, N.Y., is still running down evidence to prove that an infectious hepatitis infection contracted at Aviano Air Base in Italy caused his disability today. And so it goes.

Maye cites another fault in the Veterans Administration that keeps benefits from going where they are needed: "Hospitals within the system differ in practices. Despite the fact the central VA office may have issued strict orders forbidding a certain type of operation, the doctor may not know of this, or he may think it best anyway, or he may just be knife-happy. After an unnecessary or unwise operation has been performed on the veteran, it is too late to apply the regulation. The veteran whose bladder has had an artifical valve and tubing inserted unnecessarily will wear this the rest of his life."

Many observers feel that one of the worst problems for veterans results from a congressional ban of all judicial review of the decisions of the VA review boards except in contractual matters. And the fact that a vet-

> "In a system as vast as the Veterans Administration, there are bound to be mistakes and inequities. But the VA seems to be intent on setting an international record for bureaucratic fouling up."



THE VA RUNAROUND

The following is what happens to a veteran applying for compensation for what he believes is a service-connected illness or injury. These are the VA's own estimates:

1. Look in phone book for local VA office.
2. Call office and report complaint.
3. The caller will be referred to a benefits counselor who will take name and address and mail the proper forms. The VA says the forms should arrive in five days—"hopefully." Then, without a pause, they add:
4. If you do not receive the forms in two months, call your counselor again. He will send the forms again.
5. Presumably, this time, you'll receive them in five days. Fill them out and return them.
6. Your local office will contact the Defense Department's records office in St. Louis for a complete medical history. This takes four to five weeks. If the record was burned in a fire that occurred at the St. Louis office a few years ago, they will reconstruct the medical history. That takes an additional two months.
7. Once the local office has all the records, they will contact you to report to a VA hospital for an examination to determine the extent of your injury or illness and whether it is service-connected. This takes from one to three weeks.
8. The report then goes to the claims board where it takes from two to three months for a decision.

You have now waited a total of three months, one week, and five days, if everything was done in minimum time. But if it takes the maximum time, you will not get the answer for some nine months. If your claim is rejected, you can always appeal, if you have new evidence. There is no estimate of how long that would take.

Finally, your computer card could become lost somewhere along the way, in which case prayer would be your only help.

eran cannot pay for a high-quality lawyer to represent him is another disadvantage.

Nine reasons for keeping this system have been listed by Donald Johnson, the former administrator. None of them sound compelling or equitable to a man who wants to present evidence to support his case and who feels he has been turned down unjustly by the VA. If the system were changed, it could eliminate much of the sense of hopelessness felt by many veterans.

Then, too, it is not only the living veterans but the survivors of the dead who feel something more must be done. Widows write that they feel left out every time there is a strong push for veterans' rights. They ask persons interested in the VA to watch out for them, too. Mrs. Reva J. Cullen, of Denver, Colo., points to what she terms "one of the greatest inconsistencies" which she says results from a combination of Department of Defense rulings, VA limitations, and congressional disinterest.

She refers to the fact that a widow of a man killed on active duty before 1972 gets approximately $200 a month from the VA, while the widow of a man who retired from the army after 1972, with the same time in service, gets $403. Many widows also find that every time Congress votes an increase in Social Security pensions, their VA widows' pensions are cut back. The VA thus saves money at the widows' expense.

The VA administrator, former Republican representative Richard Roudebush of Indiana, has been trying to create the image of easy access and personal interest. At first this was made difficult by the fact that Donald Johnson, the fired administrator, was hanging around the office. Johnson was supposed to have left last June. Actually, he stayed on until a month after President Nixon left office. Johnson said he had been promised a job by the Nixon White House and he was going to get it. He did: he was named deputy assistant secretary in foreign trade in the Commerce Department at $36,000 a year. Why President Ford felt he had to honor this Nixon commitment is a mystery.

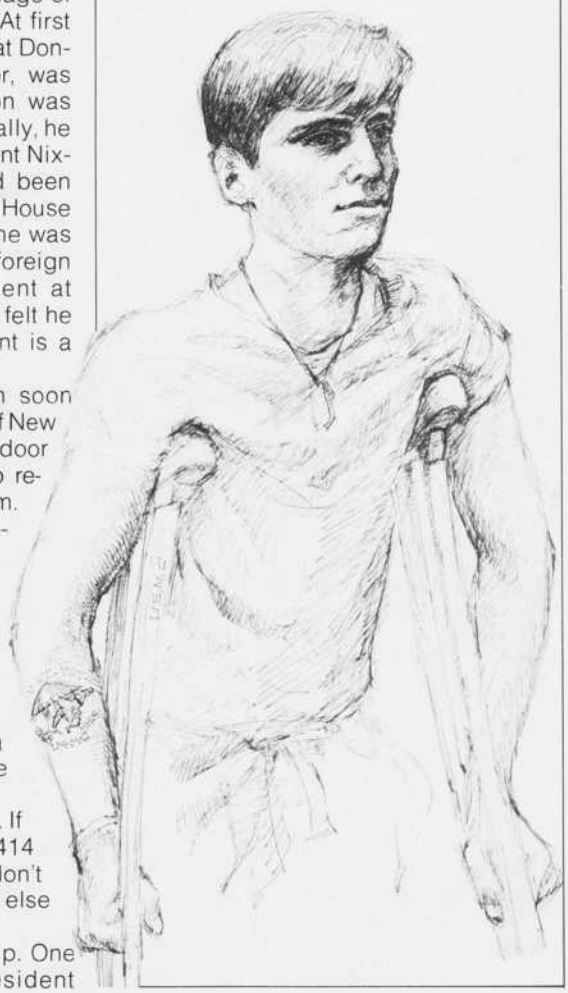
With Johnson gone, Roudebush soon found himself under siege. A group of New York City militants nailed his office door shut and said that he would have to remain inside until he listened to them. Roudebush told them it wasn't necessary—he would listen. He did. Then he called the police, who charged them with damaging government property.

One of the most frequently heard complaints about the VA has concerned its failure to respond to telephone calls. Roudebush has made a great point of making his telephone number available.

(It is, incidentally, (202) EX 3-4120. If that doesn't answer, try (202) 456-1414 and ask for Roger Semarad. We don't suggest this irresponsibly, but if all else fails. . . .)

Veterans still need everyone's help. One speech on Veterans Day by President Ford—before election—does not a cleanup make. A full revamping of the VA needs the continuing push of aroused citizens. Letters, telegrams, and phone calls—when delivered in quantity—are powerful weapons.

> "Lyndon Johnson stabled a team of advance men at the VA to assist him and Lady Bird in their travels. He used VA personnel to swell the numbers at White House receptions when he needed a crowd."



VA Administrator Roudebush has been trying. For example, he went out of his way to help approximately 5,000 veterans in Brooklyn and Long Island get checks—which had been held up somewhere—to pay for graduation caps and gowns.

But the big complaints are still there. Some veterans are refused interviews. Phone calls are still not returned. On college campuses where the Nixon staff had started a program to hire veterans to represent the VA and to expedite the flow of checks, there is the same old delay, because back at the central office the system is still the same.

President Ford has expressed the utmost confidence in Roudebush. It might do some good if the White House would give him good assistants to help him out. So far none have been named. At the time of writing Odell Vaughan of Spartanburg, S.C., who was chief benefits man under Donald Johnson, was mentioned for the second spot. The number three position may go to a Vietnam veteran. James Mayer, who organized the National Association of Concerned Veterans and who is a double amputee, is mentioned as a strong possibility.

One of the main reasons the VA is in trouble is the attitude of the White House. It should keep its bloody hands off the VA. This is the view of those who have served in the agency as administrators, of reporters who have covered the VA, and of men on the inside who know, especially congressmen. Democratic Representative Olin Teague of Texas was wounded in combat and he is figuratively the "Bible" on veterans' affairs after long years of heading the House VA committee. He said he turned down Presidents Nixon and Ford when they asked him to head the VA because the Office of Management and Budget at the White House will not leave the agency alone.

President Johnson used the VA as an auxiliary command post. He stabled a team of advance men there to assist him and his wife, Lady Bird, in their travels. He used VA personnel to swell the numbers at White House receptions when he needed a supportive crowd. He had a trusted aide, Ted Connell of Texas, to see that favorite senators got VA patronage jobs for friends, contracts for favorite contributors, and specific sites for new hospitals.

Under Nixon, veterans' patronage was dispensed for some time from the office of Harry Dent, a South Carolina lawyer and a crony of that state's Republican senator, Strom Thurmond. But the Nixon people had a more powerful weapon in mind—a program to get White House control of federal agencies—and the VA was a primary target. As mentioned, the Office of Management and Budget cut back programs for the VA that had been voted by Congress. They forced Donald Johnson to go to Capitol Hill to repudiate VA funds he had previously requested. Some congressmen charged

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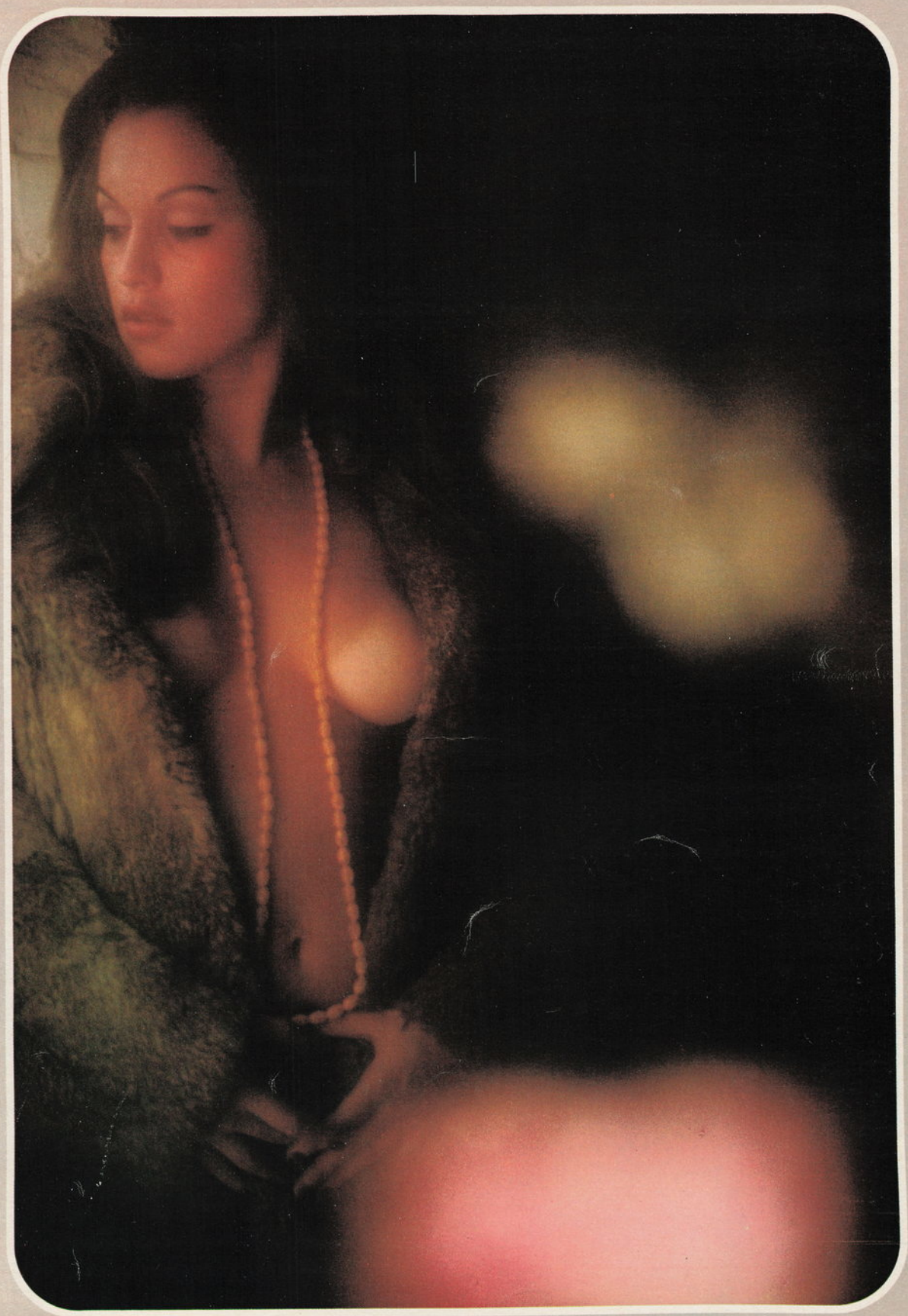


LONA

"I like a man for his downright sexual appeal—but my real reaction depends on how he treats me."

WHATEVER LONA WANTS...

Is it possible for a young woman who attended high school in Whittier, California—hometown, after all, of a well-known former U.S. President—to exude the haunting mystery of the South Pacific? Unquestionably, yes—*if* she happens to have spent the first eight years of her life in the Philippines and can lay claim to a spicily mixed heritage of Filipino, Spanish,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

and Oriental blood, finished off with a dash of Irish.

Lona Simpson has all of this and more. "Life in the Phillipines," says she, "was very pleasant and easygoing. We had the Pacific for a backyard, with ships from World War II still half buried in the sand. My grandmother owned a chain of movie theaters, and I'd get to see all those John Wayne movies for free—then go and act them out on the beaches."

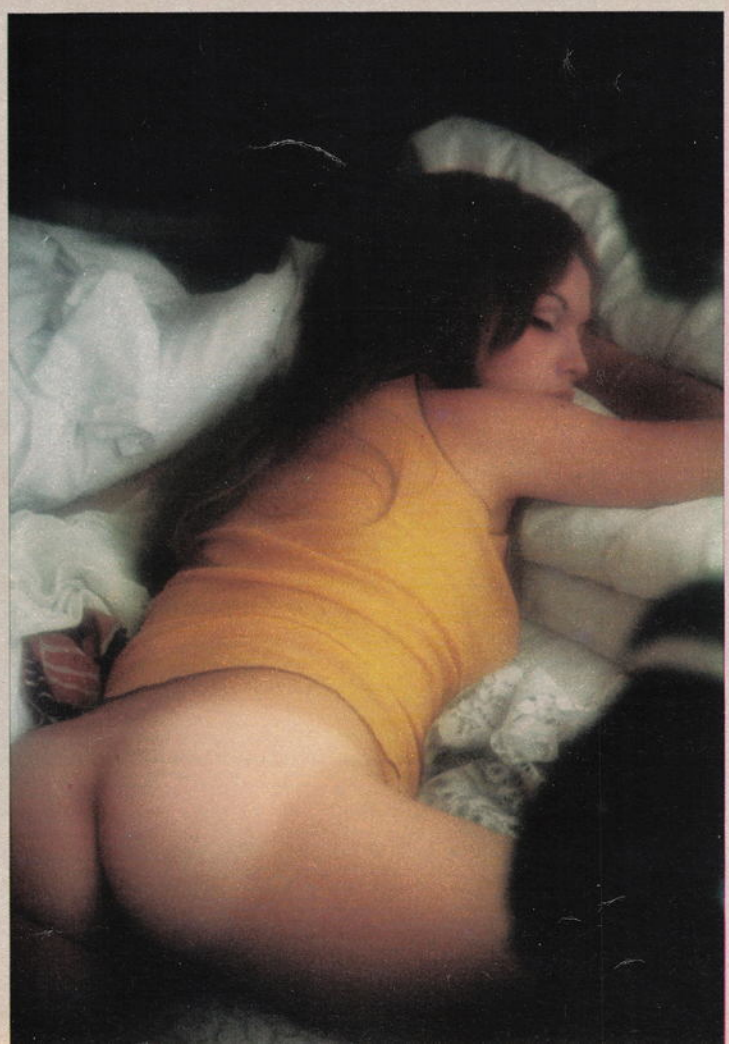
When a man picks me up and makes love to me while he's holding me—that's fantastic.

I can make love to someone on a one-night-stand basis if the vibes are right.

Arrival in California did not stunt Lona's early predilection for the creative. "I act and I even paint, but my true love is dancing. Whenever I hear music I get an urge to interpret it through dance. Somehow it helps me to get *into* people," she explains. "I like honesty and straightforwardness—what you see is what you get.

"I like a man for his downright sexual appeal, but my *real* reaction depends on how he treats me. I like to be treated like a little girl . . . perhaps it's because I've been spoiled. I guess I'm after a 'daddy' image. It even extends to sex. When a man picks me up and makes love to me while he's holding me—that's fantastic.

"Basically, I'm a romantic," she says, "and I dream a lot." But fortunately for admirers of Lona's classic 37-24-35 proportions, she doesn't confine her sexual expression to daydreams. "I dig sex any time," she says. "I can make love to someone on a one-night-stand basis if the vibes are right, but I get off much better with a person I really care for. Then I'm



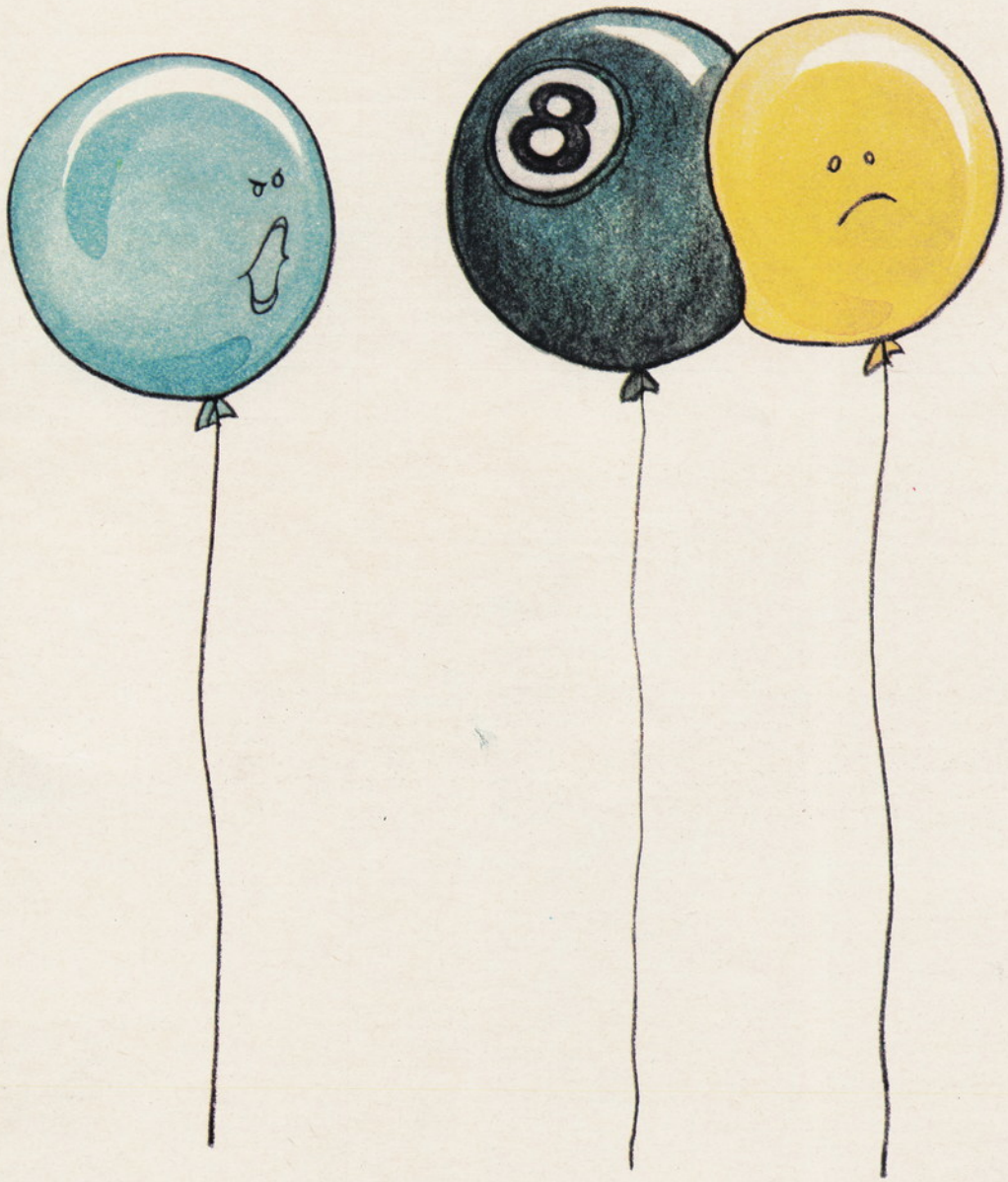
I like to be treated like a little girl . . . I guess I'm after a "daddy" image.

into everything that makes sex work." And what does a dancer who is obviously very much in demand do with her spare time? "Well, I adore the luxury of having *nothing* to do once in a while. I just sit around the house, play a little music, and enjoy my four cats. I know it sounds corny but I adore them, and I know they'll never leave me." We can think of lots of other cats who wouldn't stray either!

MISS LONA SIMPSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

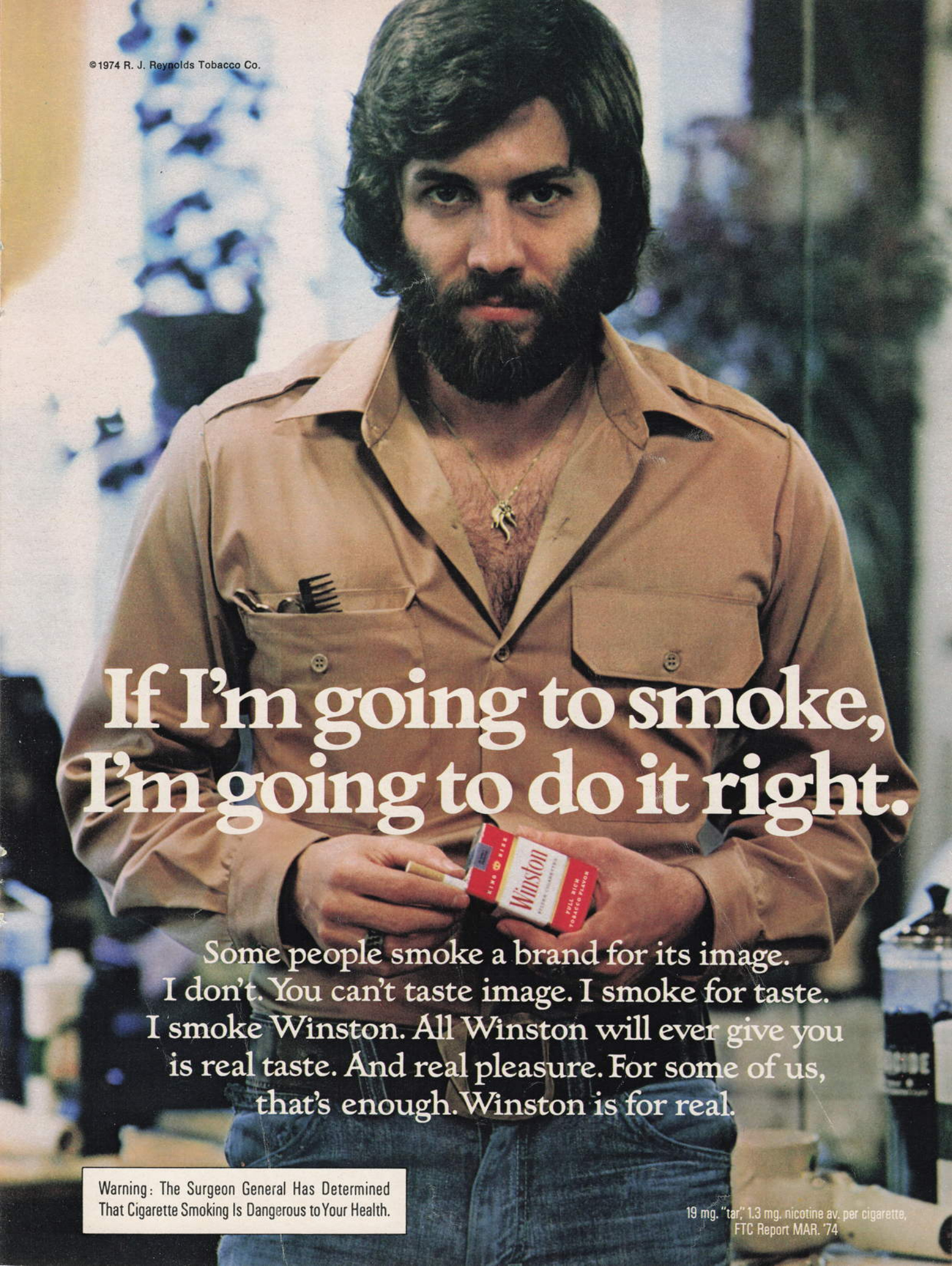
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I've seen people with bad luck, Ralph, but you're something else."

©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



If I'm going to smoke, I'm going to do it right.

Some people smoke a brand for its image. I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you is real taste. And real pleasure. For some of us, that's enough. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74

ANOTHER DAMN YEAR IS UNDER WAY

by Henry Morgan

Well, here we are, well up over our ankles in the New Year, and the outlook is pretty clear. The one we just went through was a bummer all right, but the thing to keep in mind is that everything is going to get *much* worse in 1975 and there's no sense in facing it cheerfully and with fortitude. All you have to remember is that Richard Nixon once said if he had any money, he'd put it in the stock market. Turned out later that he had the money, all right, but he was squirreling it away in real estate all the time.

And never forget that when the country needed a Lincoln, he gave it a Ford.

But it wasn't just Dickie, the all-American mope what done us in. It was *us*—the all-American us. We done it to we. The British did it to them. And the Italians, the Greeks, the Cypriots, the Chileans, the Irish, the Portuguese—all the common people of the world, those decent, shortsighted, rotten little bastards called humankind—have also tried every trick in the book to ruin themselves. Now, having gone through the book, they'll have to study the supplements.

So in order to help everyone to face what's left of 1975 with the proper attitude of defeat, let's see just what the future does hold. The circumstances are grim, the auguries forbidding and filled with foreboding. What's coming to us must be met with fear and cringing. Anyone who claims to see a ray of sunshine is either a liar or a lunatic and must be taken out and shot.

And now the bad news. First, the U.S. is going to have a real, pure, flat-out Depression—with a big "D." This will, in turn, bring down Canada, Great Britain, France . . . the works, excepting, of course, Switzerland. Italy is busted already. There will be famine in India. There will be famine in Africa. There will probably be famine in Pittsburgh, but it'll be called something else and anyway they'll get food stamps.

The Laotians and the Cambodians will attrition themselves to pieces. The Russians will suffer because nobody will have anything to trade off with them. But the Chinese will do okay, though, because they have long memories and can go right back to starvation like it was Home, Sweet Home.

The Japanese and the Germans will be the main suppliers of coffins.

The Banana Republics, quick as ever to take clever advantage of a situation, will slap an additional tax on bananas, which they will then be obliged to eat themselves. Unfortunately for them, an angry U.S. will cut off their supply of cornflakes.

The Arabs will own all the money in the world and all the armament. After Israel has been shoved into the Mediterranean, Iran will thoughtfully bomb Jordan. Jordan will march on Iraq. The Saudis will bomb everybody, and hashish-crazed American folksingers will blow up all the oil wells.

All the Swedes and Norwegians who haven't yet done so will commit suicide.

Forget about South America. It's easy to do—in fact, it's frequently been done before with great success, and there's certainly no reason to change the pattern now.

In the States, all blacks will be killed by December. Then the Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, and Cubans—and after that either the Irish or the Jews.

Then the Baptists.

As a matter of fact, it might be better to do in the Baptists first—then maybe some of the other folks might have a fighting chance.

What this all means, of course, is that whoever's left will have to go back to basics. Anyone who is interested in survival should learn about the following items. Each of them has been of value in the past and there's plenty of reason to believe they will have value once again.

WOOD: This is a substance that comes from TREES. It's good for making houses to live in and for burning in order to keep the houses warm. People used to make lots of useful things out of wood. Boats, for example. And chairs, toothpicks, pencils, handles, plows, bridges, nails, buckets . . . oh, lots of things. Wagons. Tables. Altars. Wood is for making things, and good wood makes things good like good wood should.

IRON: Iron was used for making pipe. You could also make horseshoes from it. (The HORSE will be back, so get to know about it. It is an animal, like man, but it works harder. You put grass or oats in one end and fertilizer comes out the other. It is extremely handy for transportation, too.)

Iron comes from the ground and has to be dug up by somebody. You can't get a horse to do it, but you can always get some ignorant foreigner, preferably a Welshman or people whose names end in "ski." Just tell them they'll be able to put their kids through college so that *they* won't have to be miners, and you've got it made.

COTTON: This is a very good substitute for nylon. It grows on bushes and can be picked by humans, although very few of them want to do it. In the United States it was customary to have the work done by people with dark complexions on the grounds that they could stand the sun better. These people picked it for about a hundred years and then decided that they didn't like the work either.

Cotton is useful for shirts, sheets, shrouds, suits, skirts, scarves, and most other things that begin with "s." Or with "b" (as in bandages).

WOOL: A fibrous material that you take away from SHEEP. Sheep are a kind of cattle, but smaller and, well, woolier. The material makes good rugs and overcoats. It makes even better sweaters than acryloxybenathene.

(It should be mentioned at this point that Sheep, Horses, COWS (we'll get to them) and other animals eat grass. But don't worry, there'll be grass growing in the streets.)

SILK: Well, you've probably never seen any of this stuff either, but it was very nice. It comes from the cocoons of crazy caterpillars and only the Chinese know (or knew) how to do it. It makes up into a very soft, very smooth cloth. Someday you will hear somebody say "smooth as silk," and you'll know what he's talking about.

Now we come to one of the most important basics of all. Everybody has seen them and knows what they're called, but hardly anybody knows what to do with them.

HANDS: It's been all but forgotten, especially in the free world, but hands can be used for any number of things. With a pair of scissors, they can give HAIRCUTS. (Haircut: A method of trimming the hair on the head so that the owner looks like somebody who hasn't spent eight years in a Mexican jail for smuggling H.)

Hands can make things. A hand can be taught to make something out of cotton, for instance. The process is called SEWING. For sewing, all one needs is a NEEDLE, made of refined iron, and some thread, a thin filament of fiber from either the cotton plant or FLAX. Look up Flax.

The hands can make clothing, or curtains, or couch covers. A hand can use a tool. Look in the old books. You will see that a hand can use a saw, a hammer, a paint brush. It can bend and shape. It can make things that people need. It can do WORK.

It is probably time now to tell the TRUTH. The day is coming when people will be obliged to do some work. This means that you will have to use your hands, your feet, your back, and maybe even your head.

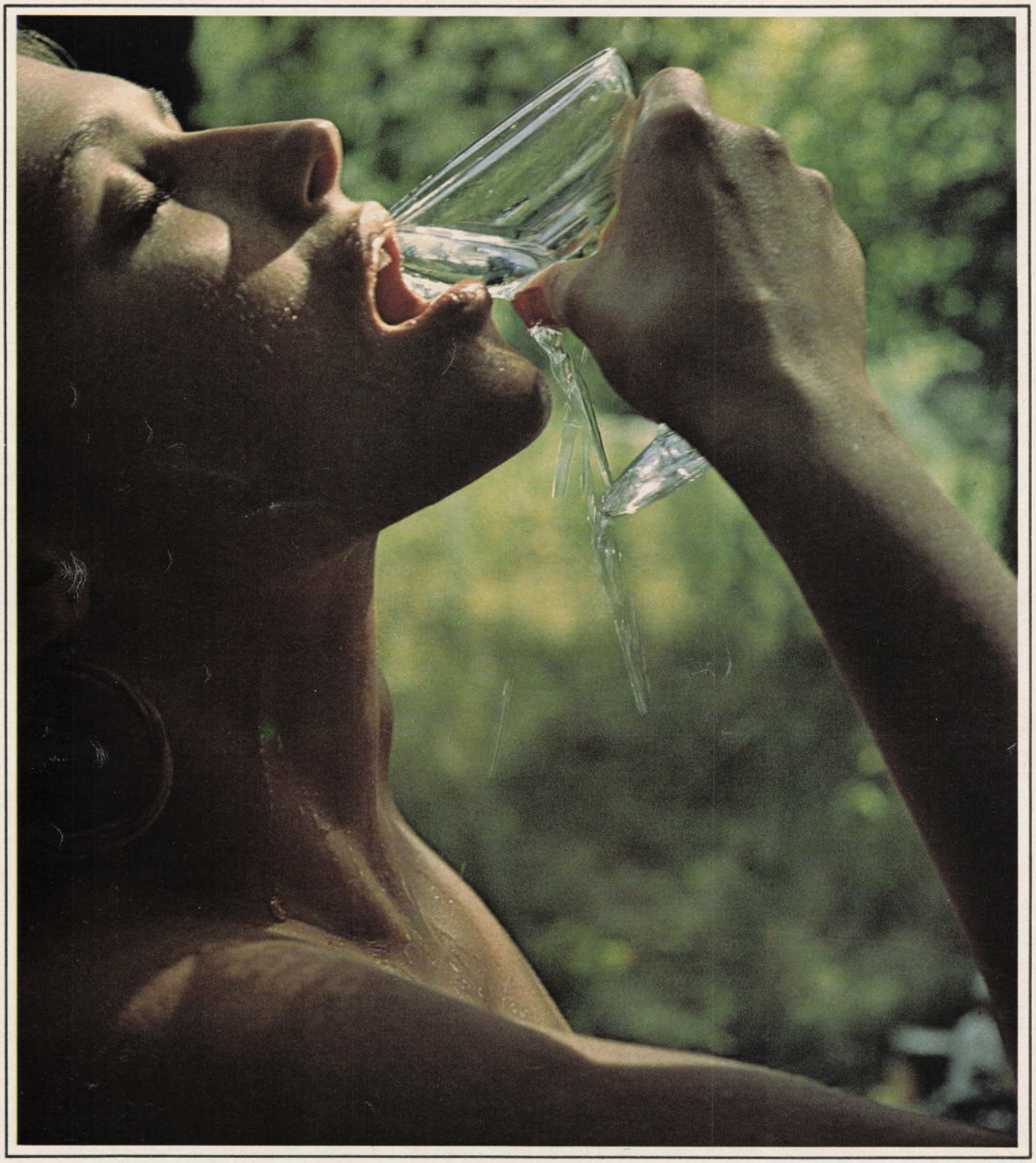
It is interesting to note that many people SWEAT when they work. Sweat is supposed to have an unpleasant odor, but actually it isn't as unpleasant as it is strange. You don't sweat, for instance, when you have your feet up on a desk, your hands clasped behind your head, trying to think up a new slogan for something that will take away the odor of sweat. The people who do this kind of thing say that they are "working." They are full of it, sister.

One of the great things about hands is that they can learn to FIX. In the coming years, all the things you own that do work (instead of your doing it) will break down. Someone will have to fix them, and nobody will come, just like today. But a good pair of hands can repair almost anything, unless a PART is missing or worn out. Then you have to make another part yourself. You can do it. Gee! you'll just *have* to do it.

There will also arise the question of ENTERTAINMENT, since man lives not by hamburgers alone. . . . Well, one of the simpler and more productive methods for whiling away the hours is READING. This will come back. When people used to read, they were knowledgeable about many things and knew quite a bit about other people and how they lived and thought. Readers are often entertaining talkers. They are able to participate in CONVERSATION. This is because reading gives one drama, comedy, ideas, history, information, and general all-around FUN. It can be fun to talk with other readers, thereby avoiding "Let's Make a Deal."

All in all, once you've accepted the fact that we're all going to hell in a handbag, it would obviously help a lot if you could make your own handbag.

This will be one lousy year.



It's one of those odd facts of life that people born in cooler climes take to the tropics like fish take to water. It was the fogbound British who first turned the French Riviera into a winter playground after all—and these days the Scandinavians have all but occupied the Canary Islands. Pamela Martin is no exception to the rule. Born and bred in Minne-

FREE AS A BIRD

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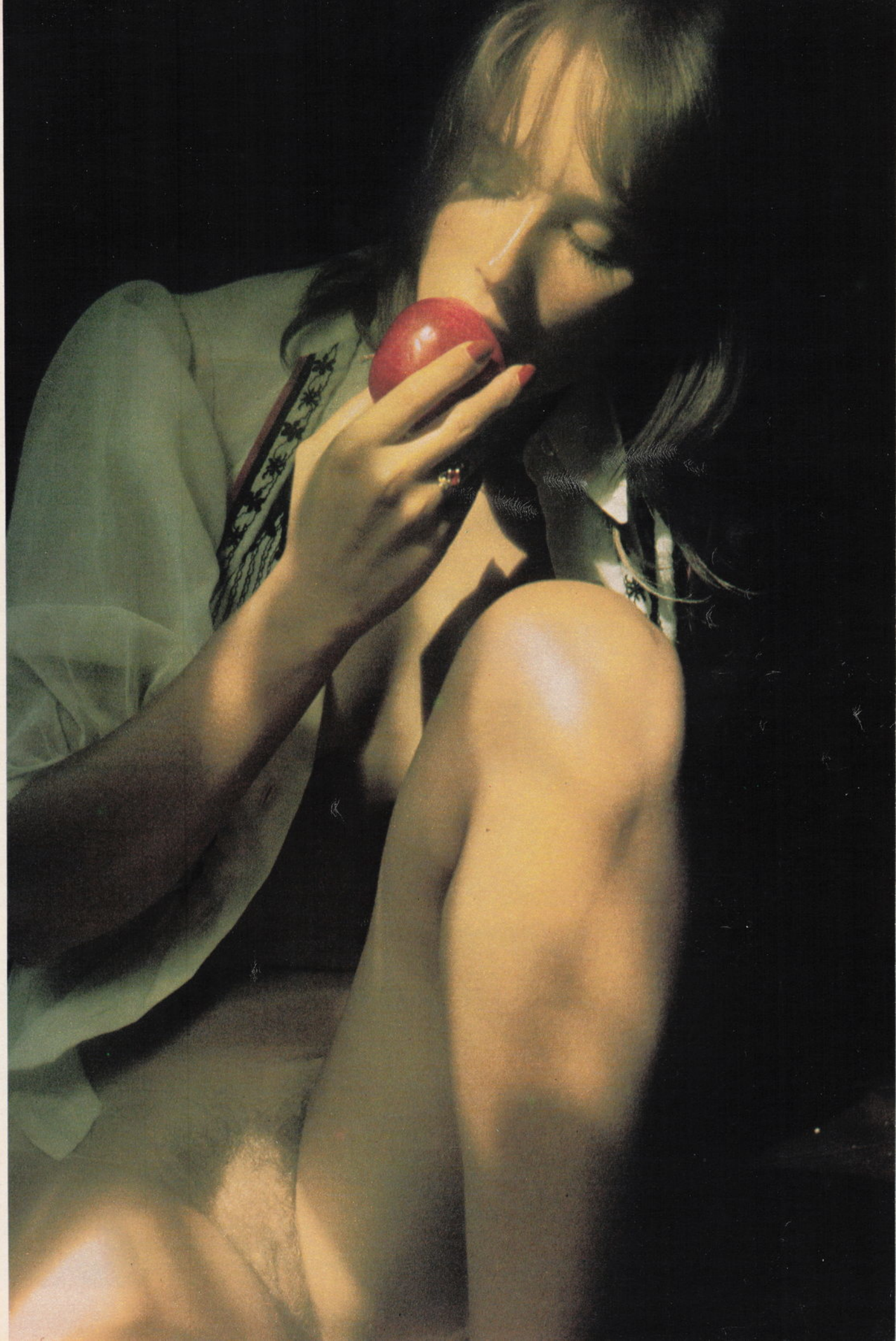


apolis, twenty-one-year-old Miss Martin's long-harbored dreams of the tropic lushness of Latin America led her to the study of Hispanic culture at the University of Minnesota and pointed her south for a couple of semesters in Latin America, where she majored in the role of Latin women in society—and minored in Latin men. The result? A desire for the Latin lifestyle, but a distinct preference for *Yanqui* lovers.

"The Latin male is just a little too much *macho* for me," she says. "His fantasy is that the American woman is the ultimate easy lay. Maybe it's because we're so open and independent, as compared to Latin women. But I don't appreciate aggressive men. They don't let me express myself as a person. Besides, I enjoy being the aggressor. Taking control of a sexual situation is a tremendous turn-on."

All this is not to say that Miss Martin is averse to the Latin type. Bundling up with a tall, mustachioed man, well-adorned with clinking jewelry is exactly to her liking. "I love the feel and the sound of chains," she avers. "For some reason, I'm turned on by a man wearing a chain around his neck—in or out of bed." And, logically

enough, Pamela prefers being tightly linked to her man of the hour. "It's the only way for me to develop a really intense relationship," she says. But isn't that traditional pairing somewhat limiting physically? "Oh no," demurs Pamela. "There are no limits to what two people can do when they are immersed in each other."

And if it's the locale rather than the locals that draws Miss Martin to the tropics, so be it. "In a warm climate, you tend to act and dress—or undress—more freely and openly. I love being naked. The human form should be seen and appreciated."

Pamela's dream is to make her home in the Caribbean, where her own 36-24-34 form can be seen to its best advantage. "I love the *feel* of freedom. Being unfettered. That's why I love birds so much. The birds I keep in my house always fly free. I would never think of putting them in cages. That's the same as confining your love-making to a bed, and being confined is the one thing I try hardest to avoid." Pamela, we like to think of birds in just the same way—tropical or otherwise.

Paul Psorakis

BROWNE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

or six people who have done more for the American people than anyone else. You could never name a president who raised our standard of living the way John D. Rockefeller did. The fact that he made a billion dollars in the process is only proof of how much service he performed for the people, because people just don't run around throwing their money away. They trade it for something that they want. And he had something that people wanted far more than anything John F. Kennedy had to offer, or Lyndon Johnson or Franklin Roosevelt, or anybody else. Those latter people were in the business of taking money away from people without giving anything in return. Our whole 20th-century civilization is built around the uses for oil that John D. Rockefeller made possible. Henry Ford is another example of a person who took a product—the automobile—that was available only to the very rich and he, perhaps more than any other single individual, created the mobility that 20th-century America takes for granted.

Penthouse: Speaking of Henry Ford, you are aware, I'm sure, of the situation in Los Angeles, where General Motors in collusion with the other auto companies and oil companies bought out the municipal bus system and destroyed it—literally tore up all its tracks—and made the city dependent on *its* products to run the transportation system.

Browne: Such examples are always presented as examples of how private enterprise ripped off the people. But when you look at the example closely you realize that private enterprise never could have ripped off the people if there hadn't been a government involved. I have no fear that anybody's going to rip me off unless he can go to the government and get a gun in his hand to come and *force* me to be ripped off.

You're talking about a system in which the government decides whether or not there should be streetcar tracks, whether or not there should be a municipal bus or streetcar system, whatever it might be. And so, somebody who obviously wanted as much as possible for himself used that system to dictate to all of the people of Los Angeles what that system would be. Without the government controlling transportation in Los Angeles, it would have been a free-market situation in which, if enough people wanted streetcar tracks, the streetcar tracks would have been there. If enough people wanted buses, the buses would have been there.

But you never know what it is the people want when the government controls them—because the people have no access, they have no ability to express their desires by paying for something and demanding something in the marketplace. It becomes a political decision and all the normal signals of supply and demand are distorted by government interference.

Penthouse: You seem to agree with Mao Tse-tung that political power comes from the barrel of a gun.

Browne: Of course! The problem is that very few people in the United States agree with that. Even the followers of Mao Tse-tung and those who supposedly want to overthrow the American system for something more just and fair and equitable, and all that junk, don't realize that if you create political power, you have the barrel of-a gun. It isn't even that political power comes from the barrel of a gun, it *is* the barrel of a gun—they are the same thing—and it is this lack of understanding that creates 90 percent of the economic problems of the country.

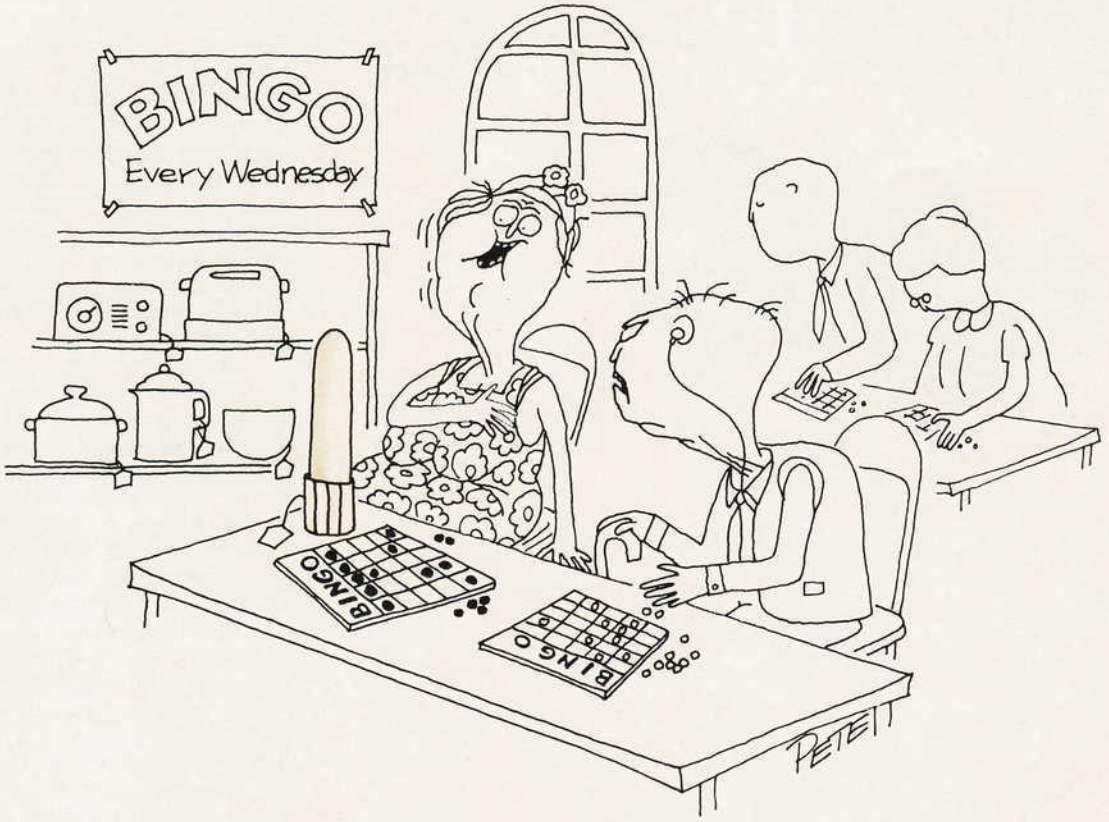
People mysteriously look to General Motors ripping them off without ever stopping to think that if they are being ripped off by General Motors—and most people who complain about them have no dealings with them anyway—it is only because of the barrel of the gun: political power and government controls.

Penthouse: Do you actually believe that, left to their own whims and desires, corporations would find that their best interests coincide with the common good?

Browne: I'm not picturing a world in which everyone is so brilliant that he maximizes his self-interests. But in today's system a lot of corporations can do a lot of stupid things, even things that are detrimental to their customers, and succeed because the government makes it possible. In a completely free market, without government interference, these corporations would fail—while other corporations would be more in tune with the desires of the people and make even bigger profits than they do now.

Penthouse: What are some of the stupid things corporations get away with because of government controls?

Browne: Not innovating ways to lower prices, for one. In fact, to do that now is to be penalized for it.



"Dammit Martha! Why didn't you get the toaster!"

And as a result, prices are much higher in many areas than they could be. For example, if IBM is forced to sell not only its assets but its ideas to its competitors, it loses the incentive to lower its prices, because that would get them sent to jail.

Penthouse: But if they're the only slugger in the ballpark, what's going to give them any incentive to lower the prices to begin with?

Browne: Well, one of the reasons they may be the only slugger in the ballpark is simply because the whole tax-and-regulations structure is such that it is very, very difficult to rise from the bottom to the top today. The reason that you don't have new fortunes created today the way they were in the 19th century is because it is almost impossible for somebody to get from the bottom to the top—he's going to get wiped out by taxes.

The structure is established in such a way that the rich and the very, very super-rich are given certain advantages through foundations and things of that sort whereby they can shelter and keep everything they've accumulated over the last century or so. Anyone new trying to accumulate such a fortune is wiped out by income-tax laws, corporation laws, corporate regulations, and things of this sort that prevent him from ever getting to the top. Now, it's not surprising that private enterprise gets the blame, because the beneficiaries of this system in many ways are rich private-enterprise concerns. But instead of blaming private enterprises or the concept of private enterprise, you should blame the government system that shields certain private-enterprise companies—which means, in effect, that they are no longer private-enterprise companies, but wards of the government.

The whole point is, as long as there is a government that has total power, the most powerful people are going to use it to their own advantage. I'm not trying to tell you that the modern Rockefellers, the modern Fords, and people like that are very virtuous people. At the same time, I don't consider them sinful. I think they just do what comes natural to them, and that is to take advantage of the system that exists to consolidate their own power and prevent other people from rising into competition with them. A return to no government controls whatsoever would force these people to succeed on their own merits. If they want to keep their fortunes, they would have to invest those fortunes wisely; they couldn't depend on the government to protect them from their competitors anymore. And what would happen is that you might have twenty car companies or you might have one, but whatever you came out with would be the way that was best satisfying the consumers.

> "John D. Rockefeller is one of the few people who have done more for the American people than anyone else."

I don't say that there should be only one phone company or that there should be twenty-five car companies. I say that if the government did not intervene, what you would come up with would be approximately the best and it might be five telephone companies, it might be five car companies, it might be one car company. I have no way of knowing; I'm not God.

I don't presume—like economists, politicians, and bureaucrats—to know what's best for the people. I say let the people be in the position to express their desires freely and buy the things they want, and then you'll find out what they want. And at the same time—if you care—you'll find out what's best for people.

Penthouse: Do you think such a system will ever be possible?

Browne: No. Politically I believe that this is very, very unlikely to ever happen. Even if the current system fell apart completely, what would probably be rebuilt from that would be a carbon copy of what caused the fall to begin with. You can go all the way back through history and you find that all these things we're talking about as being contemporary have been going on for thousands of years. Governments have been the source of power for individuals who don't want to compete freely on their own merits and who want to take advantage of other people. And the problem is that, educationally, people throughout these thousands of years have come to accept this as being the only way. They accept the idea that there must be an authority who tells everybody how to live, who decides what the price of a loaf of bread should be, and so forth. And as long as that exists, you're just going to have one such system rise and fall and then be repeated by another such system. And I have no hope that this is going to be changed in my lifetime.

Penthouse: We've been talking about Western society, specifically, the United States. But don't you think that, in China, government has improved the standard of living considerably over what it was thirty years ago?

Browne: I wouldn't agree with that because I have no evidence other than a lot of people going to China and coming back and telling a lot of stories.

Penthouse: But it's an established fact that people were starving and were strictly controlled by their landlords, who owned everything.

Browne: Yes, but this was certainly not a free market. Feudalism, where the land barons are governments doling out goodies to the people, is not a free market. If China has improved in the last twenty years, all I can say is that principles tell me that it would have improved five times as much with the exact opposite system from that which they adopted. There is no way you are going to take away from people the right to own things privately and expect them to produce on the basis that they would have otherwise. There is just no reason for them to do it.

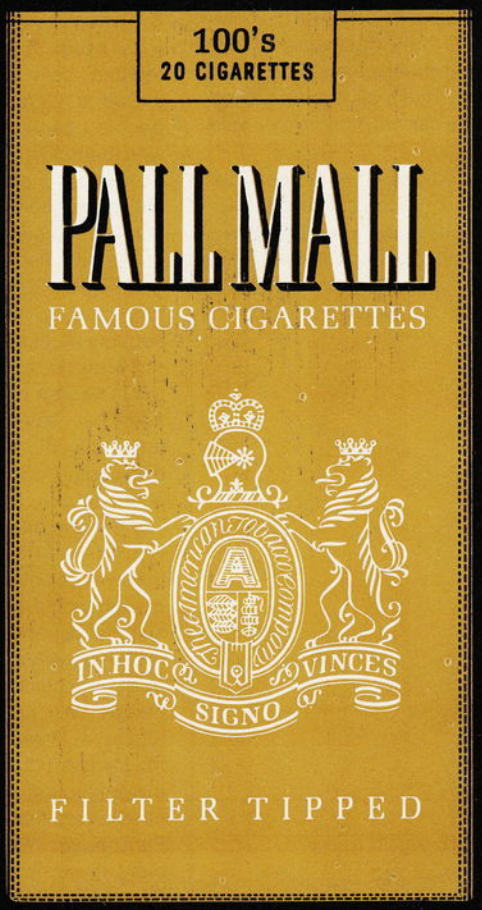
If you take a hundred people, you are going to find five or ten people who will work their tails off no matter what, whether or not they ever get anything for it. But you're also going to find eighty or ninety people who are only going to work hard so long as they personally get to enjoy it. What they will want to enjoy is up to them, and it will vary from one to another, but they have to be able to earn something that they can then exchange for something that they have always wanted.

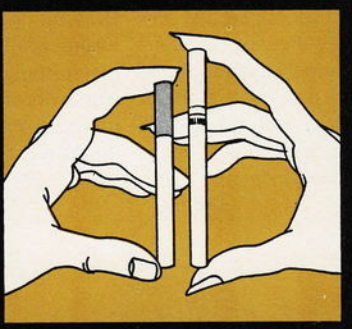
And when you have a system where that's wiped out, then those five or ten people who would work under any circumstances are in effect supporting the whole hundred. And you just can't have a very high standard of living that way.

Penthouse: Can you really make that presumption about, for instance, China, without going there and seeing for yourself? Isn't that what some people refer to as "cultural imperialism," to presume that the same standards that apply to the United States apply to people with, historically, a

Name is HARVEY. I'm in LAW.
I LOVE to ski. IM NUTS about
INDIAN Cuisine. DO you EVER get
OUT of THE CITY? I own
some land in the Adirondacks. I
take MEGA-VITAMINS. what happens
to WOMEN is so interesting

PALL MALL
GOLD 100's





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much lower standard of living and much less control of their lives?

Browne: Let me put it this way: I do not have the time or the ability to check out every place in the world. Even if I wanted to, I wouldn't have that much time in my whole lifetime. I am not sitting here telling the people of China what they should do with themselves, but I am saying that anyone who would agree with what you said is, in effect, a reverse cultural imperialist.

The only thing I can do is apply to China the standards of the real world that I have seen—something I don't believe most people do. They accept ridiculous ideas, such as people on communes producing more than people who individually own things, and so forth. They seem to assume that there is a different species of human being that lives in China. I don't mean that everyone in China would like to have a car with tail fins and late-night movies on television. I'm saying that if the people who populate China are what we think of as human beings, then those people are not going to produce as well under a communal system as they would if they could enjoy the fruits of their own labor.

The history that bears this out is not just the history of the United States but the history of the Roman Empire, the history of the Jewish migrations around the world, the history of many, many cultures in many different situations. We're dealing with a very basic philosophical problem here: the limitation of one's resources always creates a need to generalize upon one's own experience so that he can act without having to check out every single thing having to do with his future actions. He has to be in a position to evolve principles and generalize from them in order to create any course of action for the future. I'm going to get on a plane tomorrow afternoon and fly to Vancouver, and I'm not going to check out that whole plane in advance. I'm not going to sit up with the pilot to make sure he's going to Vancouver, and so forth.

> "I'm an anarchist in the sense that I don't believe that authority and moralism and government serve any useful purpose. . . ."

There are a whole host of assumptions I make because it's cheaper to live that way than to check out everything in advance.

Penthouse: Before one makes generalizations about the rest of the world, shouldn't one check out situations that are touted as alternatives to a profit-incentive system?

Browne: Well, again, part of that has to deal with a whole series of questions that to me are irrelevant. I feel that I know that the Chinese people can't live as well under Communism as they could even under an American socialism, let alone under a free market. All right . . . but all that is irrelevant. I really don't give a shit what the people of China end up with, because it's none of my business. But I *will* make decisions that affect *me* based upon my knowledge and understanding of the real world. That's all it amounts to.

Penthouse: So where can you find an example of capitalism working?

Browne: In human individual existence. This is where you can see it, because the species of animal that operates in Washington, that operates worldwide, is the same species that you deal with in your own life. It's a mistake to believe that things are different on a national scale than they are on an individual scale. That is, that a person can make stupid mistakes in his individual life and pay for them, but if these same mistakes are made on a national scale, then they are somehow glories and virtues.

Penthouse: So are you an anarchist?

Browne: I'm an anarchist in the sense that I do not believe that authority and moralism and government serve any useful purpose. I am not an anarchist in the traditional sense of one who wants to overthrow the government; because if you overthrow the government, some other type of government will be established even if it doesn't have the same name. I just simply accept government as one of the negative facts of life that must be dealt with the same way you deal with hurricanes and things of that sort. You must fight nature to a certain extent to overcome poverty, and you must fight government to a certain extent to overcome slavery. But you do it on an individual level. You don't organize movements and crusades to change the system, because the movement or crusade is a similar system, a collective system in which everyone is expected to submerge his own individual desires for the benefit of the movement. I don't believe in a collective morality. If I believe in morality, it is purely on an individual basis—I believe there are certain ways I must live to benefit myself.

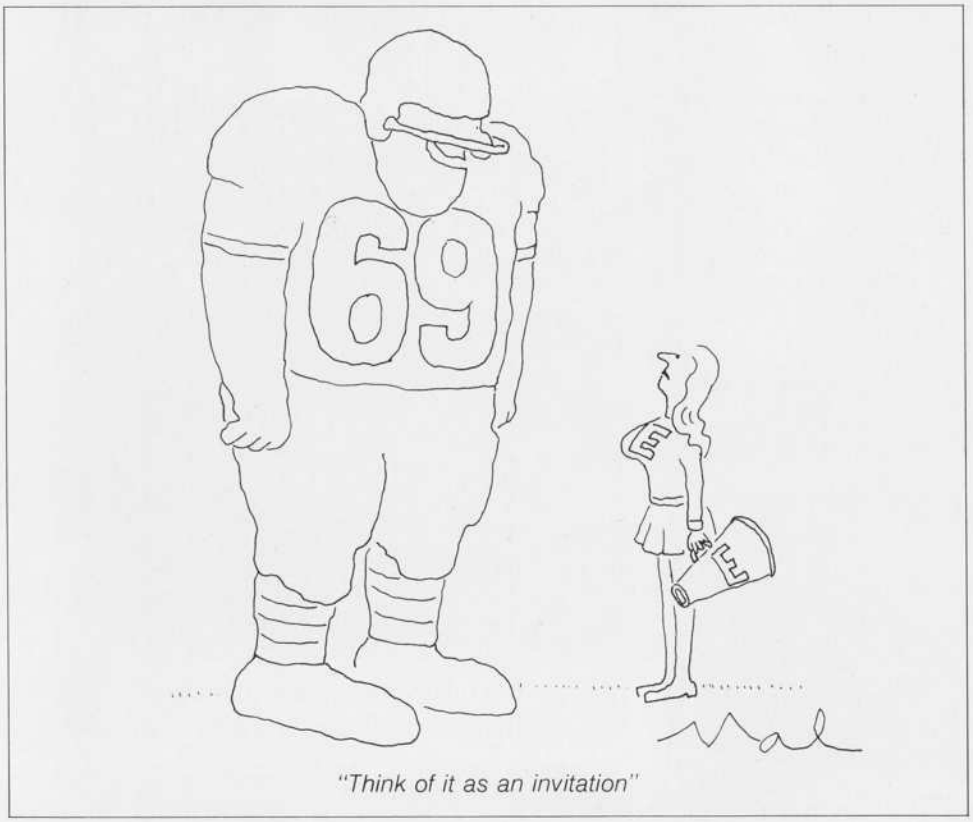
Penthouse: What is your personal morality?

Browne: It's not something that could be put into a few words. It includes such things as recognizing that I have to pay for everything that I want in the world. Or recognizing that if I am honest with people I can accomplish many of my own ends with them; that if I steal from people, I'm going to have to pay a bitter price for it in many ways that I may not recognize at the time. Morality is a series of rules that one comes to discover in the course of his life. Individual acts accumulate to the point that a person can create generalizations for himself to save time figuring out all the consequences of a given act at the time it happens.

It would be not only presumptuous but stupid of me to expect everyone else to live by the same rules that I have adopted for myself. And all governments, all forms of authority, are attempts by one person to impose his morality by force upon other people, to make other people live in the same way, either because the first individual would benefit directly from the other person living that way, or because he believes that the other person would benefit. That is futile, stupid, presumptuous, arrogant—it just makes no sense to me whatsoever. And this is the way I differ with most economists, with most moralists, with most people who are in the business of promoting ideas. All I have to offer people are suggestions, my insight into what is going on. If they find that insight logical, then they will want to look at the alternatives that I present.

Penthouse: Why did you join the John Birch Society, if you don't believe in collective morality?

Browne: The John Birch Society was about the only thing I've ever joined in my life. I joined it in 1960 because its motto was "less government" and—because my own ideas were not so well developed—I still thought there was some benefit in collective movements in that direction. But while in it, I realized that you can't accomplish individual freedom through collective movements. I quit in early 1962—and I've never joined anything since.



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THE VA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

OMB with forcing Johnson to betray his own agency. Yet, despite its boast of managerial excellence, the OMB failed to detect the delayed check scandal or to provide a remedy for it.

The VA must be watched carefully by all citizens because it has so great an effect on so many lives. It serves as a judge, court, physician, hospital, nurse, drugstore, insurance agency, optometrist, paymaster, loan source, and job finder. It dispenses college educations and the money for mortgage payments. It is a rehabilitation source, a vocational trainer, and the supplier of wheelchairs and electric beds for the paralyzed as well as of special equipment for homes and cars.

A young man may serve a short time with the armed forces and then become the ward or the prisoner or the dependent of the VA for the rest of his life. So may his family.

But, as Vietnam veteran leader Mackie McLellan says, "The VA doesn't care. We're going to have to do something about that. Things may be different when Vietnam vets like me get to be the lawyers and the doctors and the congressmen and we get a little bit of power. All we need is to get a lot of folks together and we can make some powerful changes." ○

ANNOUNCING THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERAN ADVISER

Beginning soon, *Penthouse* will offer an advisory service to Vietnam veterans who are having difficulty with any of the U.S. government agencies whose job is to serve the veteran —including the Veterans Administration, the Department of Defense, and others. If you have a problem with an agency of the federal government, write to us, giving all details and a history of your case. We will endeavor to help or advise you on further action. We will, in some cases, publish a veteran's request, together with the action *Penthouse* is taking.

Send your letter to:

Penthouse Vietnam Veteran Adviser
Penthouse Magazine
909 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

"That's not our motto, . . . that's our editorial policy."

POLITICIANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

up-another building cycles.

"I'll tell you this: I don't care; long as we get the job done. Them monkeys can wear ribbons in their hair for all I care. Company used to be tight-assed about everything. Spit and polish. You better believe it. They don't give a shit now. I don't give a shit. Nobody gives a shit. You think I know what the fuck we're doing here? I don't care. They pay me. I pay them guys. We get the stuff done I don't bother nobody. I don't want nobody should bother me."

"Wish those guys in Washington would listen to you."

"Them pricks. You think they listen to anybody? I voted for Nixon, you know? I'd probably do it again. I wouldn't trust that sonofabitch with my old lady's aunt, and she's half dead. But you know that other sonofabitch wouldn't been one bit better, don't you?"

"How about your boy, John Connally?"

He spits in the ditch. "He'll end up where he belongs too. And I don't think he even stole as much as them other guys."

In a cab from the Houston airport. The driver is black. His bumper sticker says *I fight poverty. I work.* "They can have all them kids and hang around in beer halls. I gotta pay a $156 welfare tax so they can have all them kids. Those old fogies in Washington won't do anything about it. They don't do anything about anything. They give them bums millions of dollars every year and you know they wouldn't even give that Castro down in Cuba $47 million when he asked for it. That's why he went over to the Russians, you know."

There was one other part of the conversation that deserves separate note. The location of most American airports is, so far as most observers are concerned, purely political. The subject comes up, if you give it a chance, driving in from any airport. From twenty-five airports I noted twenty-five absolutely consistent comments. The location of the airport is ascribed to politics and greed.

Wherever, as a matter of fact, a question of large-scale public land speculation is involved—from airports to highways to schools to low-cost housing—there is a flat and foregone conclusion that the politicians make their choices on the basis, first of all, of making a windfall killing either for themselves or for their cronies. I did not talk to a single person who felt that the public welfare ran anything better than a poor second or third, if it even was involved at all. In no area is there a more deeply rooted disillusionment with the American myth of public service. Public land deals are seen as political spoils, nothing else.

As a way of understanding how deep the general disillusion has now gone, imagine the sort of talk you might hear about a land deal, the sort of skeptical, hard-nosed acceptance of the political spoils system, and apply it to the loftiest governmental enterprise—diplomacy, statecraft, fiscal policy, what have you. It was my experience, from my entire interview-trip, that there is no action of government that now escapes this bone-weary, totally fed-up feeling.

Moreover, the passions once associated with politics have shifted to other parts of the civil anatomy. *Things* are now of paramount concern: jobs, money, appliances, automobiles, hospital bills, utility bills, shortages. Politicians are seen as being incapable of doing anything but making any of the Things get worse. There is not much talk about what can make Things get better.

A comment made by a journalist friend in Dallas sums up the potential violence of this attitude—the harsh shift to Thing consciousness from traditional political consciousness, the shift to Thing loyalty from traditional party loyalty.

"Can you imagine," my Dallas friend said, "what an east Texas housewife would do to keep her air conditioner?"

It gets very hot in east Texas. Being cool isn't merely a luxury or a comfort, it's necessary for survival. My friend told me that Texans had switched their loyalties and even a lot of their concern from traditional party politics to worries about air conditioning and the gasoline which used to be part of their folklore but is now a threatened part of their lives. Ordinary people are unable to do a thing about these problems.

By the time I had left Texas, I was convnced that I had a good idea of the way in which Americans had come to regard politics as dirty, as a dirty business. But as I headed for Chicago, to appear on the nationally syndicated television show of Irv Kupcinet, I was still dealing with a down-on-politics attitude that seemed to have the Nixon White House as its focus.

The television show itself was a round-table chat with Senator "Scoop" Jackson—"the senator from Boeing" as he laughingly said people often identified him—and Tom Railsback, congressman from Illinois and a member of the impeachment panel. Jackson was running for president and Railsback was agonizing about the heavy responsibility of deposing a monarch, a course he had already clearly realized would have to be taken.

After the show, talking with technicians and other off-camera people, I tried to get a sense of how pertinent our discussion had been to people in everyday life. Were the fates of the mighty the preoccupation of mere mortals?

"Oh, sweet Jesus, if I hear impeachment one more time I think I'll toss my cookies. Who the hell really cares? Everybody knows what Nixon is. So they're gonna tie a can on him. So? Then we'll get the next guy, Ford, and I suppose we'll go through it all over again. Reruns. It's like, so help me, reruns forever."

"How about those guys on the show? That congressman seemed okay, huh?"

"Sure. Nice guy. You see him sweat about doing the number on Nixon? They really hate it, man, they really hate to stick it to one of their own. They're all the same. All they really care about is their ass, man. Public servants, whoooeee."

"Jackson, too?"

"Oh, man, he's been here a lot, you know? Always the same. He comes in with those guys carrying his briefcase and whispering this and that and there's always a car waiting, you know, and they just have to get the senator here and the senator there. You'd think he was some kind of rock star, man. Just putting it on, you know, running, always running."

The conversation was part of another pattern. During my trip on behalf of *Penthouse*, I appeared on about two dozen television talk shows. The subject was roughly the same as my interviews, the state of politics in America and the possibilities of people living together without the sort of rigid, top-down authority that American politics and corporate gigantism has come to mean.

There was no exception to the reactions of people in the studios. The interviewers, expressing what they regarded to be the feelings of people generally, argued politely against the notion that people are fed up

"If it wasn't Nixon stealing,
it would have
been a Democrat.
We know that."

with politics and politicians. They trotted out everything they could think of as proof that the system is working, even if creaking "Look," the refrain would go, "Nixon has been caught, and Congress is beginning to reassert itself. People really are beginning to take an interest now. We've got to have someone running things, don't we?"

Off-camera, the arguments stopped and an almost nostalgic note would be struck. "As a matter of fact, it does look pretty bad, doesn't it? There doesn't seem to be anybody we can trust anymore. As a matter of fact I can't honestly say I know what's happening anymore."

The mood of the technicians and the other people who work behind the scenes was tougher.

"You're right. We've got to find a better way. Those people are all the same. So are the companies. . . . We might be better off if we could run it ourselves. . . . Something's got to change. But what can we do?"

The on-camera people often felt helpless simply because of lack of knowledge. They were people who, by and large, frankly and earnestly admitted they had no skills beyond those of personality, of being pleasant on-camera, of "knowing the business." Unlike many people in such a situation, however, they seemed vitally aware of the lack of real-world skills and seriously interested —someday, somehow, somewhere—in acquiring them. The people whom I have come to refer to as the airport people, the high-pressure execs and so forth, also lack skills beyond those of personality—mainly the personality skills of manipulation and of "knowing the business" of management jargon, in-fighting, and procedure. But, unlike the television people, they are not aware that this *is* a lack of knowledge. Unlike the television people, they do not even bother to theorize about the possibility that managerial skills might one day be secondary in comparison to real skills such as those of science, technology, crafts.

Thus, even though the television people are up to their hips in an industry dominated by top-down power and noncreative managerial types, they are much sharper than the airport people in questioning the stability of their situation, and they seem to reflect far more concern in their private conversations for their own role in a landscape of changed values and of declining faith in giant institutions.

It is quite possible that it is this purely native good sense, this skeptical and questioning edge to their natures, that makes so many television people move toward or at least flirt with antiestablishment positions —rather than the Agnew-type explanation of "bad politics." My own observation is that, as a matter of fact, the television people have virtually no politics.

Atlanta, near a GM assembly plant, across from a penitentiary. The assembly plant could also be a prison: it has guards and rules and regulations which are prison-strict. I talked to a lower-level employee from the plant's labor-relations department. He had to moonlight working in a garage now and then, just like the workers whose demands he is paid to resist during his ordinary working day. "What the hell," he said, "it's a living." The labor-relations work was better than working on the line. The job in a garage was better than selling shoes. He is a good example of the way in which the galloping disillusionment with big politics is also manifested as a disillusionment with corporate bigness. Very learnedly, for instance, he went through the entire list of inventions he claimed were kept off the market to make profits for the major companies. His favorite was the thirty-five-mile-per-gallon carburetor which, he claimed, had been developed by GM several years ago and was bought up for four million dollars by the oil companies. The point is not the unprovable truth of the story. The point is that a white-collar employee of General Motors would be so convinced of its truth and so thoroughly cynical about the great corporation employing him. Corporate executives sometimes are said to comfort themselves with the feeling that they have loyal employees. They probably shouldn't.

In downtown Atlanta, talking to a soldier on leave. "Why is there construction everywhere you look and at the same time so many people out of work? That doesn't make any sense."

Being a soldier? "Better'n nothing."

Worry about what the politicians may do to bring on another little caper like Indochina? "Yeah. Sometimes. I don't know what I would have done if I'd been in when that was going on. But also I don't know what the guys who are in now would do. You know, they worry more about what they'll do when they get out than what'll happen while they're in. They really worry, too. It doesn't make sense. All that stuff and no jobs."

Southfield, Michigan, outside of Detroit. A former General Motors employee. It's hardly a coincidence to run into two GM types so soon. Only the federal government has more employees. This man also works in a garage; but he owns his own, having decided that the cars he used to build were sure to make the garage business a good one.

"No. I really don't think much about politicians at all. They all lie, and they can't do anything about anything. I don't think it's the politicians we've got to watch at all. It's the big companies. They control the parts, you see. I mean, they control the bits and the pieces that everyone needs to put anything together. Anybody could make a car, for instance. But the big companies control all the bits and pieces. That means people get more helpless all the time. I can't even fix everything. So many special tools—and all those parts, all those little bits and pieces."

"But isn't that like big politics? Don't the politicians control all the little parts, too? Licenses, rules, regulations, all the taxes, all the police, all the bits and pieces?"

"Well, maybe you've got something there. But I still don't worry so much about them as about the big companies. You got to give the companies one thing: they've got some smart people. But the politicians! My God! They're really hopeless, you know. If they couldn't get the dumb bunnies to vote for them, they'd starve to death. They're really dumb. Not like the companies."

In Cleveland, there's a yard with an endless line of junk storage and steel scrap, including the scrap from automobiles like the ones GM builds. In one door, out the other. A guard talks about it just that way.

"I get a kick when I read the papers and all those big shots are telling you what's wrong with the economy and everything. Whatta they know? This is what's wrong with it: Junk. Everything is junk. Make it one day and scrap it the next. Hell, this junk is worth more than you or me, mister. People ain't worth a penny compared to this stuff. And all you ever get from the politicians is just the same. It's junk, too. You know, those guys spend so much time getting there, getting up to those big paychecks and those big titles on the door, they don't have time for anything else. That's all they do. They just get up there and hang on, brother."

A waitress, on the Cleveland rapid transit, reading a book about a school that emphasizes freedom and responsibility. She's very concerned about public schools.

"But they don't really teach anything. They

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

"I wouldn't trust Nixon
with my old lady's aunt,
and she's half dead.
But the other guy
wouldn't have been one bit better."

We have 103 ways to unbore you. (Join Us.)

Next time you say, "I haven't a thing to do," think. If you like people, we have more than a few things you could be doing. From counseling prisoners in jail—to teaching blind kids to swim.

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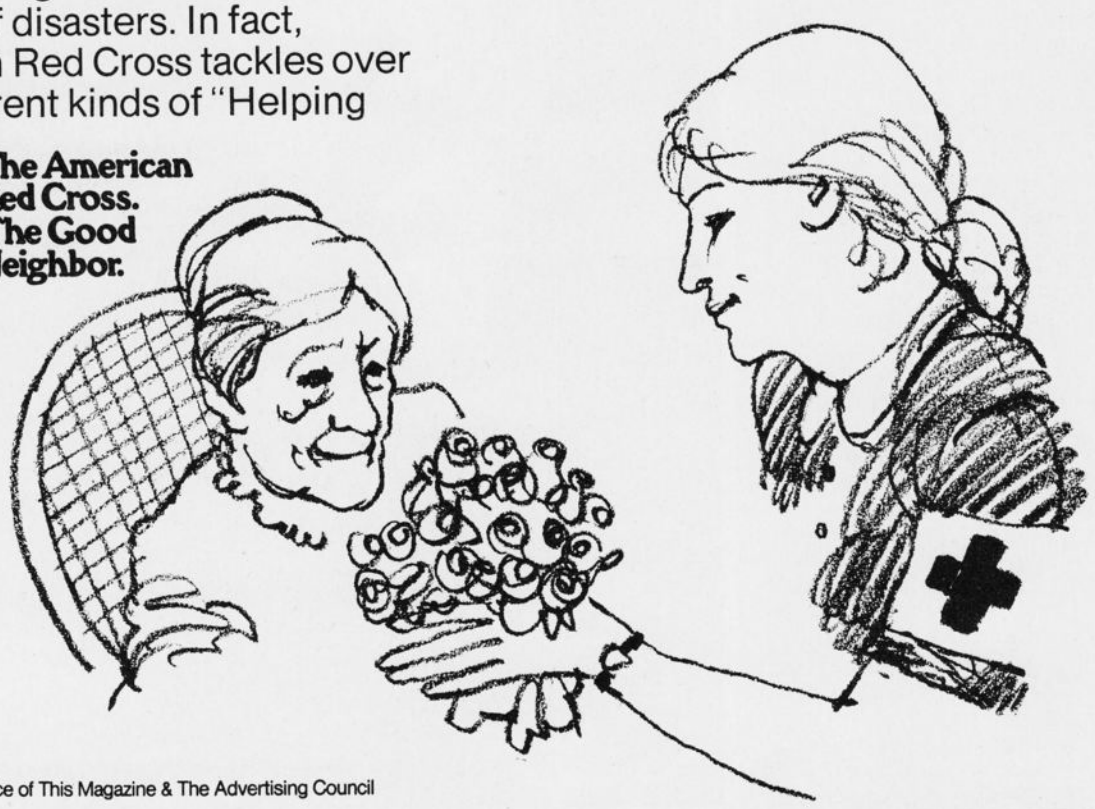

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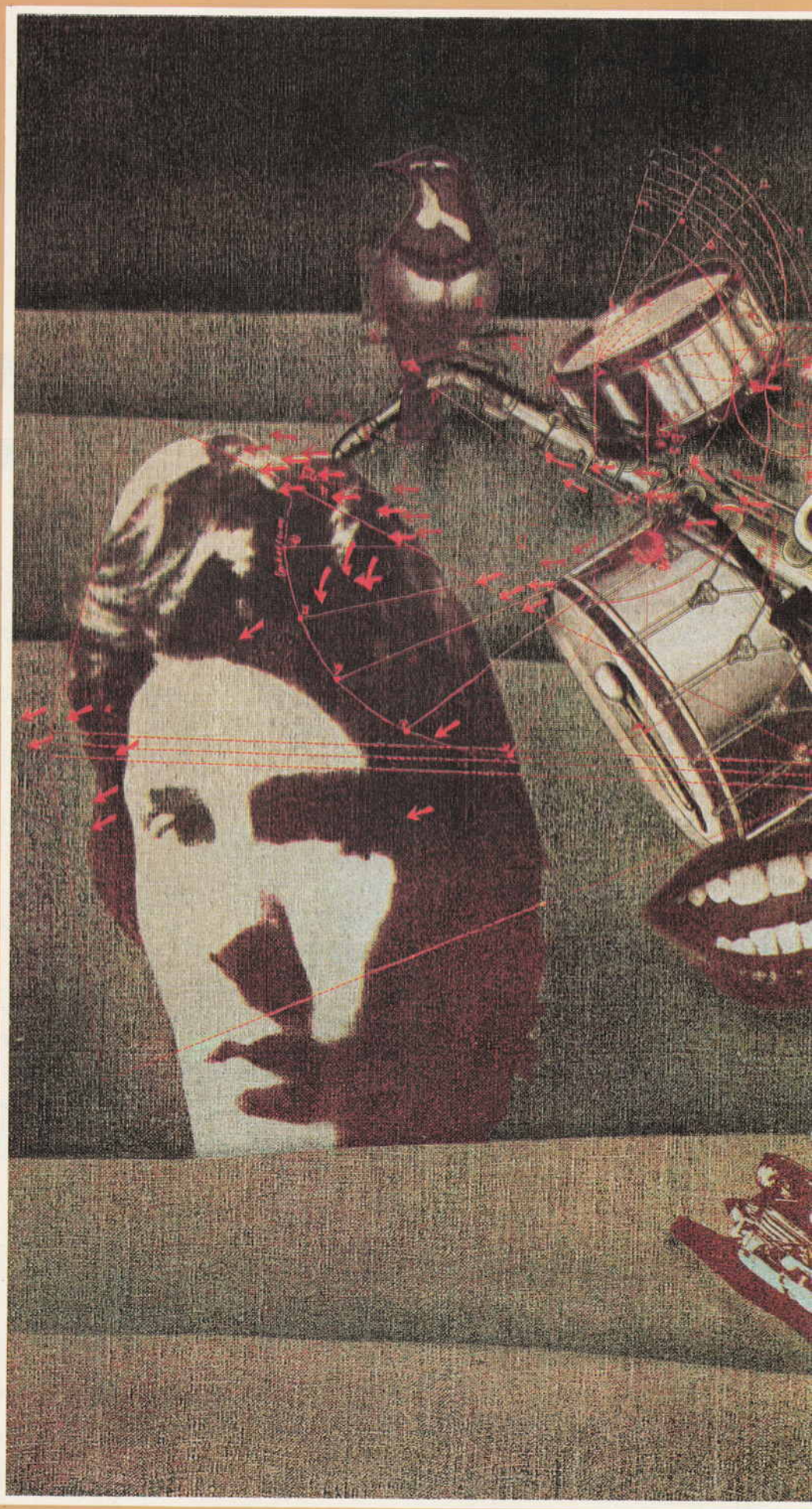
THE PARADISE BLUES BAND

Fiction by Philip Cioffari

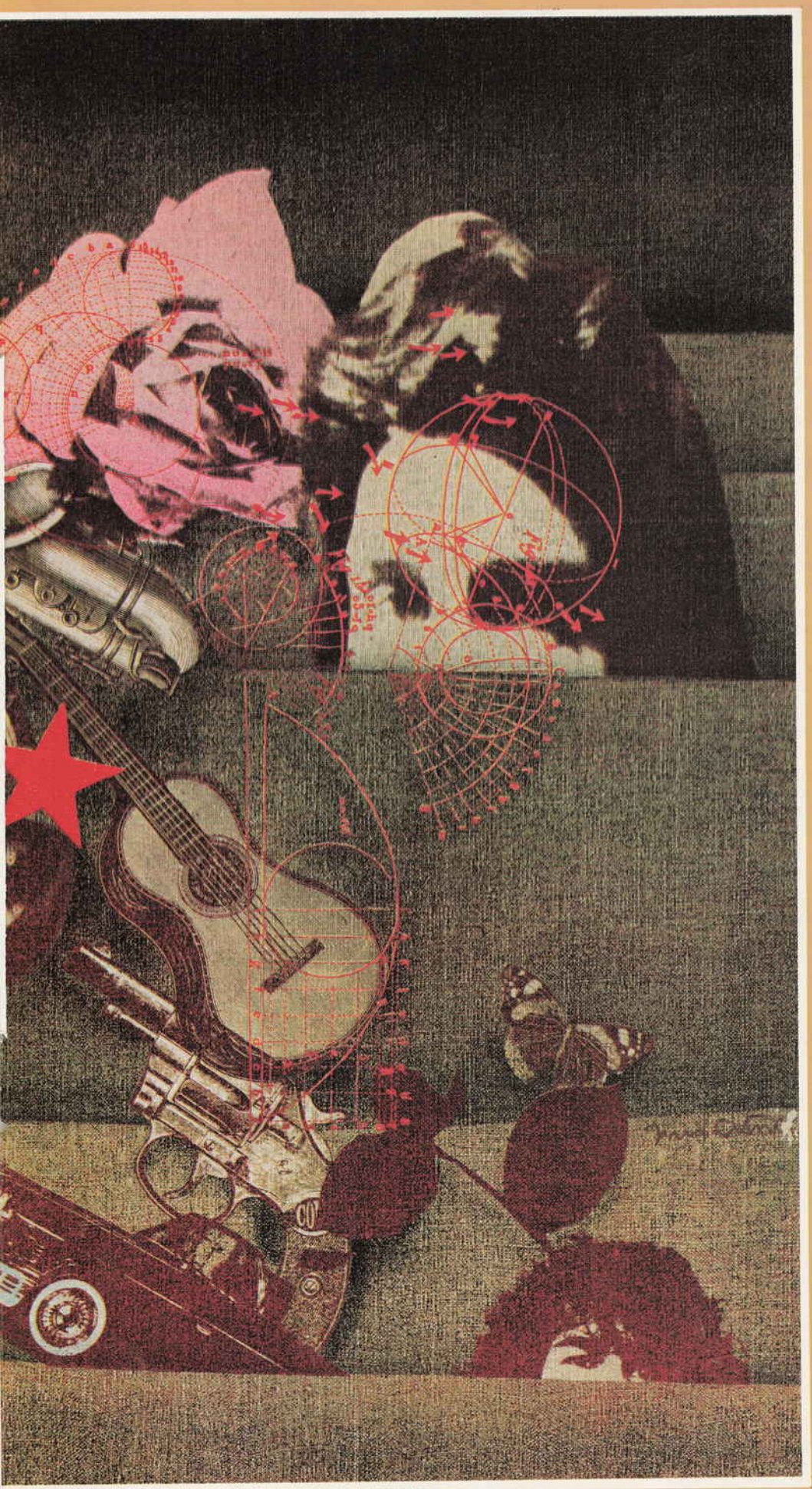


My name's Rocco, but ever since I joined the band nobody ever calls me that. They call me "kid." Or maybe "the kid" like I'm not there. Sometimes they don't call me anything except "hey," or they just start out saying what they're going to say. That's because I just turned seventeen and the rest of them are a lot older. Like my brother Angie who's twenty-five.

Before this summer I was living in Jersey City with my father and my stepmother. She's my third stepmother and just as bad as the first two. I can't figure out why my father bothers with her. She sleeps most of the day. When she's awake she's either drunk or yelling. Once I asked him about it. He told me to shut up and mind my own business. The next time I asked him he got up from his chair and slapped me hard across the mouth. So I let it drop.

We lived in this run-down, six-story apartment building. It's a part of a project. About a dozen brick buildings, all the same, that run along one side of U.S. Highway 1. My father says they were built just after the war, but they look like they're at least two hundred years old. Across the highway there's a brownish-gray swamp that goes on and on as far as you can see. Way across it is the New Jersey Turnpike, and a little farther over are the smokestacks of the iron works and the round metal tanks of the oil refineries. The air always smells like either low tide or burnt rubber. And most nights you can't see the stars.

When this all began I was supposed to be studying for my final exams. But most of the time I just closed the door of my room



> Gina, with her gritty blues and tight dresses, was the last thing the group needed— pure dynamite!

and listened to my Panasonic radio or played my drums when nobody was home. It was my brother Angie that got me interested in music. He left home almost a year ago, but before that me and him used to jam just about every night. Right behind our project there's another exactly like it, only it's been condemned by the city. The windows are broken and boarded up. We'd bring flashlights and candles, and I'd set up my drums in one of the rooms. Sometimes we'd play all night. The paint was peeling off the walls, and there was broken glass and chunks of plaster all over the floors. The candles made funny shadows on the walls, and when we stopped we could hear the rats scuttling across broken glass in the other rooms. We used to talk about having our own band someday and becoming real famous. Angie said we'd buy a big house in Florida or California, some place where the sun shines every day, and we'd have an Olympic-sized swimming pool and throw wild parties every night, because we'd have lots of friends and know a lot of beautiful girls. When he left I missed him a lot. He's like a movie star to me. I gotta go kid, he said all of a sudden one night. And the next day him and his guitar were gone.

Then one night early this June I'm walking back home along the highway just before dark. Except for the neon signs everything's a sour battleship-gray. I'm thinking about how this highway must have looked three hundred years ago when it was first built, just a dirt road before the warehouses and gas stations, and thinking

that if I couldn't be a famous musician and live somewhere nice I'd rather be dead than spend the rest of my life doing some dumb job in a dumb city like this one. When I come into the parking lot I see an old yellow Cadillac convertible parked up near the entrance of the building. Then I see Angie sprawled out on the front seat, his head resting back on the black leather cushions.

"Angie!" I yell as loud as I can.

I run over to the car and throw my arms around him. His hair has gotten real long. He just sits there, smiling at me like he used to.

"How's it goin', kid?"

"Okay, I guess."

"Come on," he says. "Let's take a ride."

Angie revs the engine, then tears out up Highway 1. It's dark now and the wind roars by over our heads and the neon signs flash by like at a carnival. Angie has the radio turned all the way up, and the songs kill the sound of the traffic. We go up on the skyway where I can see all the way across the swamp to the New York skyline.

Angie swerves into the outside lane and floors it. We pass other cars like they're standing still. Way over, the skyline is just a white blur in the darkness.

"Whadddya think?" Angie asks, slowing down.

"It's real nice," I say.

"It's got air, FM radio, rear speaker. The thing's loaded. There's 90,000 miles on it, but that ain't nothing for a Caddy."

"It's real nice."

"The reason I came back," he says as we come down off the exit ramp, "is I've got a band now and we need a drummer. Our regular drummer just quit and we open in two weeks at this place down at the Shore." He looks over at me. "Whadddya say, kid?"

"You mean it?"

Angie nods his head. "But it means quitting school for you."

"The hell with school," I say.

Before we leave, Angie wants to go over to the old project where we used to jam. It's dark as hell and we don't have a flashlight, so Angie has to keep lighting matches. We trip a few times going up the stairs but we make it to the room on the second floor where we used to play. Angie stands in the middle of the room and lights a match. The jagged cracks in the walls are worse and plaster droops out of the holes in the ceiling. Someone's written FUCK YOU in red crayon on the floor where I used to have my drums set up.

"From now on, kid, we can kiss this shit good-bye," Angie says.

We're the Paradise Blues Band. There's Angie on bass guitar, Carl on rhythm guitar, Elmo on sax, and me on drums. We live on the top floor of a three-story boarding house a couple of blocks in from the beach. There's five rooms and a wooden porch that looks out over a small backyard which is surrounded by other porches just like ours. The hallways are always cool and damp, and the sheets smell like salt water. Sometimes at night when I wake up, I can hear the ocean breaking on the beach.

"How you like it here?" Carl asks me a few days after I get there.

"I never been nowhere but Jersey City before," I say.

In the mornings we lay out on the beach. When the waves aren't too high, we go swimming. I can't swim, but I play around in the water and fake it. I don't want the rest of them to know. Afternoons we go down to the club where we're going to open, Sonny's Surfside Lounge, to work out our songs. Sonny's has a long dark bar at one end and a dance floor with tables set up around it. One wall is all glass. From the bandstand I can look right out at the blue terrace and the ocean beyond that.

At night we go to the movies or walk down to the beach. The boardwalk's only open on weekends this time of the year. So during the week it's like a ghost town. All the booths boarded up and just a lonely wind blowing in from the dark ocean. Sometimes we just get a couple of cases of beer and go back to the rooms. We don't do any heavy drugs. Angie says if we're serious about making it big, we don't have no time to waste being stoned. I sit there and read all the music magazines to find out how the leading bands made it to the top. Carl and Angie work on some original songs. Elmo just lays on one of the beds and looks through sex magazines. He never says much. Most of the time you don't even know he's around. Except when he gets drunk. Then he laughs at everything Carl says, whether it's funny or not.

When it gets real late and we've all drunk a lot, Carl plays his guitar and does his Leadbelly imitation. Then Angie tells us about his plan. How he has contacts in New York and when we get things together he knows the right people to get us started. If we drink too much it always ends up with Angie and Carl arguing about which one of them got the band together. Elmo nods his head to everything Carl says. But as far as I can tell Angie usually wins. I don't pay much attention to the arguments, though. I'm just goddamn happy to be out of that goddamned Jersey City and part of a real live blues band.

When we open, it's a whole 'nother world. It's not just playing music we love. It's playing it because other people love it, too. We do a lot of traditional blues but heavy with the amps. Leadbelly, Mississippi John Hurt, Muddy Waters, Joe Williams, Bessie Smith. Some slow stuff, but mostly upbeat songs for dancing. Sonny's is packed every night. On weekends the lines to get in go around the corner.

While we play we work on showmanship. We use a lot of soft-colored lights for our slow songs and bright flashing lights for the upbeat ones. Carl does the fast songs. He works out a wild dance routine during the instrumental parts. He's real good-looking. There's always some girl staring at him from across the dance floor.

Angie does the slow bluesy stuff. He can put all of himself into a song. Like he can feel each shiver of pain he sings about. It's in his face and in his voice and guitar. These are the times I get to know him best. With lights turned down a soft sad blue, me backing him up on drums and following the long moan of his voice, I hear him tell me more than any conversation we ever had.

After our last set, we go back to the rooms to work on new arrangements and new songs. One night, way after there's no sound outside or in the rooms underneath us, we're listening to Muddy Waters sing "can't spend what you ain't got, can't lose what you ain't ever had." His voice is low-down, thick and gritty. Sad like the sound of wind at night blowing through the trees. After the song ends, nobody moves or says anything. We just watch the record going round and round on the turntable and listen to the low hiss of the needle. Finally Angie gets up and takes the needle off.

"That's what we got to get," he says. "That feeling. When you listen to him sing like that, you know what it feels like to be poor and black and Southern. We got to make people feel what it's like to be poor and white and Northern."

The next night we try out Angie's new song called "The White-Assed Blues." It's a half-funny, half-serious song about how black people think they got all the troubles in the world. Everybody in the club likes it. Even Sonny. He comes up afterward and buys us all a beer.

Later that night after the club closes we're sitting out on the terrace.

"When you going to New York?" I ask Angie.

He's staring out over the water which is pitch black because there's no moon. Just a few lights from small boats way out in the darkness, moving slow. "It ain't time," he says. "We're not ready yet."

I keep asking him that same question every couple of weeks. But he just says we're not ready. Then in the middle of the summer, just when he seems to be happy with the way we're playing, the crowd at Sonny's begins to fall off. Just about the same time the weather turns bad. It rains every day for two weeks. We drink a lot of beer and hang around, getting depressed. The rooms are cold and damp. The rain blows in against the windows all day and night.

"Something's wrong," Angie says. He's looking out the window into the backyard. You can hardly see the grass because of the pools of black water. The red and yellow flowers are upside down on their stems.

"Maybe there's a new bar in town," Carl says.

"Maybe it's the rain," I say.

"Something's wrong," Angie says again, like he didn't hear us. Then he goes out without saying any more.

For a week, the only times we see him are at Sonny's. He comes back to the room after I've gone to sleep, and most times he's gone before I wake up.

"Where you going?" I ask him one time.

"I've got to do some thinking," he says.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

"So, how come we call him *Dopey?"*

Photograph from "And for Dessert" by Ron Adams

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by Jim and Ann Teague. The Teagues share with strangers the most intimate details of their sexual awakening. Married twenty years, they describe how they transformed their relationship, which was on the brink of boredom, into one of great sexual and emotional gratification. PH17. **$5.95.**

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POLITICIANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

just make little people for the political system and the factories. I get scared when I think of my kids going to schools. All I ever learned there was how to get along with the system. Now that it's going to pieces, we need to know more. I just don't think we can leave it up to the schools anymore. Somehow we're going to have to do it ourselves."

Pittsburgh, near the former Duquesne brewery, talking to a man who had worked there for years until it was closed, he says, as the aftermath of a union struggle.

"You know, I've always thought the union should have taken the damn place over and run it themselves. We could have done it, you know."

"How about politics, taking that over?"

"Oh, God, I don't know. That's so screwed up. But we couldn't do worse, could we? I know things aren't gonna get any better. You just watch. Those birds are no good at all. I tell you, we could have run the brewery okay. But I don't know if anybody can run the country."

And then Nixon quit.

Madison, Wisconsin, talking to a farmer in town for a weekend.

"Do you think they'll let him get away that easy? I hope not. All those friends of his are in jail. He belongs there."

"If he goes in, do you think that'll set this political thing straight for a while?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. Remember, that fellow, Ford, is the one Nixon picked. How different can he be? You know, I don't think any of them is very much different. I know that they all make a lot of promises, but nothing happens. I don't think any of them really mean all the things they say. I know this: I'd rather have some rain than all that politics. But I wouldn't be surprised to hear one of them tell us he could make it rain. For votes, you know. I sure would take the rain, though."

All of the above quotes are highlights, chosen not because they're special but because they're typical. I did not speak to one single, ordinary, on-the-streets sort of person who had a kind word to say for national politicians. Even those politicians who, from time to time, people told me they either had supported or would support were mentioned very skeptically, usually as the least of many evils.

It was surprising that George Wallace arose spontaneously in only a small handful of cases. Where Wallace was mentioned spontaneously, it was in terms of a sort of anger, as though by saying things like "Maybe Wallace is as good as any of them," or "Wallace is right, there isn't a dime's worth of different between them," they could affront the entire political system. Not one person said anything about Wallace being honest or an outstanding exception to the rule of general political corruption. Wallace may well be the candidate of people who can't stand the regular parties or feel betrayed by them, and a Wallace vote would be a vote against the other politicians more than a vote for Wallace. Also, those who did mention him were not at all put out when I suggested that even with Wallace we had to wait and see; that maybe his record in Alabama wouldn't turn out to be an inspiring as they hoped.

A stonemason in Atlanta. "Don't you know it! Look, I used to think he could do no wrong. But I also thought that about Nixon. I wouldn't be at all surprised if somebody told me Wallace was doing something wrong, too. Boy, I tell you, we sure have some hard lessons to learn!"

Were there racial differences in the comments? Yes. Black people with whom I spoke were more bitter, generally, about

WHY AMERICANS HATE POLITICIANS

Many commentators believe that Americans' current disgust with politicians stems from the Watergate scandals, and the subsequent resignation and pardoning of Richard Nixon. However, Watergate was only a continuation of the endless saga of people in high office accused of breaking the law. Below is a selection (since 1970) of just a few of these people—EXCLUDING ALL THOSE DIRECTLY INVOLVED IN WATERGATE—their alleged crimes, and the disposition of their cases, at the time of publication.

NAME	OFFICE	ACCUSED OF	SENTENCE
HUGH J. ADDONIZIO	Mayor, Newark, New Jersey	Sixty-three counts of conspiracy and one count of extortion	Ten years and $25,000
SPIRO T. AGNEW	Vice President	Income tax evasion	Three years (suspended), and $10,000.
FRANK J. BRASCO	Congressman, New York	Conspiracy	Three months and $10,000
DANIEL B. BREWSTER	U.S. Senator, Maryland	Bribery	Six years and $30,000, but Court of Appeals reversed decision and Brewster is awaiting new trial on lesser charge of accepting illegal gratuities
JOHN B. CONNALLY	Governor of Texas and Secretary of the Treasury	Bribery, perjury, and conspiracy to obstruct justice	Awaiting trial
J. EDWARD CRABIEL	Secretary of State, New Jersey	Conspiracy	Awaiting trial
CARMINE G. DESAPIO	Manhattan Democratic leader	Bribery and conspiracy	Two years
JOHN DOWDY	Congressman, Texas	Perjury	Six months and $3,000

politics. They often spoke of politics as being always corrupt—not just now.

Age differences? None. Sex differences? Women and men were equally put off by politicians and politics. The women, if different at all, seemed a bit more saddened than angered.

The polls will probably continue to show some sort of in-between, gray feeling about such things. Politicians will continue to say that the system is alive and well, even if badly bruised. The young will continue to be exhorted to get busy and get into the political mainstream so that they can help clean it all up. Reformers will unfurl their banners. Crusaders will shine their shields. A few crooks will go to jail. A bright new face will appear here and there. There will be those moments when, as though your youth is reborn, you hear the fine phrases of the next white knight or black knight or lady knight saying that—if we just slay some dragon or another—the castle will be in as good shape as ever. There will be elections. There will be presidents.

But there will not be, I am now convinced, any total return of confidence in the system as it was. Authority could replace democracy, of course. That's always a possibility in a troubled time. Depression could smash the social structure.

The old ways are dead but the new way has not yet clearly been seen. The Rockefellers, the Kissingers, the banks, the CIA, the defense complex, the subsidized think-tanks, and the universities all are planning the shape of that future. Its outlines, in every case, are clear. If these people have their way, the future will be one of well-regulated order, with the good folks running the show, and with the "little people" exercising fully their right to ratify what the rulers propose. We'll have social treatment for malcontents, professional care in every field from police to politics.

The orderly people have always had such dreams: everything in its place and a place for everyone; labor and management cooperating; a bipartisan foreign policy; economic technicians wisely at the helm; everything totally under control—most of all, you and me.

But for three months I talked to people who are not orderly and whose dreams are far different. They have always made a mockery of the charts and the blueprints of the experts. People just aren't ink to make graphs look good. People get headaches and show up late. People go crazy on those neat assembly lines. People just can't understand every demand for a triplicate form. People go AWOL. People get pissed.

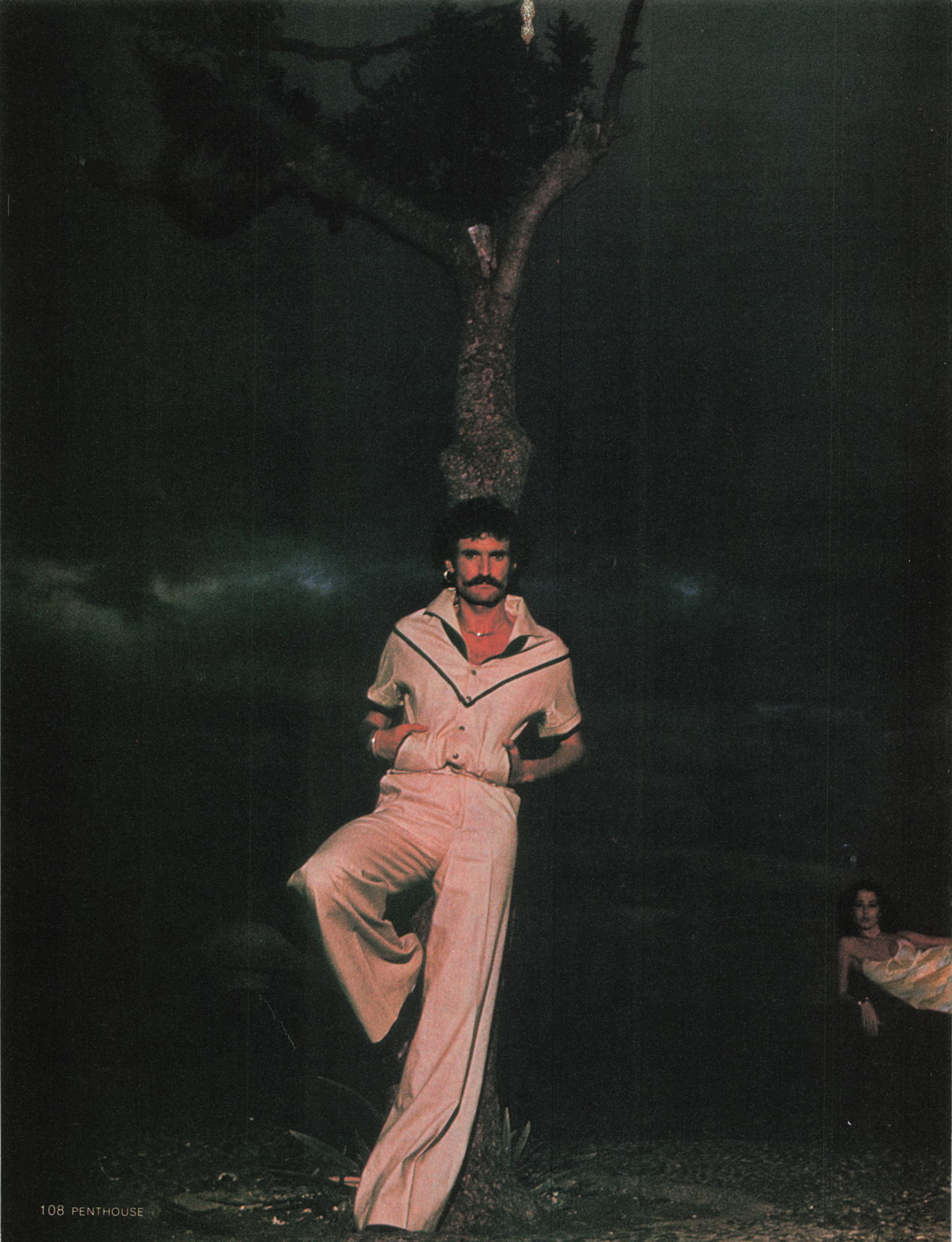
I haven't yet the vaguest idea of what the great changing majority of Americans will finally want to do with their lives and their history. They could choose to give up both to the powers that be or that will be. Why not? Millions of other people have. . . . Or tomorrow's Americans could choose to make their own history.

Only one thing seemed absolutely clear from my trip and from the many talks: if there are to be leaders for the next great change in the way we live, they will not be the leaders who are familiar to us now. These people have used up most of their credit and all of their lies. The politicians we know in America today are a sad, soggy foundation for any different future.

If we are not to have leaders in the traditional sense, and instead, there is to be some new form of American democracy, more like the participatory, locally based society of our nation's founding and frontier, then important elements of it will appear well outside the regular two-party system, because that system is no longer seen as a system for change or innovation.

But then again, the future could be something altogether different—something that the people who are just now despairing of the old ways still have to build . . . and tell us about!

NAME	OFFICE	ACCUSED OF	SENTENCE
CHARLES EVERS	Mayor, Fayette, Mississippi	Income tax evasion	Awaiting trial
NELSON G. GROSS	Republican State Chairman, New Jersey	Perjury and tax fraud	Two years and $10,000
EDWARD J. GURNEY	U.S. Senator, Florida	Bribery, conspiracy, and perjury	Awaiting trial; applying for dismissal
THOMAS E. KEANE	Alderman, Chicago (second in power to Mayor Daley)	Eighteen counts of mail fraud and conspiracy	Found guilty, awaiting sentencing
OTTO KERNER	Federal Judge and Governor of Illinois	Bribery, conspiracy, tax evasion, and perjury	Three years
THOMAS J. MACKELL	District Attorney, Queens County, New York	Obstruction of justice	Six months (Mackell is appealing this sentence)
BERTRAM L. PODELL	Congressman, New York	Conspiracy and conflict of interest	Awaiting sentence
ED REINECKE	Lieutenant Governor, California	Lying to Senate Judiciary Committee	Eighteen months (suspended)
PAUL J. SHERWIN	Secretary of State, New Jersey	Bribery and conspiracy	One to two years, $2,000 (Sherwin is appealing this sentence)
SEYMOUR R. THALER	New York State Senator and State Supreme Court Judge	Selling $250,000 of stolen securities	One year and $10,000
THOMAS J. WHELAN	Mayor, Jersey City, N.J. New Jersey	Conspiracy and income tax evasion	Fifteen years
CALVIN WILLIAMS	New York State Assemblyman	Perjury	Six months



SHIRTS ON THE RISE

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

This spring's sport shirts reflect a combination of West Coast boldness and European subtlety. These new shirts, many in silkier fabrics, really vibrate in living color when worn with solid-color slacks in nubby linens and cottons. And with the European silhouette influencing almost everything, you'll express yourself best in a looser fit for real comfort and fashion "cool."

Our shirts can be seen blooming like spring flowers in these photographs from Madeira—the Portuguese island of perpetual June. Born of volcanic violence off the coast of North Africa, Madeira awes visitors with its strangely tilting terrain. Mountains rise abruptly six thousand feet from the sea, then suddenly plunge into deep valleys. The smooth flight from Lisbon to Madeira via The Airline of Portugal (TAP) hardly prepares one for the ride from the airport to the capital city of Funchal—never has there been a more up-and-down, falling-off-the-edge sort of place.

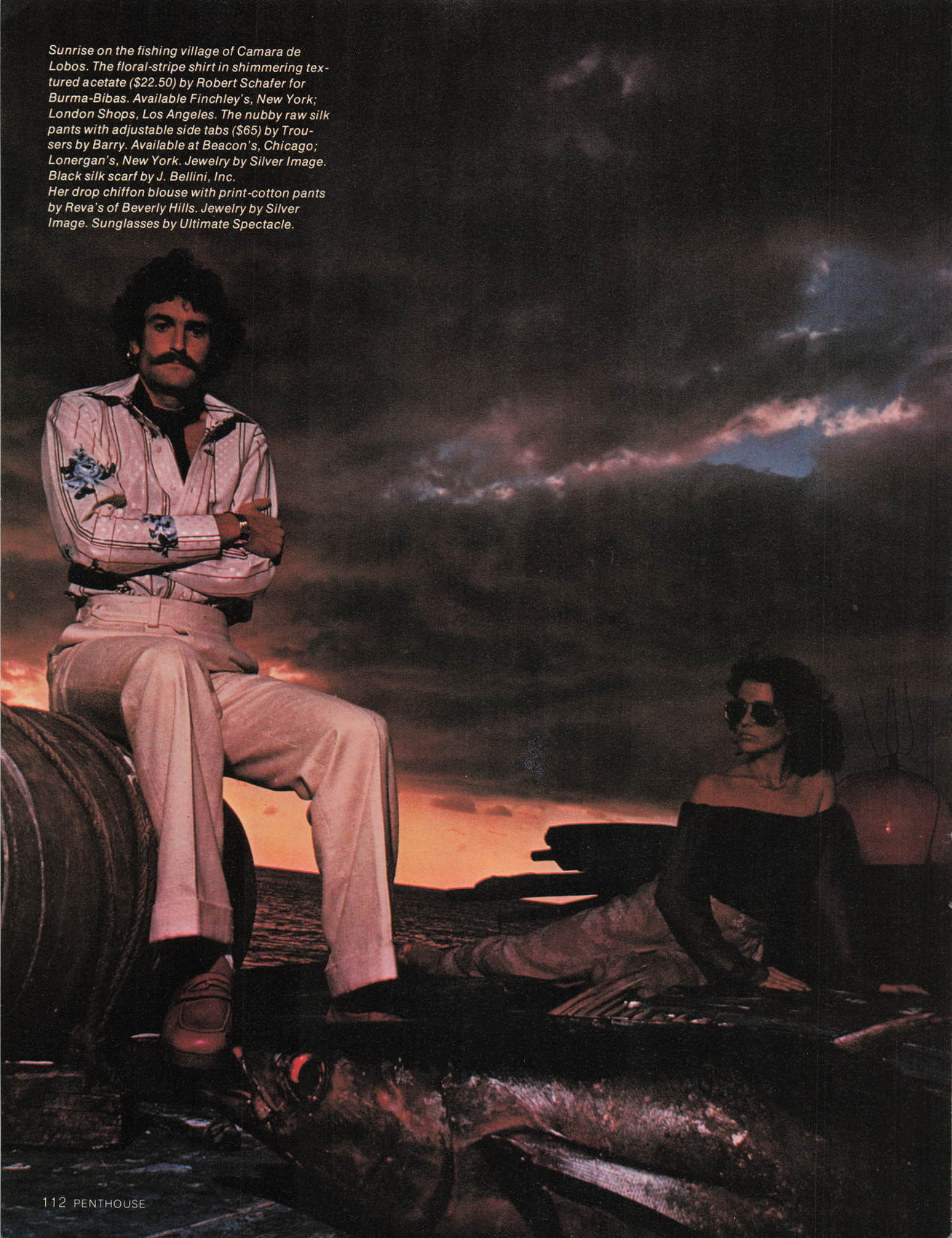
Funchal, a lively, colorful city of open markets, mosaic-tile sidewalks, and avenues of flowering jacaranda trees, overlooks a perfect bay—making it a splendid leisure spot for travelers. And when staying for a while, consider the Madeira Palacio for truly gracious living and dining.

Favoring the timetable traveler is Madeira's size—only thirty-five miles long by thirteen wide—and seldom can so much panoramic richness be readily seen in the space of just a few days. It's wise to caution the visitor, though, that once he has seen Madeira's sunrises and sunsets, he will want to stay on longer—or maybe forever.

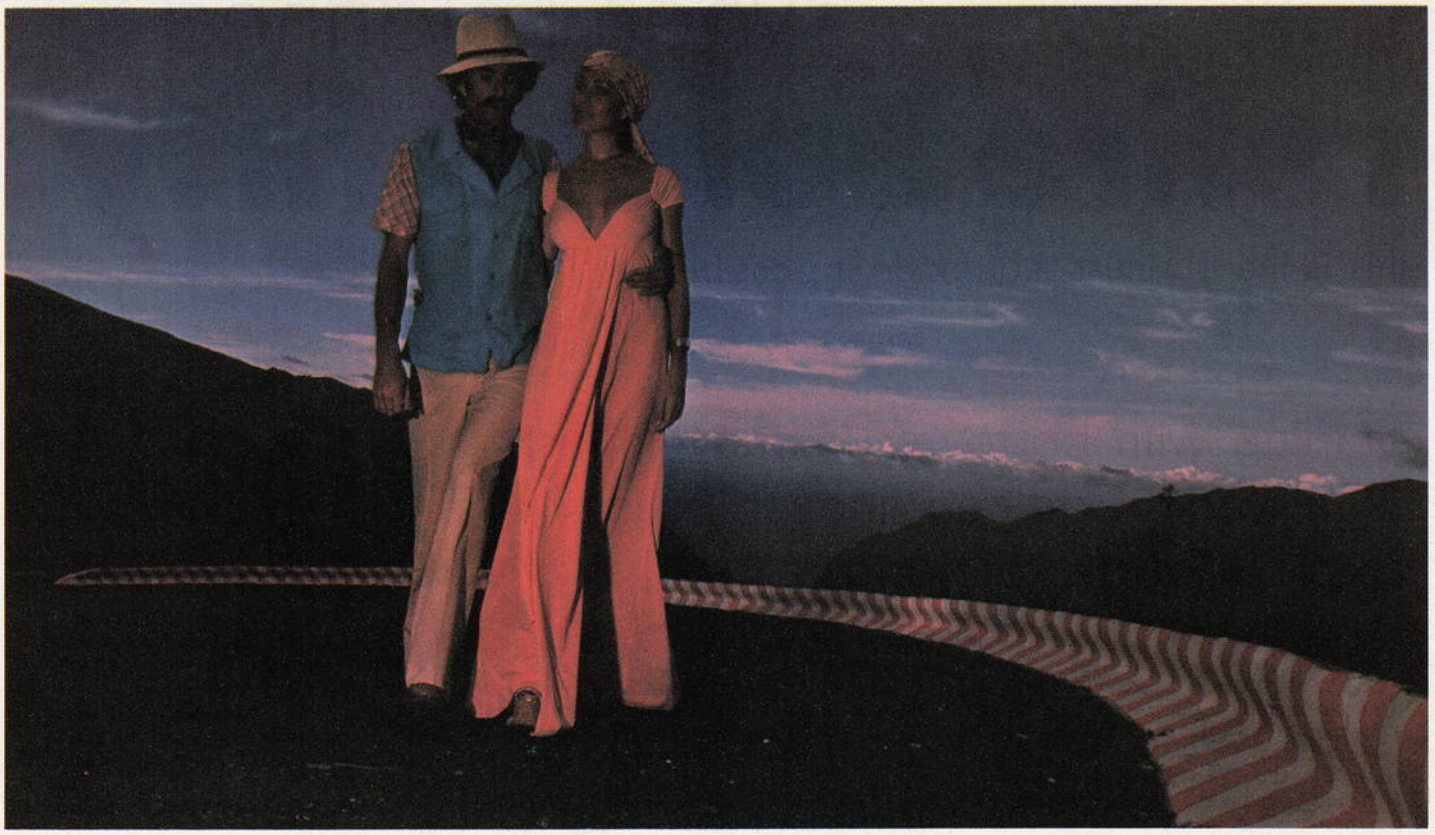
Sunset over suburb of Funchal. The bowling-shirt look is updated in this active cotton shirt-suit with navy trim and snap closure ($120) by Egon Von Furstenberg. Available at Gimbel's, New York; I. Magnin in Chicago and San Francisco. His silver earring ($12) and jewelry by Silver Image. All men's shoes by Famolare.
Her print-nylon long gown by John Kloss for Cira. Jewelry by Silver Image.

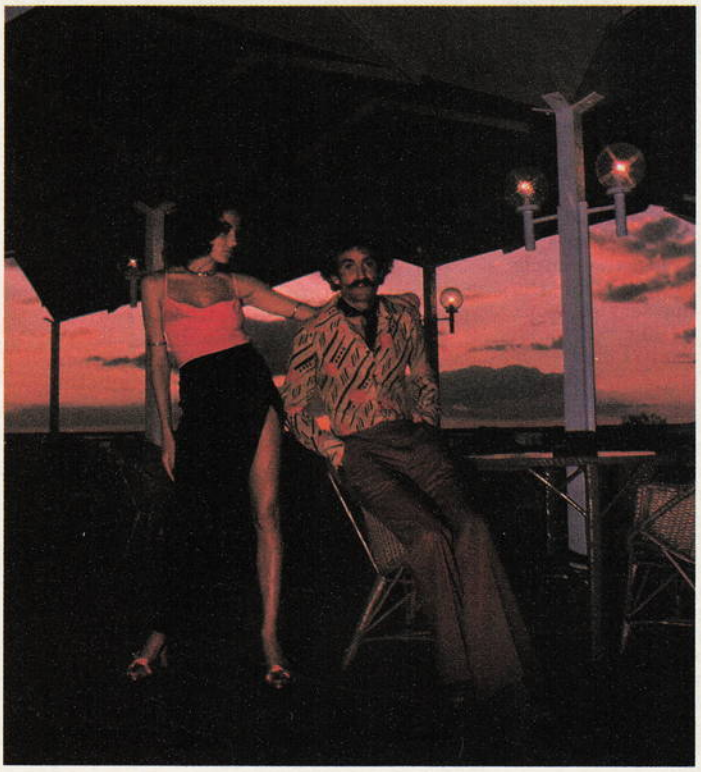
For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check off Fashion Finder coupon, page 126. Also check same page for Madeira travel information.

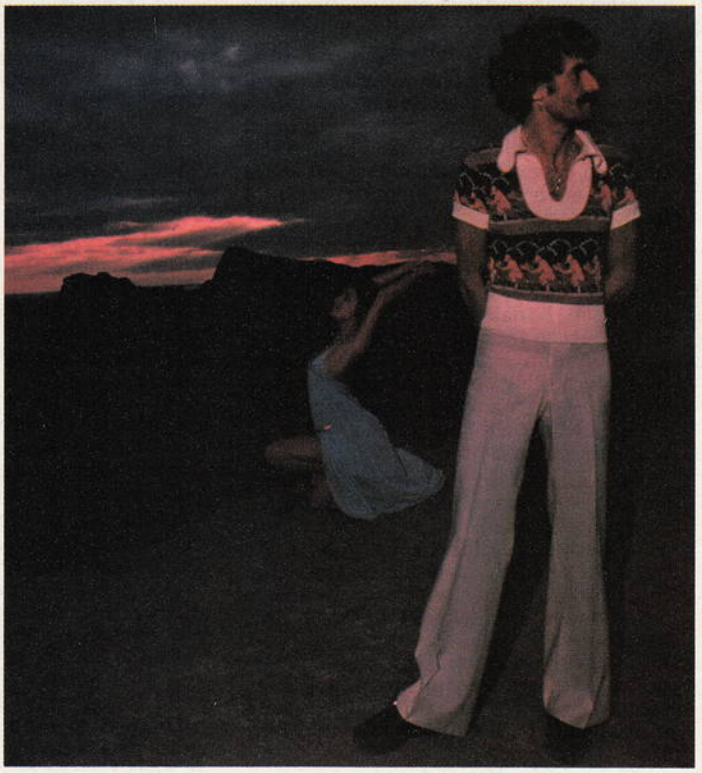
The hammock is traditionally used by mountaineers to transport people over hazardous mountain trails. The new-tradition, wrap-tie-cotton shirt ($16) is by Flair. Available at Ohrbach's, New York; Windsor Shop, Los Angeles. The nubby linen pants ($21) by Enrico Designs. Available at T. G. Goodstuff, Chicago; Outside-In, San Francisco. Jewelry by Silver Image. All straw hats ($16) by Jean Casanave for Guildhall Imports. Her hand-painted (parrot motif on back) chiffon cape with bra-top and culottes by Reva's of Beverly Hills. Jewelry by Silver Image.



Sunrise on the fishing village of Camara de Lobos. The floral-stripe shirt in shimmering textured acetate ($22.50) by Robert Schafer for Burma-Bibas. Available Finchley's, New York; London Shops, Los Angeles. The nubby raw silk pants with adjustable side tabs ($65) by Trousers by Barry. Available at Beacon's, Chicago; Lonergan's, New York. Jewelry by Silver Image. Black silk scarf by J. Bellini, Inc.
Her drop chiffon blouse with print-cotton pants by Reva's of Beverly Hills. Jewelry by Silver Image. Sunglasses by Ultimate Spectacle.







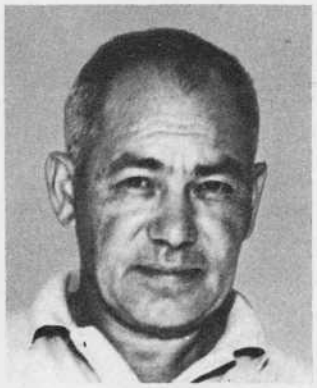
(UPPER) Mountain road (3,000 feet high) on way to town of S. Vicente. The solid cotton shirt-jacket has plaid sleeves and back ($22) by Enrico Designs. Available at T.G. Goodstuff, Chicago; Outside-In, San Francisco. Blue silk scarf by Echo. The linen-look, dacron-polyester pants ($50) by Trousers by Barry. Available at Alandale's, Los Angeles; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Cosmos, Chicago; Whitehouse and Hardy, New York. Straw hat ($16) by Jean Casanave for Guildhall Imports. Metal bracelet by Swank. Her gown by John Kloss for Cira. Bracelet by Silver Image.
(LOWER LEFT) The Madeira Palacio's poolside bar at sunset. Art-deco-motif shirt in cotton features new lay-down pajama collar ($24) by Bouncing Bertha's Banana Blanket. Rust gabardine pants ($30) by Gil Cohen for Boulet. Available at Neil's, New York; Baskin's Clothing in Chicago. Her ensemble by Reva's of Beverly Hills.
(LOWER RIGHT) Volcanic rock forms the Cape of St. Lawrence on Madeira's eastern tip. The collared U-neck abstract polyester-knit pullover shirt ($14) by New York Midtown Marketplace. Available at Macy's, New York and San Francisco; May Co., Los Angeles. White linen pants ($30) by Gil Cohen for Boulet. Available at Neil's, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Ohrbach's, Los Angeles; Town Squire, San Francisco; Baskin's Clothing, Chicago. Jewelry by Swank; earring by Silver Image. Her gown by John Kloss for Cira. Jewelry by Silver Image.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERARD ROZHEK

when I planned to **retire before fifty**

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey



Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than $1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits). And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible —I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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COUPLES

This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Jim L., age 41, 6′1″, 170 lbs. Brown hair, blue eyes. Jim operates his own business. He's married, with three children.

Susie M., age 29, 5′3″, 118 lbs. Blond hair, blue eyes. Susie is a prostitute. She's divorced, with two children.

JIM'S STORY:

"The reason we wanted to tell our story is that we've been reading the things that other people have been telling you and we thought some of those couples were sort of square. They didn't seem totally honest with each other and have sexual hang-ups. Now, with Susie being in the business—being a prostitute—there aren't too many hang-ups she could have. And God knows I think I've gotten rid of mine. I mean, when a good, white Catholic male will go down on another guy, I wouldn't say he has too many hang-ups left, would you?

"As a matter of fact, I always have had great sexual potential. In the eighth grade I ate a girl out, and in high school I knocked up quite a few. But I do remember having some hang-ups. I thought, for example, that if you blew a guy or he gave you a blow job it meant that you were queer.

"When I was growing up, I kind of ran wild. My father was never the disciplinarian in the family and my mother wasn't a hell of a good one either. I get along with my father very well. He taught me everything I know.

"My mother? Well, she's the standard, medium-sized pain in the ass, basically. She doesn't bother me in the slightest, but she drives my wife crazy. Totally crazy! She calls up and makes snide remarks to her, but she won't say anything to me.

"My problem has always been that I'm too money-conscious. I still am. I love money. I'll do anything for money. Life is money, sex, and booze. If you have the first, the other two are no problem. You can buy 'em.

"I guess I became an overachiever in all three areas because I was thrown in with a group of kids who were much better off than I was. So sexually, I jumped off early. I banged a girl when I was nine. She was nine, too. So was the kid who showed me how to do it. He had banged her first. Then he directed us. Anyway, these kids I went to school with were the sons of doctors and lawyers, and my father was just a businessman. I was determined to outdo them, so I became a money-maker.

"So, here I am today with a wife and three kids and a great income. I've been married for sixteen years and banging like crazy on the side. My wife has no inkling of my affair with Susie. Oh, she might think that I fool around some, but she doesn't know how much. She does know that I work a hell of a lot and at very weird hours. I used to keep a book of excuses about where I was going when I was really going to get laid. It was funny as hell. My wife is very dependent—she couldn't find her way more than ten miles from our house. There's not much chance she'll ever find out.

"I've never believed in fidelity. I abandoned the idea a month after I got married because I'm just one horny son of a bitch. My wife isn't any good in bed but it wouldn't matter if she was, I'd still want more. According to her, I'm a fucking pervert. I got pissed off at her one night and I told her she was a

JEANNE McDOWELL

sexless bitch and she said, 'Well, I actually put your penis in my mouth, didn't I?' There's a hard-on killer for you.

"Now Susie, she's the best blow job in the world, bar none. She's also the best screw in the world and I should know because I've screwed a lot of girls. I could screw a snake. I think this is true of any man. You don't give a shit where you put it if you've got a hard-on. I've had some pretty ugly fucks. I mean they were ugly women, but they were all good in bed.

"I started with Susie about six years ago. I met her through the madam of the local whorehouse and we've been screwing each other to death ever since. She's got an apartment exactly halfway between my home and my office, so I get it coming and going.

"But the first time I tried to arrange a date with her outside of the whorehouse, she stood me up. A lot of guys used to tell her they were going to take her out so she didn't believe me. She stood me up on the Fourth of July and I waited four hours for her in the blazing sun.

"With Susie, sex is at least 50 percent of our relationship. Even if we have our little tiffs, the sex pulls us back together. Grass gets us so horny we'd both screw a lamp post. Once we went into a local whorehouse . . . well, I guess it was just some pickup joint—a low dive, you know, right after the symphony you drop by there to get fucked and blown? We picked up a third girl, a hooker—and hired her for the night. She was our toy. We got home and for three hours we played with her and then took her back into the city and started driving home. I said, 'Hell, we've got to have that again.' So we went back and picked her up again and brought her home for the entire night. She was about five foot nine and she wore four-inch lifts. A really big girl. She had a tit fetish you would not believe.

"So that's the kind of thing Susie and I do. Every possible combination. We're both bisexual and we don't have any sexual taboos. We've done everything except bondage and discipline, and we even did a little of that, tying each other to the bed blindfolded. It's wild knowing you can't move. But, of course, you've got to have absolute trust in the other person.

"When we'd tried just about everything we could with each other we decided to swing. Incidentally, I've never worried about her profession. So she's a hooker? So what? When it's *up*, her job is to get it *down* for as much as she can get. All well and good. But while I accept her *business* relationships, I didn't know, at first, whether I'd be jealous of her or she of me, if we fucked other people for free. Swinging together was a way to work the problem out. We decided that the first time we tried it the sex should be with a black couple we'd heard about.

"We met them first, socially, to check them out. We always do that. You gotta know what you're getting into and you don't want to get into a blind alley. For Susie, the guy always has to be at least semiattractive. So we met this couple and they seemed very nice—but square. They didn't even smoke, and absolutely no booze. But we set up a date with them and the anticipation was enough to drive us crazy. We had a bottle of wine and we smoked grass, and by the time they got in the door we were ready to leap on them.

Well, this other girl started to lay down a list of ground rules that were a real pain in the ass. She said that she didn't take any birth control pills so I wasn't supposed to come inside her. So naturally I came in her mouth right away, and then I came in her cunt and she screamed and yelled and hollered but she liked it, I guess. I went on for about two hours. Then we rested and started a little bisexual horseplay. He decided he'd like to see the two girls together. The other girl's idea of a big time was to have Susie sit on top and rub cunts. It was absurd! Susie soon showed her how to eat cunt, then the guy and I had our turn. I sucked his cock and he sucked mine. No anal intercourse, though. That's very touchy. None of that, thank you.

"Life is money, sex, and booze. If you have the first, you can buy the other two."

"The second couple we took up with were the first completely bisexual couple we met. He was a musician, and we got together with them at their house. Everybody did everything. Then we were just sitting there having a cigarette before we got dressed to go home, and we mentioned what Susie did for a living because something came up about how she gang banged most of a professional hockey team one night. When we told the couple about this, everything seemed to go over fine and dandy, and there was no problem at all.

"Later on, I called this guy at this office, and you know what he said to me? 'Don't you worry about VD?' They wouldn't see us again. And I said to this guy, 'She's probably so much cleaner than you and your goddamned wife!' People have weird concepts about hookers. Now, when I first got to know Susie, I would recommend her to some of my friends so she'd make a few bucks. What the hell. And these people thought, 'Oh, a call girl. Must be a dirty person.' But Susie deals exclusively with married men, and she knows how to inspect them. Also, she has a good doctor who takes care of her.

"I don't know what Susie and I will try next. Recently we advertised for a bisexual girl or a lesbian, and we got this lesbian couple who wanted to wrestle and eat Susie. Why not? It gave everybody a laugh.

"I think Susie is still a little pissed off at me because, about a year ago, I got raped by her fifteen-year-old baby-sitter. I really couldn't help it. I was sleeping on the couch, and like a lot of guys, I got an erection in my sleep. Well, this little chick must have seen my big dick, so she started fucking me. But Susie got sore. She said it was wrong because I did it in her apartment while she wasn't there. She says that meant that I didn't really love her at all, that the relationship was just sexual.

"Well, what is love? Are love and respect the same things? I mean, if you have love you have truth, right? Well, shit, she tells me she has no sexual feelings for these other johns, and that she just screws them for money and has no climaxes with them. Now, I know this is a lot of crap because, for example, she once told me about an orgy she had with three guys. She had one hell of a time. Maybe, deep down, I was getting even with her by screwing that fifteen-year-old baby-sitter. Maybe I was making up for six years ago when she stood me up. Who knows? But I didn't screw the baby-sitter. I got raped, I tell you. Susie doesn't seem to believe me.

"I think I love Susie. I love my wife, too. You can love two people at once. I believe that. But Susie doesn't. I'm probably too much of an egoist to be in love with anybody anyway. People say a guy who wants to fuck different women all the time is probably a woman-hater. Well, I'm not. I'd much rather be with women socially and just for companionship than to be with men. I don't dig 'nights out with the boys.'

"I don't know what's going to happen with Susie and me. She screws well. And I haven't screwed another girl since the incident with the baby-sitter. I mean solo-screwing. Susie is the best fuck I know and I'm the best fuck she knows, and it would take a long time to train replacements, so I think we'll keep coming back to one another again and again."

SUSIE'S STORY:

"My first sexual experience was when I was about eleven years old. It was with my cousin, a girl. We played with each other, fingering one another's cunts. But my first screw

with a guy didn't come until I was sixteen, and it was a big letdown.

"I like pornography about women together, you know, lesbian themes. I also like submissiveness. I like the thought of a woman being forced to do something and liking it but not letting her tormentor know she likes it. That turns me on. People seem to think that being a prostitute is torture. I think, 'What fools they are, thinking they're making me do something against my will while I really enjoy it.' I like fucking and sucking. It's perfect for my customers, though. They like the idea that they're making me do something, and they feel they're getting their money's worth. So we both feel good.

"It's just like massage parlors. When people go to parlors they fantasize. They don't want anybody to know about it. It's the secretiveness they like—the forbidden fruits. Jim and I get along so well because there is none of that. We're completely honest with each other.

"I always had a strong sexual drive but I repressed it. It was only in the past two years that I've really let go. Jim lets me be myself. I can make demands on him. I took him off the road the other day and screwed him in the woods. I can call him anytime and say, 'I want sex,' and he comes.

"When Jim asked me to go out with him I was flabbergasted. I was shocked because you don't usually get out of the room when you're a prostitute. It's an arrangement for an evening, and that's it. But we went out and had a few drinks, and then we came back and almost pounded each other to death, sexually. Stamina is our real bag. He has gotten to the point now that if we drink or smoke pot—especially if we smoke—we can go for hours and hours and hours.

"Bisexuality didn't disturb us once we tried it. I felt I wanted to do it just because I had never done it before. A person who is at one of these orgies is a clean person. It's a funny thing about swinging and bisexual behavior—it's kind of like reading a book, always getting new knowledge. It opens up a part of your life you've kept closed. Even if you don't like it, it's worth the experience.

"I got into prostitution because of desperation. I had two young children, one was seriously ill and I needed money very badly. I was recently separated from my husband who was an alcoholic, and I was working as a waitress and doing the best I could just to get by. Every week on my day off I used to load a car and visit my parents. The car dealer used to give me this big hassle. A nice girl like me shouldn't work hard. It was a shame I had to pay to rent a car, and maybe he could make arrangements. And I'd say, 'Never mind—just give me the car.' But he pushed me and finally I said, 'Look, if you keep bothering me I'm going to go someplace else.' So he said, 'Okay, but if you ever need money, just give me a call.' This went on for about a year. Then my child came down with another complication, and I was really in a jam. They were going to throw me out of my apartment, and they were going to throw my child out of the hospital because I wasn't insured and I had lost my job. So I called up this car dealer and I said, 'I need some money fast and I'll do anything you want.' He said, 'Fine, come down to the showroom tonight and we'll make the necessary arrangements.'

"So I got laid for twenty bucks under a Lincoln Continental. The office wasn't finished and he didn't want to stain the seats of the car. Anyway, that's how it started. He got me a lot of tricks with other car dealers but they were really cheap. I didn't know any better. I used to go out all night for twenty bucks. Then this one guy said it was a shame that a girl with my talent should let it all go for twenty bucks. He said he'd take me to a place where I could make a hundred dollars in an afternoon and walk out the door and that's the end of it. I agreed and he took me to this madam at a local whorehouse.

"I can call him anytime and say, 'I want sex,' and he comes."

"I started working for her two or three days a week and it worked out just fine because I had plenty of time to spend with my kids. I'm about three-quarters out of the business now. But I still see some johns because Jim can't afford to support me completely. It's mostly outside work, not at the house. We never worry about VD because I only take married men and I know what to look for, and I don't see anyone without a reference. Also, I have a family doctor and I take care of myself.

"I was nineteen when I got married and I had kids right away. When I was in high school, I thought I wanted to be an artist and after I got out I tried it for a year. But I found out I wasn't talented at all, so I quit. I knew I wanted to do something or be somebody but I just floundered. Then I got married, just to escape. You see, I met this one guy in high school and I went to bed with him and he told the whole town about it. It was this very, very small town, and this kid had a big mouth. So this other man came along and he wanted me. I knew that if I married him I could move out of town and get away from the gossip. So I did. My biggest mistake was that I told my husband what had happened.

"After we were married, he used it against me. I really didn't know any better. I thought I'd been bad to sleep with that one boy. I was an only child and I wasn't allowed to date until I was sixteen. I couldn't wear lipstick or nylon stockings or any of that stuff. I came from a very restricted Catholic family. My mother would question me when I came home from a date. She'd say, 'Did you do something dirty?' I'd say, 'What do you mean?' She'd say, 'Did you let him kiss you?'

"My children almost fully understand the situation I'm in. They know that Jim is married, and they know that we have sex every day. It's not flaunted in front of them but I don't believe in hiding it. But as far as they know he is the only man I see. They don't know I'm a prostitute.

"I love them and I want so much for them to be totally independent. I spend a lot of time with them, especially on weekends. We've been very open and honest with one another. With my business, though, I feel that at any time I could lose them and that they could just turn on me if they found out. Prostitution would be too much to explain. But I feel that even if I lose them that way, it would be all right because I know that they're good people underneath and whatever I've done for them can't be taken away from them or from me.

"Jim and I don't think we're abnormal but a lot of our friends do. We can't relate to a lot of other people, and vice versa. There is this one couple we know and the fellow is a friend of Jim's. His girl is totally straight like his wife, except sexually. They know our situation and we know their's, but when we meet them in public she's so straight you'd think she was walking around with a Bible in her mouth.

"One day we called them. He was at her apartment and most assuredly they were screwing, but he said they were 'refinishing furniture.' They wouldn't discuss it. Would you believe she calls him 'Wallace' in public? Such a great lady! O.K. So one night I went to this restaurant to meet Jim. 'Wallace' was there and he came right over to me and asked if I wanted a drink and I said sure. Knowing that I'm a call girl, he just reached into his briefcase and pulled out this filthy magazine and shoved it in front of my face and said, 'I'd like to suck you.' Now, he wouldn't say that to his girl friend or his wife. And if someone else did it he'd be shocked. He'd knock him down.

"It's so hypocritical. Because I have been involved in prostitution he forgets that I'm his friend's girl and he thinks he doesn't have to show any respect for me at all even in a public bar. His wife is the type of person

who, if you said, 'Shit,' in front of her, you'd be off her list—she's that bad. But he made her that way. He molded her. And his girl friend—he's molding her the same way.

"He read a book somewhere that said the perfect woman is a whore in bed and a lady outside. He won't agree to any orgy, yet he really wants to do what we're doing.

"It's funny, a couple of girls that Jim has been out with think that I'm terrible. Yet they fuck anything that walks down the street, no questions asked—without knowing or caring or anything. What's a douche? They don't know. But it always ends, you know. Everything ends. I know that Jim and I will never get married. I thought we might once. I thought he really loved me, but he doesn't. I wouldn't want to ever marry him, now.

"He screwed my fifteen-year-old baby-sitter in my apartment. It wasn't the fact that it was a fifteen-year-old girl or that she was a baby-sitter or that she was someone I know. It was the fact that he would use my apartment. See, he's had a key almost from the beginning and for that reason I have never ever screwed anybody in my apartment or brought them home after a date. In fact, I hardly ever date at all because I want to avoid embarrassment. There's always the possibility that Jim might have a fight with his wife and walk in on me. So I've abstained for four or five years. Then he did this with my baby-sitter.

"Needless to say, the key is in my possession now. It wasn't the act or the person I objected to. It was the place. Now I know there is no love between us—at least it's not my conception of what love is. That incident made me realize how much we both protect his wife from the least little embarrassment. He said, 'I got raped by the fifteen-year-old. So what? Big deal.' He acts like it doesn't really matter. Yet, he tells his wife anything but the truth. You see, he'd never protect me like that. He'd never protect my emotions."

CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

What strikes me most is the personality differences between Jim and Susie. Whereas Susie is honest and has some principles, Jim is a completely unscrupulous and entirely shallow person. He is egotistical and selfish and seems to have very little sense of who Susie is.

Jim claims to be highly sexed and to have extraordinary sexual stamina. This part of the narrative seems to be true and is verified by Susie. Jim's use of these talents, however, is not to be admired. Most highly sexed people appreciate what they have going for them and treat their sexuality with respect. They usually aim to get the most out of their sexual experiences, not just physically, but in a way that gives depth to the variety of contact, something which is entirely lacking in Jim's experience.

Highly sexed people are usually so grateful for the experiences that their sexual capacity permits them that they don't talk about how often they have sex. Also, their enjoyment of sex is so natural that they truly don't have inhibitions.

Jim has a number of hang-ups, though he claims to have none. For example, there are the terms in which he rejects anal intercourse: "No anal intercourse, though. That's very touchy. None of that, thank you!" He has guilt feelings which are not usually associated with the highly sexed because they rarely, if ever, do anything that they feel is wrong. But Jim tries to explain away his present behavior by blaming his parents for not disciplining him. While the lack of parental discipline can lead to a wild adolescence, self-imposed discipline accompanies emotional maturity, unless there is a fundamental weakness of character.

"Life is money, sex, and booze. If you have the first, the other two are no problem. You can buy 'em." What kind of attitude is that? He even tries to excuse his love of money: "I guess I became an overachiever in all three areas because I was thrown in with a group of kids who were much better off than I was." While it is natural for the adolescent to feel deprived in such circumstances, there should be an acceptance of one's natural limitations once emotional maturity is reached. Jim's capacity for feeling guilty is also revealed in the incident with the baby-sitter. He excused his behavior by insisting, "She raped me. I really couldn't help it."

"I got laid for twenty bucks under a Lincoln Continental. He didn't want to stain the seats."

He is also mixed-up about the nature of love. His lack of regard for his wife is despicable, yet he says he loves his wife, too. I don't think he is being hypocritical when he says this; it's just that he has never had a deep emotional experience. "Well," he asks, "what is love? Are love and respect the same things? I mean, if you have love you have truth, right?" The fact is that where there is love, there is also respect, but there can be respect without love.

But he doesn't seem to know the meaning of the word truth: "I used to keep a book of excuses. . . . It was funny as hell. My wife is very dependent—she couldn't find her way more than ten miles from our house, so there's not much chance she'll find out. I've never believed in fidelity. I abandoned that idea a month after I got married."

If Jim were a woman, I would probably classify him as a nymphomaniac—not in the sense of being extremely promiscuous, but in the medical sense of the term. None of Jim's experiences completely satisfy him. He is always searching for satisfaction, and it always eludes him. I do not mean ad hoc physical satisfaction which the individual orgasms may provide, but he is vaguely, subconsciously aware that something indefinable is missing.

In my opinion, Susie is a far more admirable person. The fact that she is a hooker is ethically immaterial. She loves her children and will do anything to protect them. She has a strong desire to be sexually dominating. "Jim lets me be myself. I can make demands on him. . . . I can call him anytime and say, 'I want sex,' and he comes."

I suspect that her attachment for Jim derives from the fact that physically he is a compatible partner for her. She is wrong, however, when she claims, "I also like submissiveness," because she then goes on, "I think, 'What fools they are thinking they're making me do something against my will while I really enjoy it.' "

She, too, has unconscious guilt feelings. She excuses what she does. "Bisexuality didn't disturb us once we tried it. I felt I wanted to do it just because I had never done it before. . . . It's a funny thing about swinging and bisexual behavior—it's kind of like reading a book, always getting new knowledge." And about her prostitution: "I started working two or three days a week and it worked out just fine because I had plenty of time to spend with the kids." And, "I feel that even if I lose them it would be all right because I know they're good people underneath and whatever I've done for them can't be taken away from them or from me."

She as well as Jim places the responsibility for her sexual behavior on her upbringing. But, her relationship with Jim is not based purely on sex. She wants to be wanted, even to be protected, and her on-going relationship with Jim gives her the illusion that he is her protector. If she can hold on to him only through sex, then that is the way it has to be.

She really answers her own questions about their future together when she says, "Everything ends." It is more than likely that it will end, but in what circumstances? She is emotionally involved, otherwise the incident of the baby-sitter would not have upset her, but fortunately Susie is aware of Jim's attitude to life and to her, and that should help her absorb the blow. ○+—■

BABY PROS:
THE CHILD HUSTLER

As soon as kids are old enough to count cash, they learn the hooker mentality.

By Joyce Greller

Illustration by Dickran Palulian

The sex market for young flesh has burgeoned into a major underground business. A growing number of precocious boys and girls between the ages of eight to fifteen prostitute their bodies each day in America. In most cities this "baby pro" action is practiced with a certain amount of discretion. But in major cities like New York, Los Angeles, Dallas, and Chicago picking up a child hustler is as easy as finding a stud or a seasoned pussy. As long as there's a demand there's a body, and every new crop of "chicken" seems tougher, meaner, and smarter.

As soon as they're old enough to count cash, these kids learn the hooker mentality —hustle them before they hustle you. If it's not a grown-up after their flesh, it's another baby pro after their piece of the action. Some kids whore for money, others because somewhere along the line they got hooked on drugs, and some ply their bodies because there's nothing else they know how to do.

These pubescent whores are a sophisticated lot. They expect adult luxuries and privileges. After the work is done, they expect their due. Children have always been exploited commercially and victimized as cheap labor or sex objects. Some realized their own value sooner than others, and now they're cashing in.

"Eleven was too old—Tierre had to look seven for her customers."

TIERRE—EARTH CHILD

As many harried residents know, some Manhattan apartments are used for a variety of illicit, curious, and experimental purposes; living is quite often the least of them. Many world travelers maintain a New York hideaway for themselves and their nomadic pals who pass through town. Bernice, alias Arione, thirty-four, had trudged through several of the underground Sixties scenes and enjoyed the run of a "stopover" apartment with her daughter, seven-year-old Jennifer, alias Tierre. Intelligent, perceptive, and exposed to plenty, Tierre remained aloof and refreshingly unimpressed by her mother's childish ways.

At this "stopover" apartment, Tierre had met, been attracted to and totally dominated by a punk juvenile. Arione never had any control over Tierre; she was just lucky that her daughter had always conducted herself wisely enough to stay out of the way. But now this boy was blackmailing Arione for money and hot passports to Europe—and for Tierre.

Over the next two years spurts of gossip indicated that the twosome broke up somewhere in London. Nearly ten, Tierre escaped back to New York with some fakir who provided her with a child's ticket for adult services rendered. She wandered to the Village—at least there she could sleep around for a night's lodging and meals.

After casing all the coffeehouses, juice bars, and parks where other juvenile dropouts found companionship, she finally discovered Corky's Playground. Corky was a cheerful twenty-four-year-old woman who liked very young boys. The best way to attract and keep them was to maintain a clubhouse where they could play with others their age.

Corky's Playground was a combination before- and after-hours club: free for kids who wanted to crash for the nights, with a fee charged for voyeuristic adults who got a chance to mingle with the kids. If the adults chose to, they could take one of the kids home for an evening. Unfortunately, one of Corky's babies was packing a gun one night, accidentally fired it, and the fun finally provided a reason to permanently shut down the Playground.

Tierre was out in the streets again, but at least with a few contacts she'd made at Corky's. Some kindly souls promised to help her out if she was interested—and she was. Men seemed strictly after her flesh, but a nice lady named Madelyn was her first choice. She was even nicer on the phone: "Come right over, dear; I'll leave your cab money with the doorman." She lived in a very nice, new building in the East Seventies.

The apartment seemed large and very tastefully decorated. It looked expensive but cozy. Madelyn gave her a lavish bedroom all to herself, pointed out a chest and told her to choose whatever clothes she wanted. A huge meal was sent in that thoughtfully included some barbiturates, Quaaludes, and Tierre had her first decent rest in months.

The next morning she was awakened by a young girl who escorted her into a small dining area off the kitchen. There were three round tables with four or five young girls eating at each one. They were all pretty or somewhat unique looking, and all were very quiet. Tierre felt rather loggy, hung over from what would become her usual nightly sedation. Madelyn appeared and officially introduced Tierre to a less than enthusiastic welcome. Madelyn reprimanded a few girls for sloppiness and had a quarrel with a beautiful, exotic little girl named Fawn, the only one who appeared to be part Negro. Fawn was whining about never going outside: "Couldn't we at least be taken for a walk around the block once a week?"

"You have everything you need here," said Madelyn. "Use the terrace. Once you take your little walk in the street, it'll be a long one! Any more complaints?"

For the next seven months Tierre slept, watched television, read, and slowly went numb in one large well-packed, soundproofed dorm room with the rest of "Madelyn's girls." The terrace was a minute balcony attachment where she used to spend considerable time. The doorman returned the note one girl sailed overboard begging for help. She was beaten in front of the other girls; too bruised to work, she disappeared for good.

On that first memorable morning at the "Coop," Tierre was pacified with her first heroin injection. Then, at eleven, Madelyn gave about thirty-minutes warning for bookings; just time enough to bathe, dress, and put on makeup for clients.

Tierre was informed that a gentleman client would come by for her shortly after noon. She was ordered to put on a demure little pinafore, lace blouse, white knee socks, and patent leather Mary Janes . . . clothes she never had to endure before. Her pubis also had to be shaved. Being eleven was too old—Tierre had to look seven for her customers. Her liaison took place in last night's bedroom. The pain from intercourse was not as excruciating as it could have been thanks to her morning narcotic fix.

The majority of callers were expected between noon and two in the afternoon, with others staggered throughout the day. Five-thirty to six-thirty in the evening was another heavy period for married business executives. Most preferred to have their little girls during proper daytime play periods, but this didn't discount night visitors. Occasionally, Mike, a thug of about twenty-five, would cautiously escort a girl down the back elevator for an outside call in an apartment or hotel.

Totally drugged and controlled, these girls rotely spent their adolescent years as slaves. The drugs they were consuming during this pubescent growth period would corrupt their whole development process and damage their bodies for life.

It didn't seem to matter that they were mechanical dolls to the drooling men who used them. As long as they were breathing, female, and *young*, they were work-

able for whatever sexual purpose was required of them. Everyone was sufficiently doped and far too frightened to even complain to the johns; these men certainly must have suspected the worst and, under such circumstances, could hardly be expected to show sympathy.

Worried about being mutilated and released or even being killed, Tierre secretly started to plan her escape. Madelyn created distrust among her young girls so they wouldn't dare scheme together. Any break would have to be accomplished on an outside job. Tierre was able to employ her old humor on Mike and charm him. She also let him have sex with her, although this was against house rules. He still treated her harshly, but trusted her for that crucial minute in a strange hotel lobby.

She made a run for it. Mike almost caught her, but she was crazed enough to zoom, beat a light, and get away. It was about seven in the evening, which gave her the whole night to keep out of sight and locate some heroin. She was now heavily hooked.

No longer in touch with anyone, she at least felt a sisterly alliance to a trio of prostitutes she met in Times Square. She blurted out her plight, and they provided a temporary bed so she could work that night. A nineteen-year-old hooker soon befriended her and gave Tierre a recently purchased john list.

Tierre was nearly thirteen and hopelessly hooked on heroin. She didn't have many years left, and during that time she just wanted to be left alone and stoned.

"Doree had a body every girl hopes to outgrow: an unformed 28-22-30."

ZUMBA—THE DIVER

At age seven, Zumba was diving off Mexican cliffs for coins, fun, and anyone who cared to gaze upon his physical beauty. He was tall for his age and featured deep blue eyes, high cheekbones, and smooth, golden-coppery skin. Zumba lived with a bunch of other young beach boys in a slum shack. They'd all hustled at odd jobs and robbed tourists' pockets for as long as they could remember.

Extremely likeable and clever, Zumba retired from the unprofitable diving game after a nasty fall; at eight, he became a junior bellhop at one of the better hotels.

"You know, if I wasn't a poor, uneducated wetback, I could be a Senate pageboy in America right this minute and maybe one day—who knows—be president or postmaster general," he would boast. Underneath all the wisecracks, however, there was a deep-rooted craving to go to America, and Zumba was always searching for a sponsor.

Being such a beautiful and exotic creature, several men lured him into their suites and boats, where they could privately pet and lay with Zumba. He knew most of his buddies were into this type of sex, but basically he didn't like it—but he did like the large tips for services rendered.

Zumba soon captivated a rich, freaked-out dowager from Santa Fe who adored the idea of smuggling the kid into the country via her Rolls Royce limousine. She was a regular at the border, and he slid into the country painlessly. Zumba was especially effective at charming and conning women of all ages, and it was so much easier than "tricking" with men.

He stayed at her ranch for a few weeks but she was too demanding and crazy —even for Zumba. He left with enough money to head out of town and blaze new trails through the Southwest.

At times, Zumba looked very young, but his sophistication, experience with people, height, and quick wit all lent maturity to his demeanor. Most of his road buddies were in their late teens or early twenties and never thought of Zumba as a kid. Zumba still was not too happy about homosexual encounters, but knowing that he could always hustle his body for fast cash, it became part of his lifestyle. He'd work rodeos or fairs in certain towns, earning just enough to move on to the next place. His wanderlust was well-timed as he always appeared fresh and welcoming on new terrain.

At twelve, he worried that he was settling into a sedentary pattern of middle age. Zumba had been working at a combination inn-bar-trading post in Oklahoma for longer than he'd ever stayed in one spot before. Just as he was getting fidgety, a movie company on location took over the inn for a couple of weeks. Zumba immediately captured the eye of a B-rated cowboy star featured in the prairie saga.

Zumba wisely played hard to get, but the actor finally got to him with a suitable offer—to return to his palatial mansion in Bel Air. From the instant he landed at the Los Angeles airport, Zumba knew he'd finally arrived—that his whole life had been training for Hollywood.

Posturing and strutting through in his most fabulous western getup, his star quality caught all eyes. He purchased a giant pair of sunglasses and took a cab to his new home. The house and grounds were even more sumptuous than the pictures and certainly the most luxurious he'd ever lived in. A very polite, muscular butler in a dazzling uniform and sporting an English accent showed him to his room which had been prepared beforehand.

He discovered that his new sponsors kept a well-stocked stable. Other beautiful young boys between the ages of eleven and fourteen were in or around a large natural pool. Two were nude; two more were playing tennis. Zumba noticed some kind of mark or tattoo—a winged pony—on the buttocks of the naked boys. In a few days, he was similarly branded on his left buttock by the butler while everyone watched.

Branded or not, this was definitely the good life. And not unlike those old, carefree days on the cliffs, Zumba became the brightest and prettiest of the lot. There was the usual jealousy—Zumba was the cowboy's favorite and was shown off at various parties where the star could risk displaying his new prize stud.

The dope flowed—the best grass, hashish, and mescaline in town, platters of ups and downs, and mounds of the sweetest, purest, choicest cocaine available. Zumba learned to love it.

His generous clothing allowance permitted him to explore alternatives to his heavy glitter cowboy ensembles and indulge in a costly new image. Zumba felt very comfortable in his new high-waisted pleated pants, pointed platform boots, silk sport shirts, and other chic apparel reminiscent of Hollywood's salad days in the Thirties and Forties. With his gorgeous, exotic features and innate sense of hamminess, Zumba was becoming well known as a spectacle.

One of Zumba's biggest and yet unresolved problems was women. At the age of twelve, he still wasn't sure whether he was totally gay or bisexual or what. A supernarcissist and more into himself sexually than involved with anyone else, he was continually fighting off female advances. Young starlets, visiting whores, gorgeous groupies all tried to seduce him (he could pass for sixteen in heels)—and a few even succeeded.

After six months at the Bel Air setup, stable life became a confining bore. Zumba was anxious to spend more time mingling on the scene in clubs and on beaches. He resigned on good terms, and had the chauffeur move his things to a prominent hotel on the Strip. He checked into one of the largest suites and couldn't wait to celebrate his new freedom.

In that six months, however, he'd de-

veloped and refined his new image, and Zumba still required expensive custom clothes and accessories to sustain it. Now, he was faced with rent overhead for the first time in his life. He also needed at least $400 a week to maintain his coke addiction, plus a little speed and whatever else his habits required. In two days his savings and farewell pay were all gone.

Beginning with his contacts from the Bel Air scene, Zumba had the beginnings of an exceptional john list. He had just enough cash to get himself started, cover incidentals, and avoid working for a madam. Surprisingly, Zumba was still considered new talent in town, and he could demand star rates: $100 to $300 a trick, plus gifts. Occasionally, he'd accept $50 if he felt it was socially propitious.

Zumba socialized primarily with the gay power structure and aristocracy of Hollywood and Palm Springs. He traveled in exclusive new circles, indulging in new and expensive luxuries—a shopping spree in New York City, weeks in Palm Beach, and a night in Houston which brought $500. In the next eight months, Zumba went through hundreds of people and thousands of dollars.

Coke was now running him almost $500 to $700 a week. And he couldn't be bothered with the selected john limiting social scene anymore. It was too time-consuming and laborious; those old maids drain you! He also scoffed at several actual offers of singing and acting gigs. One didn't need a movie to become a celebrity in the Hollywood glitter-freak subculture. Zumba had created his own street stardom and nightclub following; he had nobody to please but himself. Unfortunately, he still needed plenty of money to keep his act alive.

Zumba didn't want any part of a madam, and this forced him to work streets and bars. He reverted back to his old flashy cowboy number which was an ever-popular classic. He worked two or three tricks a day—$35 or $50 each, but occasionally scoring big. It was all trashy but better than being trapped in embalming fluid with those old trolls. He felt the same sense of liberation peddling his wares on the Strip as he had when he had finally sprung from the resort, the dowager's, the trading post, the cowboy's. . . .

Though always on the hustle, he still had much more time to play, shop, relax, do nothing. Luckily, he had aged well; those high cheekbones held the face up. Zumba was independent and beautiful, and he still knew how to hustle his ass off.

One afternoon he delighted some fans with high acrobatic stunts as he dove from a yacht. It recalled the old days and bad falls as he sliced the waves perfectly. The circle was complete, except that he might become bored again. Zumba hoped something would turn up soon.

DOREE—NOT QUITE A "DEB"

Doree strutted naked in front of the window looking out on a grand view of Lake Michigan from an executive apartment in the John Hancock Building in Chicago.

Doree had a body every girl hopes to outgrow: an unformed 28-22-30 on a 5'2" frame. But everything looks better dipped in bronze, and Doree's August tan added dimension to her childish body. She was fourteen but passed for twelve on this particular occasion. Time was fleeting and she willingly extended her pubescence for as long as possible, especially when it paid.

A carefully coiffed, manicured man, also tan and nude, impatiently tried to end a phone conversation. Finally, he hung up, threw Doree on the couch, and finished off what he had started. "Just beautiful. . . . If you were old enough, I'd marry you."

She got dressed, curtsied, and fluttered her fingers beseechingly. "Hey, how about an extra twenty; I'm broke."

"Now wait a minute. The deal's scotch."

"I know, but I'm behind on some payments." She knelt and put her head on his legs. He patted her straw hat. She whined. "That's what I like about you men—you know how to make a little girl feel like a dirty old woman, and you're so generous." She playfully bit his knee and moved back to accept a fifty and two tens from a wad of big bills.

"Thanks for everything, and don't take any candy from kids," she said.

He opened the door. "I can't afford to. Have a pleasant afternoon at the beach."

Doree inspected the scuba diving watch, bottle of pills, and other loot she had pilfered from the bathroom, during the long multi-elevator ride down. A tousled young man, eighteen, spotted her and honked impatiently from his antique Morgan on Michigan Avenue. A fantastic looking redhead, also fourteen, made room as Doree squirmed in. Daryl, the driver, took off fast and shot up the Outer Drive. "What the fuck took you so long? Wendy was out in fifteen. You're just supposed to give them thirty or less for that price."

Doree was unruffled. "Could I help it if he was on the phone for twenty minutes?" She handed him thirty dollars.

Daryl grumbled. "From now on, the higher the floor, the higher the rates." They headed for their local beach at a fashionable Chicago suburb. The tape deck roared, the coke was passed, heads soared, and not another word was mentioned about Wendy and Doree's profit-making love.

The kids spent a typically lazy day at the beach with the rest of the gang. Doree necked and frolicked with her seventeen-year-old black lover who liked the scuba watch she gave him. Wendy bickered and balled her eighteen-year-old man under a blanket. And Daryl, born to be bisexual, was enjoying a summer romance with a succulent angel himself—Ronald, a thirteen-year-old boy whom he pampered and sent out on "dates" for pay. Drugged from sun and dope, they eventually piled into cars and returned to the dorm.

Winnetka is one of the richest suburbs in the country, with some of the richest kids. A large percentage of suburban youths are still closely regulated, anxious to complete college, work for extra money, concerned about their role in society, and the future. This bracket keeps shrinking.

There's that other hefty and growing segment of blessed offspring who receive extremely generous allowances and charges. These children have most of their superficial demands satisfied and live with a minimum of parental control. Many wealthy mini-freaks leave home for live-in coed clubhouses that are cropping up throughout the suburbs. Sometimes these houses are rather luxurious homes with grounds, or they are just pleasant bungalows interspersed between normal suburban families—run and operated strictly by and for kids. They might be rented and paid for by a couple of teenagers or the house might belong to a divorced parent off on an extended trip.

Wendy and Doree had experimented with sex since they were eleven. Wendy was once in love with Daryl. Her parents had approved of him at a time when he was a studious and acceptable heir to a fortune. Daryl easily convinced the girls to hustle. Nobody would find out and it was a goof. Wendy still had sex with Daryl and threesomes with young Ronald. Daryl's new role as pimp vastly improved the relationship and everyone's behavior. He also provided them with the discipline they needed.

At night, the only signs that separated Daryl's house on Elmwood Drive from an authentic family home were the bare blue light bulb over the front door and the fact that there were no toys or tools on the front lawn. The immediate neighbors ignored their fellow taxpayers once they had convinced them to keep the volume of their stereo down.

Except for one large room, the record library, most of the rooms and makeshift partitions in the house were furnished with everyone's family leftovers and attic finds. Everyone did precisely what they wanted—and nobody ever bothered them at the clubhouse.

Daryl was around less than anyone, usually out on the move, dealing soft drugs and pills to several other impromptu communes. Because he had proven himself to be trustworthy and discreet, his older clientele began to rely on him for more favors other than just drugs. With few juice bars in the suburbs for youngsters, a procurer became compulsory for these adults' tastes.

As August passed away, Wendy and Doree decided to skip their private school for a semester and continue with their money-making setup in the city. By hustling for high fees, they could support night school classes and live like real ladies. In September, they planned to move into a remodeled duplex on Chicago's Near North Side and begin their new life as women of leisure. ○—■

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a twenty-four-year-old college graduate and I have never experienced intercourse with a woman, although I have tried in vain on a few occasions. But it is not this problem that upsets me. My problem is that I have absolutely no desire at all to have intercourse. I have attempted it in the past only because I thought it my obligation as a male. My sexual interests have manifested themselves in a strange way. In the past two years I have been doing things that I am deeply ashamed of, yet at the same time I am excited by my actions.

On the way to work in the morning, I single out an extremely tall, heavy-set woman on the street. I will move behind her and squeeze her buttocks with my hand. Usually, the woman will swear at me. I pretend to apologize, saying that I didn't mean to do it. This usually provokes more insults which thrill me to no end. I then beg her not to hit me, secretly hoping that she will kick me in the testicles. The whole affair usually ends with my walking away quickly from the scene.

I also have developed an obsessive interest in Nazi regalia and masochistic practices associated with tall females in Nazi military garb. One would think that I would be disgusted with this as I am Jewish.

In my fantasies I imagine one of the women I have approached on the street who is dressed in Nazi garb. She holds a riding crop and insults me for being skinny and short. She then orders two hairy, muscular men to do her bidding. One puts his penis in my mouth while the other puts his throbbing hard-on up my ass. Both men then climax while the woman continues to insult me and hit me with the riding crop.

Lately, I have been masturbating myself through my trousers while sitting in the back of a bus. I will only do this if two or three young adolescent girls are observing. It is stimulating to sit back and listen to their embarrassing remarks.

Miss Hollander, I enjoy doing what I am doing and do not want to stop. However, I feel that what I am doing is socially unacceptable. I am afraid that I will eventually be caught in the act and possibly face arrest. Please give me some advice. I cannot talk to my parents or friends since they would not understand. I will not go to a psychiatrist as there is nothing wrong with me. I just have different sexual interests.—G.D.

I see in you the following deviate sexual characteristics:

Ecouteurism: In other words, you get excited when women scream insults at you and they get mad at your assaults. Another form of ecouteurism is excitement derived from overhearing two people make love;

Masochism: You get turned on by the thought that women will soon kick you in the balls or hurt you in some way. You would probably enjoy being a slave;

Homosexuality: Once you are the slave of your dream lady you are forced to take another man's penis in your mouth and get fucked by a second;

Decreased sensuality: You have no desire to perform a normal act of coitus with a "straight" girl your age;

Fetishism: In your fantasy you admire the Nazi military garb on large women;

Exhibitionism: You get turned on by masturbating in public places. Only for fear of the police do you perform this act through your pants.

I once had sexual relations with a man like you who was Jewish but older. He had been in several German concentration camps where he had been raped by a tall Nazi (female) officer in a plastic black raincoat, a swastika around her arm and a gun in her hand. He was forced to perform cunnilingus on her while she sat on his face with nothing but her raincoat on. She then slapped his face several times and screamed swear words at him in German. That particular man became very attracted to the smell of rubber raincoats and had a large collection of Nazi uniforms. Your case is an exact copy of "German George," whom I describe in my first book, *The Happy Hooker*.

The difference is that in his case the

above situation really took place. You, however, are twenty-four years old and have only heard about the conditions in concentration camps. Your letter reads like wishful thinking: "If only I had been around during that war!" I seriously suggest that you see a shrink and tell him your hang-ups.

CAN THE NEIGHBORS HEAR US?

In order for my chick to reach an orgasm, I literally have to go like a racehorse, using every possible type of stimulation and position possible. Believe me, I've even screwed her on a stepladder. I usually have to keep this pace for a good three to six hours before she can climax. Unfortunately, I'm not always up to winning the Kentucky Derby. Sometimes, I just don't feel like going crazy for hours. But when I try to enjoy a short but sweet screw with her, I come quickly, and she becomes very angry about her "lack of fulfillment." We've discussed this and have come to no conclusions. Can you tell us what's the matter before I wear myself out and break my back?

Also, while I'm out trying to win the Belmont Cup, she sounds like the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. She doesn't emit just little love grunts—this girl screams and moans bloody murder! From the sounds of things, she obviously enjoys sex like no one I've ever met. I'm growing tired of all the little comments by the neighbors and the guys across the street. Yes, she's that loud! I've asked her, and I know she's tried super-hard, but she can't seem to subdue her screams. Do you have any solutions before I accidentally suffocate her by trying to shove pillows down her throat?—S.F.

This is a very original cry for help, indeed. Why don't you buy her a good vibrator that can take over when you run out? It is nonsense for you to work yourself into a frenzy to please her. I do sympathize with a woman who has a premature ejaculator in bed—it can be quite a letdown—but you don't have to sacrifice your health for her orgasm, either. Have you tried oral sex? Oftentimes, a woman cannot reach a proper orgasm unless her clit is well stimulated. Maybe all this pumping away is simply in vain because you're not really hitting the "man in the boat." If she is a screamer, just be happy she is not a scratcher.

VIBRATOR TAKEOVER

I recently purchased a vibrator for my wife as she had trouble reaching an orgasm. Ever since I brought the device home, she has had no problem with orgasms. But now I have a problem.

The vibrator has taken my place as her male partner. She uses it whenever she pleases, and she really does not seem to want me anymore. We have been married for four years and now I feel that I am losing my wife. What's to be done?—T.D.

Your problem is almost the opposite of—or should I say the result of—what I suggested to the previous writer. I told him to purchase a vibrator so that his lady could achieve a quicker orgasm. You've done this and have suddenly found yourself competing with a battery-controlled monster. You can compare this problem to the man who constantly masturbates. A friend of mine said that a certain guy would rather take "Alice" (his right hand) to a party and home afterwards than any girl. Besides, "Alice" never talks back. The same goes for a woman and her vibrator.

I had your wife's problem for quite a while, until I got the situation under control. I purchased an electric toothbrush about a year ago, and purely by accident I held the toothbrush—still vibrating—near the sink and it touched my clit. I got so turned on to the vibrations that I began to masturbate about three times a week with it. I found that I was masturbating regularly at around four in the afternoon as that's when I am usually super horny and there's no man around to please me.

Don't blame the vibrator. I found that after using the vibrator it was very difficult for me to reach an orgasm with a human being. Believe me, no cock or tongue is as fast as an electric toothbrush! But through sheer willpower I decided to use the brush only for my teeth, and I concentrated on a fuller sex life.

Here is my suggestion to your wife: "Everything in moderation and nothing to excess." It is better that she become addicted to a live vibrator than a plastic one.

But how about your lovemaking techniques? It is obvious that you need some improvement. Why not try working on *that* aspect of your sex life?

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

I am twenty-four years old and have just given birth to my third child. The problem is that my breasts hang to where my waist once was and I have horrible stretch marks that are as large as your little fingers.

I know that I am no longer attractive to men —my husband included. I haven't eaten much since I left the hospital three months ago, but I still look pregnant. Yesterday, I was very horny and wanted to make love. My husband wasn't very interested and so he just put it in, pounded away, and got off. I had wanted to be loved, not beaten to death. I also wanted a little oral sex, but I was afraid to ask after he had told me how awful I looked.

I love Freddy and want him to love me. I don't want him to leave, but my pride won't let me beg anymore. I read magazines and stories about wives with lovers. I wonder if that's what I need, and then I look at myself and I just know that no one would want me anyway. A really cute phone man came to put in an extension upstairs, and I seriously thought of saying, "Hey, would you like to kiss me and make love to me?" But I was afraid he'd say no and laugh at me.

My husband just said that there are other girls who would like to get into his pants. But I don't want anyone else to screw him. What can I do?—A.S.

Because your case is not at all exceptional it left me rather depressed. There are thousands of women who suffer from the same marital problems, particularly after giving birth to several children. Your body has been used like a harmonica and has never quite had a chance to restore itself to its original shape. I suggest that you exercise vigorously to firm up your body. As far as stretch marks are concerned, they can be smoothed by hard daily exercises. Ask your gynecologist to show you which exercises are best, and then work at it.

Rather than balling the visiting phone man, try to build a friendly relationship with some guy whom you really enjoy. Eventually, you may decide to make love with him, and he probably won't mind a few stretch marks. Most mothers do have them, you know. Meanwhile, it is better to let your husband screw around. Whether or not you want to know all the gory details is up to you. If he refuses to have sex with you, you should insist on his being a good father to the children. After all, he too is responsible for those three kids. Also, you might remind him that he is at least partly responsible for the shape of your body.

A MAN FOR ALL SESSIONS

How long must a man be involved in sexual activities before he is allowed to come and not be considered premature? If I'm balling a horny broad and she climaxes in eight minutes of hard, solid fucking, then I'm the greatest thing since ice cream. But if some chick takes twenty-five minutes to come and I come first, then I stink as a bed partner. If I can satisfy one chick in eight minutes and not satisfy the other in twenty-five minutes, whose problem is it?—R.S.

Rather than just talking about the prevention of premature ejaculation, it is best to first discuss exactly what it is.

Ejaculation usually occurs within a short time after the penis enters the vagina. Kinsey reports that four out of five men ejaculate within less than two minutes, some of them almost immediately after penetration. Ejaculation may be early due to purely anatomical reasons: a frenum that is too short, a foreskin that is too long, fatigue, undernourishment, etcetera.

In young men with normal constitutions, premature ejaculation is frequently caused by sexual overexcitement. An adolescent who is afraid of being caught while masturbating or who has relations with prostitutes who urge him to hurry may develop the habit of ejaculating too quickly.

A husband who has little desire for his wife and sees her only as a receptacle for his semen dispatches the sex act without delay. Premature ejaculation is a serious cause of discord in marriage. Coitus that ends almost as soon as it begins is an ordeal for a sexually healthy woman.

Means for treating premature ejaculation are numerous and often effective. Psychotherapy may relieve the fears and anxieties that drive a man to finish coitus too quickly. Cutting the frenum, shortening the foreskin, prostate massage, and diathermy are sometimes effective. Stopping the flow of urine by

tightening the muscles several times during each urination helps to develop greater control of the bladder and helps ejaculation as well. Wearing a condom, applying a thick layer of lubrication, and having sexual relations a second time soon after the first ejaculation diminish male sensitivity and help to retard ejaculation.

I don't think there is anything for you to worry about. You obviously have good sustaining power. Just try to concentrate on a more steady relationship with one of your eight-minute lovers.

ORGASMIC DILEMMA

The woman I love is unable to reach an orgasm of any kind. She is twenty-three years old, very healthy, and very happy with her life. She is in the process of divorcing her husband, and we plan a very long future together. The problem is that she remembers being sexually molested by a fourteen-year-old boy when she was about four. Her memory is very faint, and she has no real idea of what actually happened. I guess this is what makes the whole thing seem funny; she blames her problem on something she really does not remember.

I am very deeply in love with her and I did think that my love would somehow erase this experience from her memory. So far, however, it hasn't. Because of my very inadequate staying power in the saddle, I have perfected a good foreplay technique, and I've worked on her until I'm exhausted. She gets very close to going over the top but always falls back, instead of reaching an orgasm. At her peak she gets very stiff and appears to be in pain. What can I do to help her?—S.S.

Are you quite sure that she has never had an orgasm? You state that when she is at her peak she becomes very stiff and appears to be in pain. Oftentimes, the feeling of pain and pleasure is a mixed bag of emotions. You may be confusing her painful expression with the ecstasy you are aiming for.

I cannot make a definite statement about the effect of the molesting experience. I would suggest that she see a good psychiatrist who can probe her past.

A LADYLIKE LAY

I find that I enjoy anal and clitoral stimulation more than intercourse. I do have a lover and our sex life is good, but I like to do "different" things with him. I love sex in any form, but my lover has a few hang-ups and does not always relent to my desires.

I enjoy looking at naked women. I have seen many photographs of naked men and they don't turn me on at all! Occasionally, I do get off on stills of male and female couples making love, but only pictures of naked women drive me wild. Just looking at them makes me wet and horny.

I have a tremendous desire to have relationships with women. Am I bisexual or what? I live in a small town and have not been able to find any women who share my sexual interests. I am very feminine and prefer a woman who is sweet smelling—I do not like the butchy dyke or aggressive types.

As I have stated, I love sex in any form, but I can't stand anal intercourse as it is very painful. I guess that I just have more desire for a woman than I do for a man.—T.L.

It seems that some of the readers' viewpoints this month are very similar to my own. I also feel that I am quite versatile in bed, and there *is* more to sex than just men with big organs.

I assume that I am rather feminine looking, and yet I often suffer from the so-called "penis envy." When I am making love to a soft, feminine woman, I often feel as though I am the male partner. In bed I prefer a woman who has never had a female lover before and whom I can introduce to this new aspect of lovemaking. But I always feel that I need a penis when I'm making it with a woman. I often wish that I could be a hermaphrodite and possess both a penis and a vagina. Nature, however, has made me a complete woman, and I should not really complain.

A love affair between two women can be very emotional. I can remember how much I was in love with a young woman from Jamaica. I could simply feel my entire body begin to glow with love when I just looked at her combing her long blond hair. Her nude body was so magnificently appealing to me, and yet it was more than just a sexual desire that I felt. It was her very presence in my house that made me so very happy, her naked body cuddled up spoon-fashion against my belly while I slept behind her with my arms protecting her frail shoulders, my hands cupped around her breasts. If I left her alone for a few hours or went out on a so-called straight date, she would write lovely poetry to me about how much she loved me. My blond angel has long since gone and till this day she has been the only woman whom I truly loved.

I also enjoy looking at nude pictures of women. Most readily accessible pictures of nude men always show a soft cock, and to me a soft cock is anything but attractive. I really prefer nude women, but there are a few men whom I consider to be very sexy in the nude. I prefer the dark-haired ones with hairy chests and slim waistlines, good legs and firm, strong asses.

No matter what sexual partner one makes love to, it is utterly important that a woman behave in a feminine manner and that a man behave masculinely, although subconsciously we all have certain traces of the opposite sex in our behavioral makeups.

TRISEXUAL TREATS

For the past ten years my wife and I have been occasional swingers, and we very much enjoy the excitement of meeting new people. Last year we were introduced to "threesome" sex when my young and beautiful wife did an impromptu striptease before one of my friends and me. My wife's undulations were very stimulating and soon Jeff, my friend, and I joined her in disrobing. I found myself extremely excited by listening to and watching my wife make love with another man.

Since this experience, we have had other threesomes whenever we could find young attractive men to join us. Perhaps our most exciting encounter was with a young black guy who had an extremely large penis; it was at least eight inches long. My pleasure peaked when this guy let me help him place his penis into my wife. I gently held the base of his cock as he rhythmically penetrated her. When he came I could feel his juices pouring through his cock.

My questions are: How prevalent do you think this type of behavior is with newly married couples? Why should I receive such pleasure from watching my wife at sex? (I have no sexual interest in the men.) What experiences, if any, have you had with threesomes, Xaviera?—R.J.

I have seen it all, I have done it all, and I have had enough of it because I found one man whom I love 100 percent. I don't need all the other activities to make me happy.

I must confess, however, that sometimes I do feel that little tinge of desire and want to organize an orgy. But then I realize that no other man or woman can really please me more than the one man I love, so why look for it elsewhere? Why ask for trouble? The man I love is a typical one-woman man, but our sex life is imaginative and varied. Each day we grow closer towards each other, and this has been going on for over two years.

In my latest book, *Xaviera Goes Wild*, there are plenty of chapters on wild orgies and group-sex in Paris and St. Tropez, so I am obviously the last person to condemn your actions. Read the book and the rest of your questions will be answered.

LEANING TOWER OF PENIS

I have a problem that really bothers me. Whenever my penis is erect, it tends to lean to the left. I have noticed this and so has my girl friend. I was just wondering if there is an explanation. It also dangles to the left when it is in my pants. Please tell me what you think. I would appreciate your reply.—D.D.

For your information, the majority of men wear their penises, soft or hard, to the left side of their pants—and they are usually right-handed people, of course.

But yours is a very, very interesting problem, and I truly do sympathize with your girl friend. My medical friend, Dr. Clappov, tells me that you have the "divining-rod syndrome," also known as the "Buckley bend." Apparently your rod is pointing to the nearest body of water or towards the closest anarchist.

Now think back to the last time your erection leaned to the left. Were you near a sink? Was there a Communist on your toilet? How about your girl friend? Have you checked her political persuasions?

Dr. Clappov tells me that although there is no sure cure, he has had temporary success with Scotch tape. Or perhaps the next time that you have an erection, you could stand in a pail of ice water. I guarantee that your penis will point directly to your feet. If this doesn't work, try keeping your right hand in your pocket for a while. O+—

T.R.A.S.H.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

Trash is essentially an urban phenomenon. It became a cult in New York; but its spiritual home is Los Angeles, a city that is also suburbia *ad absurdum*, offering a smorgasbord of junk food, yarmulkes for cats, and drive-in churches. Trash, then, takes off on the suburban mentality as well (which takes off on buying things on time that break before they're paid for).

Although Trash is not rural, nature can be Trash if it's mass produced, like lawns that come in six-foot rolls and produce a backyard in a few hours.

Trash is not revolutionary. Trash lacks passion. Trash sex is asexual, like Joe Dallesandro saying, "Maybe thirty years later, when you're older and your fucking cock is just all tired out, then maybe you can say 'I must have adored this person. . . .' " Trash sex is *The Devil in Miss Jones*, whose heroine, having been consumed by one man, by two men, by a cornucopia of fruit, by a few women, and by a hose that deposits a good ten gallons of water up her rear—orifice of the year—returns to purgatory and is last seen masturbating, begging the devil, "Get me off, I can't do it by myself." Trash sex is Warholian narcissism, with everyone imprisoned by love/hate relationships with themselves and their images. Trash sex isn't visceral, it's chic: homosexual chic, bisexual chic, transsexual chic, s/m chic, impotence chic. Trash sex is status.

Trash drugs are downs. They are booze and barbiturates, longtime favorites of aging movie stars and hairdressers; quaaludes; coke ("How do you feel?" "I don't"); and heroin ("I'm gonna try to nullify my life" —Lou Reed).

Knowing what Trash is and is not, what is a Trash lifestyle? You can find the best example of it if you drive down Sunset Strip past the Aware Inn, where organically inclined and financially secure middle-aged groovies go to nosh; past Dick Clark Productions, shrine to Fifties nostalgia; past the Whiskey, the billboards, and the Playboy Club. Eventually, you come to a joint with the unlikely name of Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco, just a stone's throw from Continental Hyatt House where touring rock groups enjoy the favors of local Lolitas or lie back and gape at color TV between shows.

> Bob Dylan is not Trash. Alice Cooper, who also can't sing, is.

On Friday and Saturday nights, the line to get in stretches its glittering neck down the block, bursting with prepubescent bodies trying to wheedle their way past the doorman, who says it's already too crowded inside. At the head of this rough beast stands a dough-faced young boy with rhinestones pasted around his eyes. His Hawaiian print shirt is open to the navel; his jeans, stretched over a flaccid backside, are rolled up to reveal a pair of pastel argyle knee socks and metallic platform clogs. His wrist sports a fruit salad of plastic bangles.

Inside the door stands Rodney, blank-faced, snaggle-toothed, with blond Prince Valiant hair, an aura of amorphous sexuality, and a reputation of being somewhere between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-three. Past Rodney are the pinball machines going full-tilt boogie, a bar, a stretch of banquettes and tables, and a mirrored dance floor that vibrates to deafening music. Overhead screens show clips from Rolling Stones concerts and mildly erotic shots of a woman on horseback.

Sounds like any hip disco, and it could be. It could be Max's Kansas City . . . except for the fact that all its wriggling patrons are between the ages of eleven and fifteen. And they don't look it. There are lots of sexy-looking guys with David Bowie haircuts, slinging Jagger scarves over one shoulder and casting heavy-lidded looks at no one in particular. There is a young girl who looks like

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Pg. 108-9	Shirtsuit by Egon von Furstenberg, Ltd. ( ); shoes by Famolare ( ).
Pg. 110-11	Wrap-tie shirt by Flair ( ); nubby linen slacks by Enrico Designs ( ); straw hats by Guildhall Imports ( ).
Pg. 112	Floral-stripe shirt by Burma-Bibas ( ); raw-silk slacks by Trousers by Barry ( ).
Pg. 113 Upper	Shirt-jacket by Enrico Designs ( ); linen-look slacks by Trousers by Barry ( ).
Lower Right	U-Neck shirt by New York Midtown Market Place ( ); white linen slacks by Boulet ( ).
Lower Left	Deep rust slacks by Boulet ( ).

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Judy Garland, puffing smoke in her date's face. There is another girl in wing-tip plastic sunglasses, bathing suit top, ponytail, and Bette Midler clamdigger pants, dancing by herself in the middle of the floor, occasionally pausing to blow kisses to the overhead strobes.

There is no slow dancing. If a slow record, by mistake, finds its way onto the turntable, everyone repairs to the powder room for a makeup check. There is virtually no touching, except for a few passing gooses. Girls dance together as if at a Junior High sock hop. One couple embrace their image in the mirror.

Who are these kids? They're locals who go to Hollywood High. Or they're from the San Fernando Valley, a cluster of suburbs famous for wife-swapping and prostitution and drug problems with the kids. They hitchhike over the Canyons, telling their parents they're spending the night with a friend. They're the girls who read *STAR* (now defunct), a mean-spirited *Cosmo*'s baby that proselytizes against going steady and for super-cool. They're kids who listen while the local deejay pimps for visiting rock groups, and they go to bed with their choice among them. They talk about each other in terms of sexual scores: "She got the clap from him backstage on his last tour. She was only with him about fifteen minutes. He spent an hour with Sue."

They use sex to get what they want without feeling used themselves: "I gave him head for his birthday—now I never have to pay to get in. He's only about three inches long, so it wasn't too hard."

They power-play each other: "I got John. I'm meeting him tonight."

"But he's going with Ellen."

"Well, I took him away. Whatever I want, I get."

A couple of the tougher ones rule Rodney's like a minor kingdom: "We are the queens—we run the place. We win all the contests. When I walk in they clear a path."

"Why?"

Trash glorifies styles rather than individuals. It imitates pimp flash and hooker morality.

" 'Cause I'm really a bully. Like when a girl accidentally bumps into me, I say to her friends, 'You better tell her to *watch* it!' "

Who are the parents of these kids? I got three reports on one girl's mother. One kid said she was a PR agent, one of the biggest in Hollywood. Another said she was a waitress. Another said she was a hooker.

Okay, you say, but what you're really proving is that Trash is trash. Why, everyone knows Ortega y Gasset's warning that the rise of mass culture would destroy all excellence in the arts. And Dwight Macdonald postulated a law that bad products drive out good. Even Oscar Wilde said, "Art should never try to be popular. The public should make itself artistic."

But, on the other hand, and quite separate from the kids, are a legion of culture critics—Sontag, Wolfe, McLuhan—who beg to differ. And on campuses across the country, courses in pop culture have attained respectability in formerly august English departments where the study of hula hoops and comic books is taken as seriously as the study of mythopoesis.

Granted, this whole thing can go too far. There was that professor at Southwest Missouri State who examined the exploitation of folklore by Madison Avenue and said of the Jolly Green Giant: "This seemingly innocent creation is clearly identifiable as a twentieth-century holdover of the numerous European fertility symbols or spirits of vegetation catalogued by Sir James George Frazer in editions of *The Golden Bough*." But I tend to agree with the pop culturist who remarked, "Intellectuals who say these things are trash and are no good are missing a point. It has appeal, and if something appeals to the society around us, we ought to understand it." Anyone who has bought a copy of *Cosmopolitan* only to hide it between the pages of the *New York Times* should be grateful for the opportunity to "come out."

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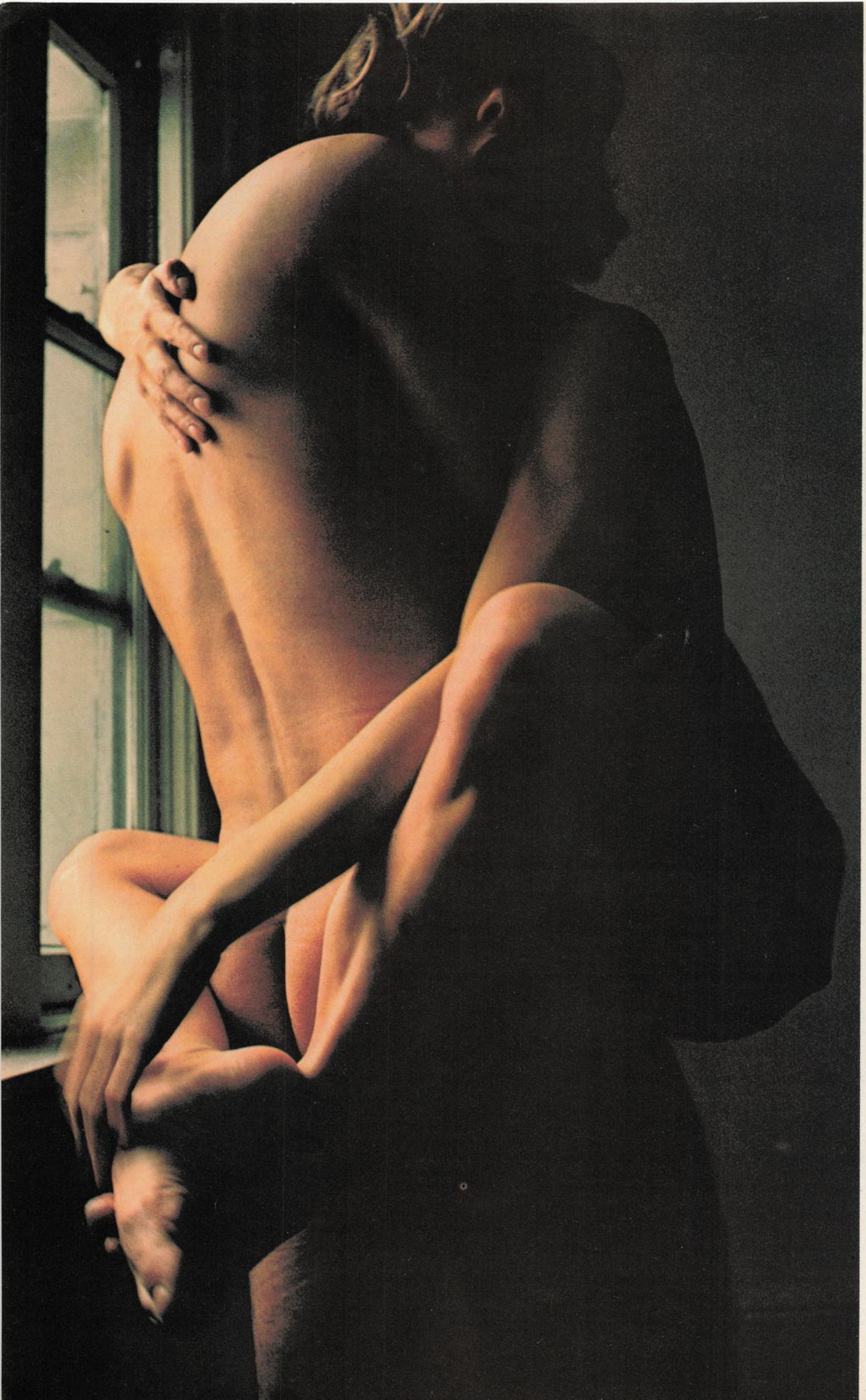

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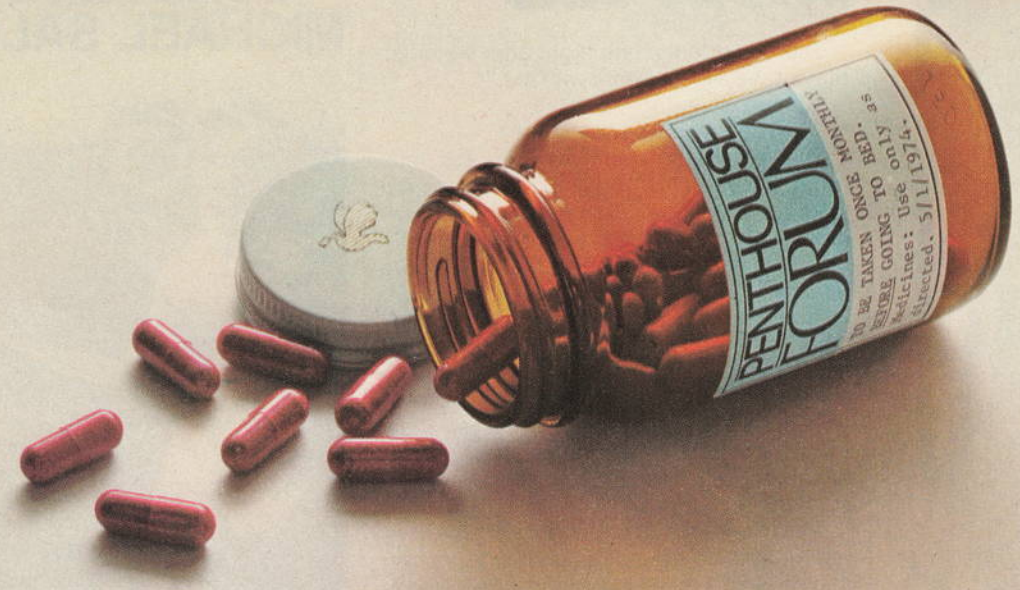

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PARADISE BLUES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Then, suddenly, one night after we finish playing he says, "Come with me."

"Where we going?"

"Just come on," he says.

The boardwalk's still wet from the rain. Angie walks so fast I have to practically run to keep up with him. The damp wind blowing in from the water makes me shiver. We go down a side street and then through a narrow alley that runs between two old wooden houses. Halfway down the alley there's a sign stuck up over a door that just says CLUB.

"What's this?"

"It's an after-hours bar," he says. Then, as we go down a flight of steps into a basement, he adds, "I want to show you something."

Downstairs it's small and dark. The only real light is on the bandstand, where a girl in a shiny red dress is singing. The dress is real short and shows most of her legs. We sit down at the bar right in front of her, and from the minute we get there Angie never takes his eyes off her.

She's doing an upbeat version of "I've Got You Under My Skin." Half jazz, half pop. As she sings, she moves around shaking her knockers and her ass. Everybody's gaping at her. Even the three black dudes backing her up. She's not bad-looking, I guess. If you like that type.

"What do you think?" Angie asks me, keeping his eyes on her. She's smiling back at him like she knows him.

"About what?"

"Her. That girl up there, dummy!"

I don't say anything for a couple of seconds. "She's all right, I guess."

"No, really. Whadddya think of her?"

I still don't know what he's getting at. "She's all right," I say.

When we get back to the room, Angie wakes up Carl and Elmo. "We got a new addition to the band," he says.

"Who?" Carl says.

"Gina. Presently of the Starlites. But next week with the Paradise Blues Band."

"What do we need her for?" I say. "We don't need no girl messing things up."

"We need some new life in the band. Some sparkle," Angie says.

"A chick?" Elmo says, still half asleep.

"A dynamite chick!" Angie says.

"She don't even sing our kind of music," I say.

Angie shrugs. "She'll learn."

I look around at Carl and Elmo. "What do we want a girl messing things up for?" I say.

Things begin to change right away. Angie moves into a room down at the end of the hall with Gina. With the money we've made so far, Angie has us buy dark-blue suits. No more jeans onstage, he says. For Gina, he buys six new dresses, a different one for each of the nights we play. They're all shiny or glittery—and tight, too. You can see

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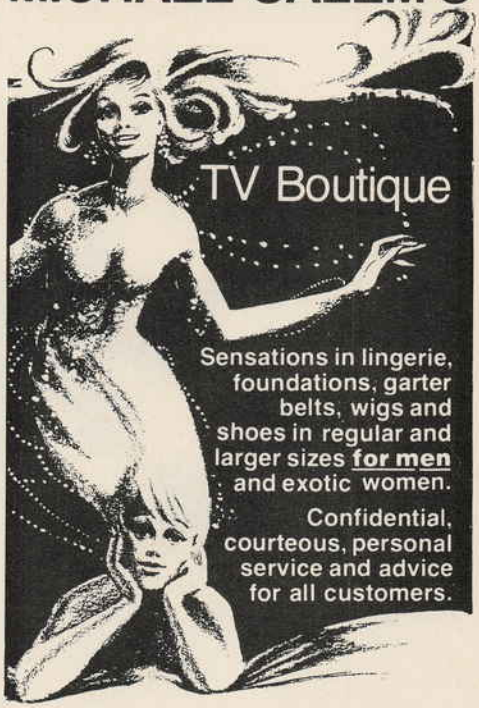
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every movement of her body beneath the satin. And they're so short you can practically see all the way up between her legs.

Although I hate to admit it, she's about the best-looking girl I've ever seen. There's something about her that makes me want to keep looking at her. Something about her eyes. Sometimes they make me feel like she's laughing at me, at the whole world, and sometimes they make me want to crawl under the bed and hide. I can't really explain it, except that every time she looks at me I feel something different. So whenever she's around I never know what I'll be feeling next.

Angie works out some new songs for her. Carl, Elmo, and me sit around the room and watch him teach her how to deliver a blues song. He makes her listen to Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday and Memphis Minnie. He teaches her how to make her voice moan and cry, how to sound funky.

"Come on, groan it," Angie says. "You sound like a goddamn schoolgirl singing an Easter hymn."

And she lowers her voice, twists her lips, bites down on her words.

"Now you're getting it," Angie says. "Now you're getting it."

Then she goes over and sits on his lap. She throws her arms around him and kisses him on the mouth. Her skirt pulls up, showing off her legs, and her nipples press tight against her blouse. Six eyes watch her from across the room. Once she looks up and sees us. She just laughs, her eyes laughing too, then goes back to kissing Angie and running her fingers through his hair.

Up on the bandstand, she steals the show. With the lights on her, her dress glows like pretty tinsel. When the beat is fast, she shakes like she's on fire, but during a slow blues song her body sways real slow. Her voice has a way of wrapping you up in a dream. Sometimes watching her move in front of me, the lights way down low, I almost get hypnotized and forget I'm supposed to be playing drums. The song is a slow-moving blues ballad and it sends long shivers deep down inside me. Angie sings first, and then Gina comes in, her voice low and soft and tight. Then they both join in the chorus like they're two old-time lovers who've been through it all:

Oh it was you, sweet baby,
That made me feel this way.

Oh baby, it was you—that's all that I can say

It was you and your good thing baby,
That made me feel this lowdown way.

Elmo comes in with a harmonica that sounds sure as hell like somebody crying. Then Carl plucks on his guitar with a long sad whine like tears falling down deep into somebody's soul. And I just keep the beat slow and steady all the way through.

The night she appears with us the first time, we have a party afterward in my room. We drink a lot of some fancy-name 1969

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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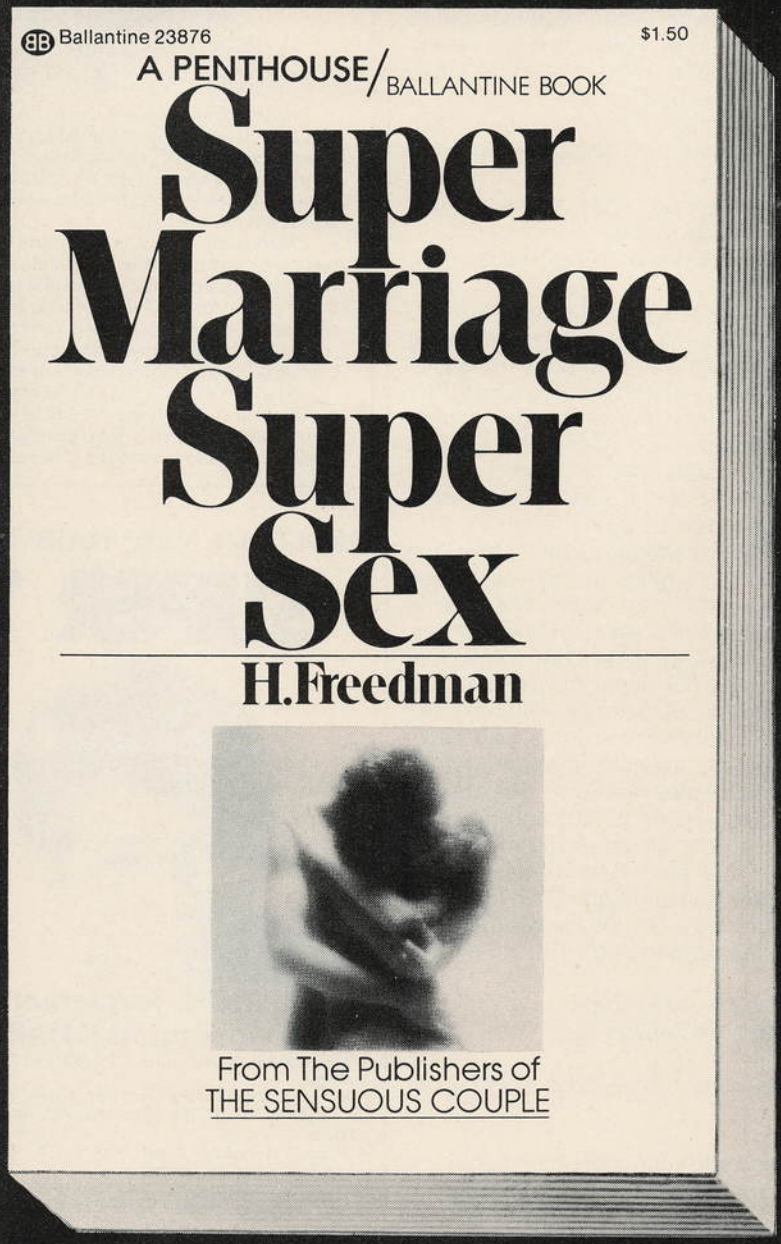

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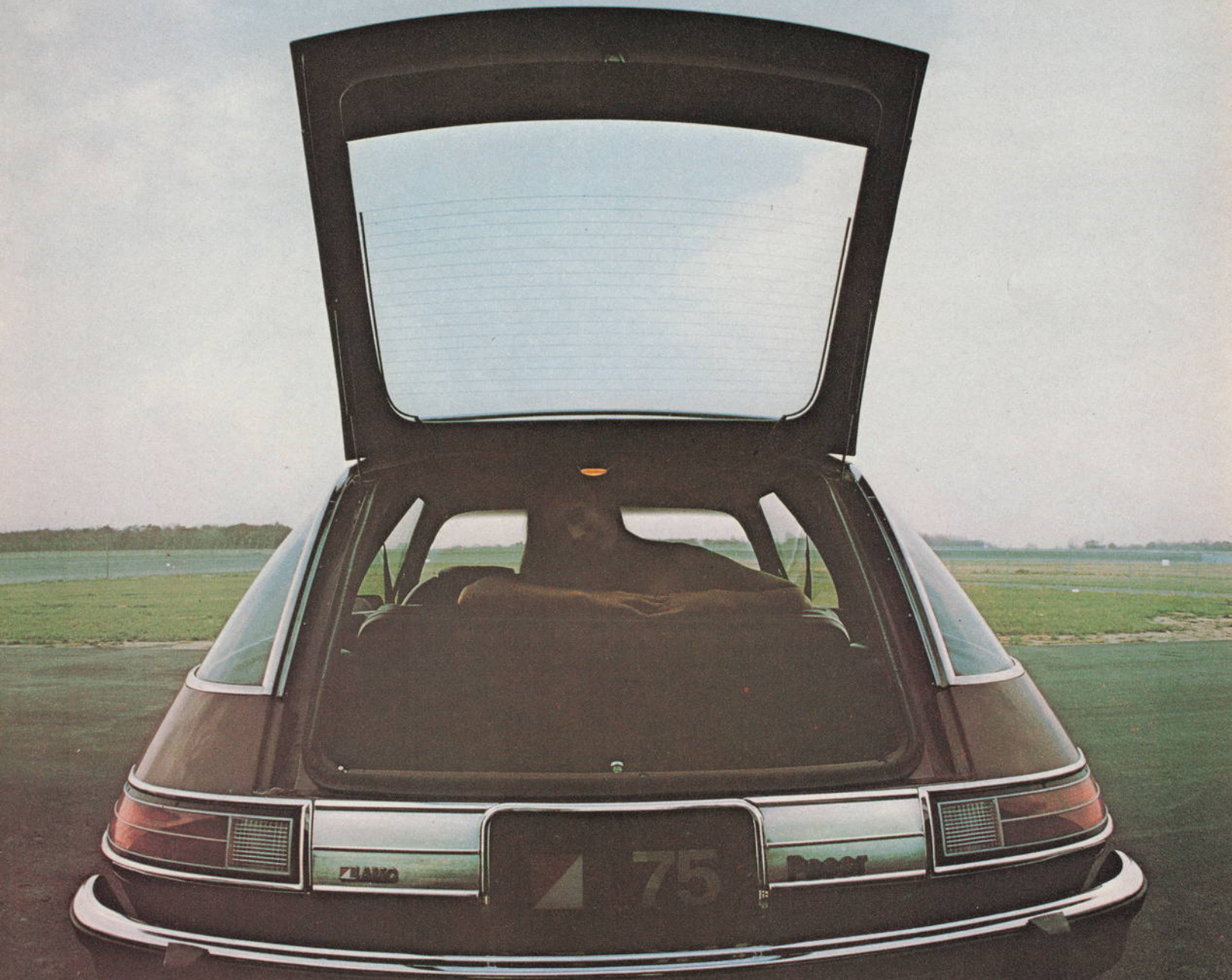
THE HIGH-GAITED PACER

AMC's brand-new entry into the small car field puts innovation back in the saddle.

by Joe Oldham



It was almost inevitable that technical innovation—*real* innovation—would just about dry up and blow away in Detroit. It wasn't really the fault of the factories. It was a matter of priorities. With finite resources and much of the engineering talent pushed into some closet to come up with ways to meet federal emission control and safety regulations, something had to suffer.

So it shouldn't be a surprise that no totally new car has come out of Detroit since 1970 when the Pinto and Vega were introduced. Among the '75s, though, there are some interesting cars. AMC's Pacer, for example, is so new, so fresh, so innovative, that it makes up for about five years of engineering stagnation. The Pacer is a car that was designed with engineering goals as the top priority, and the fact that it also turned out to be a clean, tight design lends a lot of credence to the form-following-function adage.

AMC Vice President of Design Richard Teague and his engineering colleagues had two engineering goals to meet in the design of the Pacer —highly efficient interior space utilization and excellent visibility. Both were accomplished.

Although the Pacer sits on a comparatively small 100-inch wheelbase (most full-size cars range in wheelbase from 121 to 129 inches) and is only 171.5 inches long (most full-size cars are over 225 inches long), the Pacer has more usable interior room than almost any car made in the U.S. For

Photograph by Stan Malinowski

instance, it has more front headroom, more rear headroom, and more rear legroom than 99 percent of cars made here.

In fact, the Pacer has about two inches more rear-seat legroom than a Chevelle, an inch more than a Ford Granada, and only nine-tenths of an inch less than a Continental Mark IV. Because the Pacer was built wide, it also has more shoulder and hip room than most cars. It's seven inches wider than the Mustang II and three inches wider than the Granada, which happens to be a very comfortable car to sit in.

What this means is that you can sit in either the front or rear of the Pacer without feeling you should have had your legs shortened before you got it. It's truly an efficient six-passenger automobile (or five passengers with front buckets).

The other goal, efficient visibility for the driver in all directions, is nicely taken care of by a very low belt line and 5,615 square inches of glass area. The Pacer's nearest competitor here is the Cadillac Eldorado with 4,800 square inches of glass.

And in the Pacer you can see out no matter where you look. There's no blind rear quarter—a problem that plagues so many other cars.

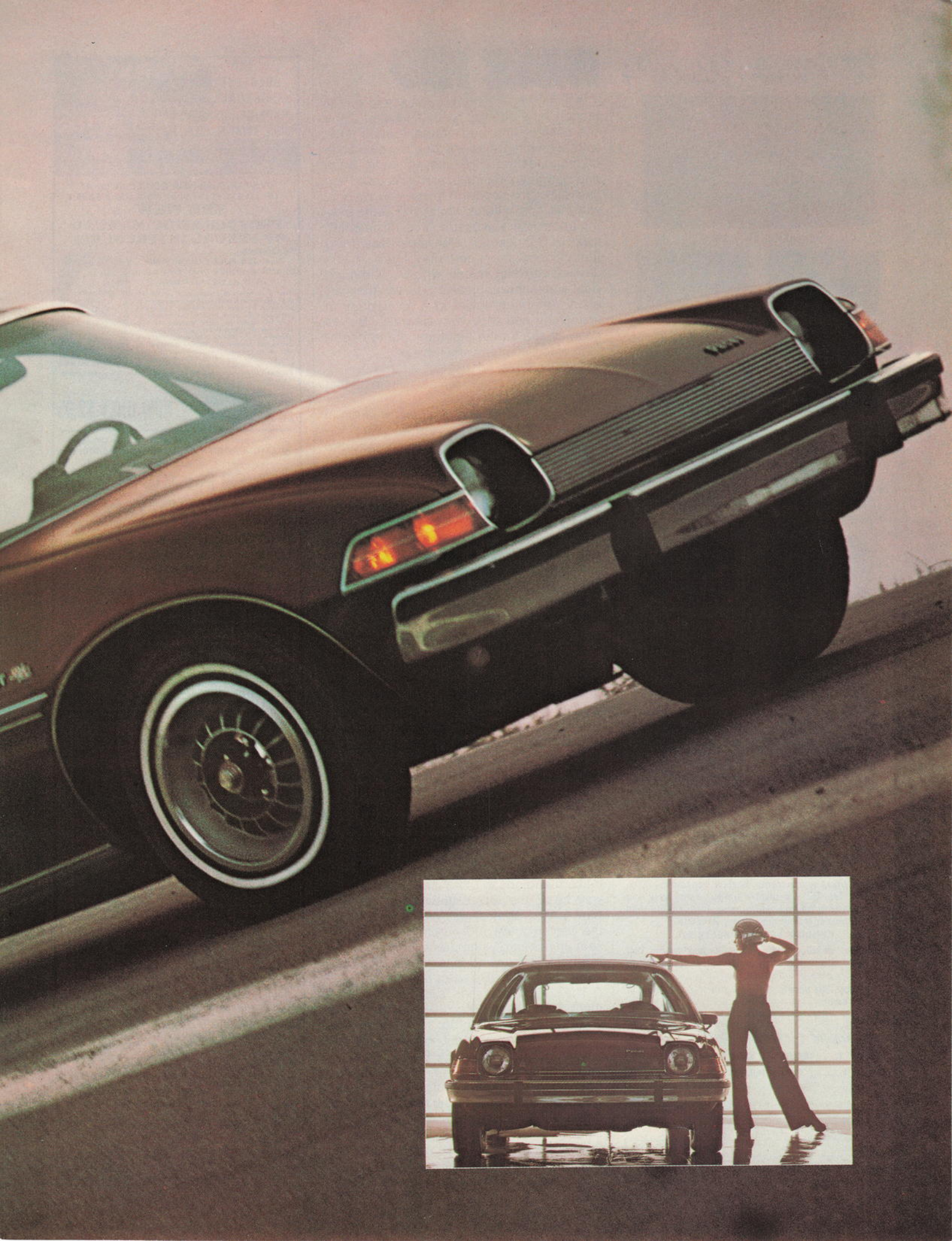
This car literally bristles with innovative touches. The B-pillar behind the door is the backbone of the car's structure and has roll-bar characteristics. The passenger's door is four inches wider than the driver's door to alleviate the hassle of getting into the backseat. The doors both open wide and into the roof, so the car won't embarrass your bird no matter how short her skirt. And the instrument panel on the passenger side falls away from the seat to provide an even more spacious feeling for front-seat passengers.

In keeping with its efficient design, the Pacer is economical too. The standard engine is the familiar AMC 232 Six which pumps out 3,803 ccs. Optional is the equally familiar 258 Big Six, rated at 4,229 ccs. Both manual and automatic transmissions are available, and also a unique overdrive system that effectively lowers engine speed on the highway for better gas mileage and longer engine life.

The Pacer's option list is long, too, allowing you to literally tailor your Pacer to your own driving requirements. Of special interest is the X package that makes the Pacer a sporty little car. Included are such goodies as sport stripes, cast-aluminum spoke wheels, sport steering wheel, and custom interior and exterior decor items, including high-back bucket seats and a revised suspension setup. Also optional is a handling package with heavy-duty springs and shocks and a front sway bar for those of you with a little Mark Donohue in your blood. For the luxury-minded, there's the D/L option which includes individual reclining front seats, special interior appointments, carpeting everywhere, and special exterior trim.

Other options include such standard items as power steering, power disc brakes, air conditioning, AM-FM stereo sound center, all kinds of trim packages, and more. Pacer, like other AMC cars, is covered by the great Buyer Protection Plan warranty which covers just about everything.

Although the Pacer sits just about between the Gremlin and the Hornet in overall size, don't think of it as merely another economy compact. Think of it as perhaps one of the more significant cars of this decade—and the perfect car for the modern man who has enough self-confidence in himself that he doesn't have to buy a car on the basis of how many cubic inches of macho it'll deliver.



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PARADISE BLUES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

French wine and get really smashed. Gina sits over on the bed eating grapes. Like with everything else she has her own style of grape eating. She tips her head back and dangles a bunch over her mouth. Then she sucks them down slowly, one by one, with her lips. After a while, she starts talking about how she used to live in some rich town in Connecticut. Her father was a big Italian contractor, and they lived in this seventeen-room house with a swimming pool and tennis court and a garden that had every American flower in it. Everybody in the family had their own Cadillac. But as soon as she turned eighteen, at the beginning of this summer, she ran away.

We all stare at her like she's crazy.

"Why'd you want to run away from all that for?" I ask her.

She looks at me with that secret laugh in her eyes. "It was boring," she says.

The weather turns good, sunny and hot again. At night before we play we get all dressed up and stroll down on the boardwalk. There's music and colored lights, the smell of cotton candy, people winning prizes. Everybody stares at us like we're famous. A lot of guys whistle at Gina, but Angie just puts his arm around her and smiles. He looks like he owns the world. I never seen him so happy.

"Things are gonna come our way from now on, kid," he says.

And they do. The crowd picks up at Sonny's. We get offers to play at other clubs. Sonny tells us he'll match any we get. He gives us a hundred dollar a week raise. With the extra money we buy a newer Cadillac—a dark-blue 1970 Eldorado convertible with white leather inside.

The day we get it, we drive down to the tip of the Cape. There are all these old hotels with pointed roofs and bright-red shutters that face out over the ocean. We eat dinner in the fanciest restaurant in town. Through the windows we can see out into the harbor, and all afternoon yachts float by in the sunlight. I get drunk watching the sun make diamonds in the chandeliers. On the way back, the top is down and the wind blows hard against us. We drive through the center of town. Gina stands up on the seat. In her long white dress, her hair blowing back in the wind, she waves to people along the streets like she's a queen.

The thing about her is she's crazy with motion. She's always got to be doing something. If there's nothing to do, she gets smashed. So every night after we play she tries to get a party going. Pretty soon Carl and Elmo are bringing girls back. Nobody goes to bed before morning. It always winds up with Gina, drunk out of her mind, doing her Gypsy Rose Lee imitation. She sings "Let Me Entertain You" and starts to take off her clothes. That's when Angie hustles her off to bed and the party ends.

She keeps working on me, and finally

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

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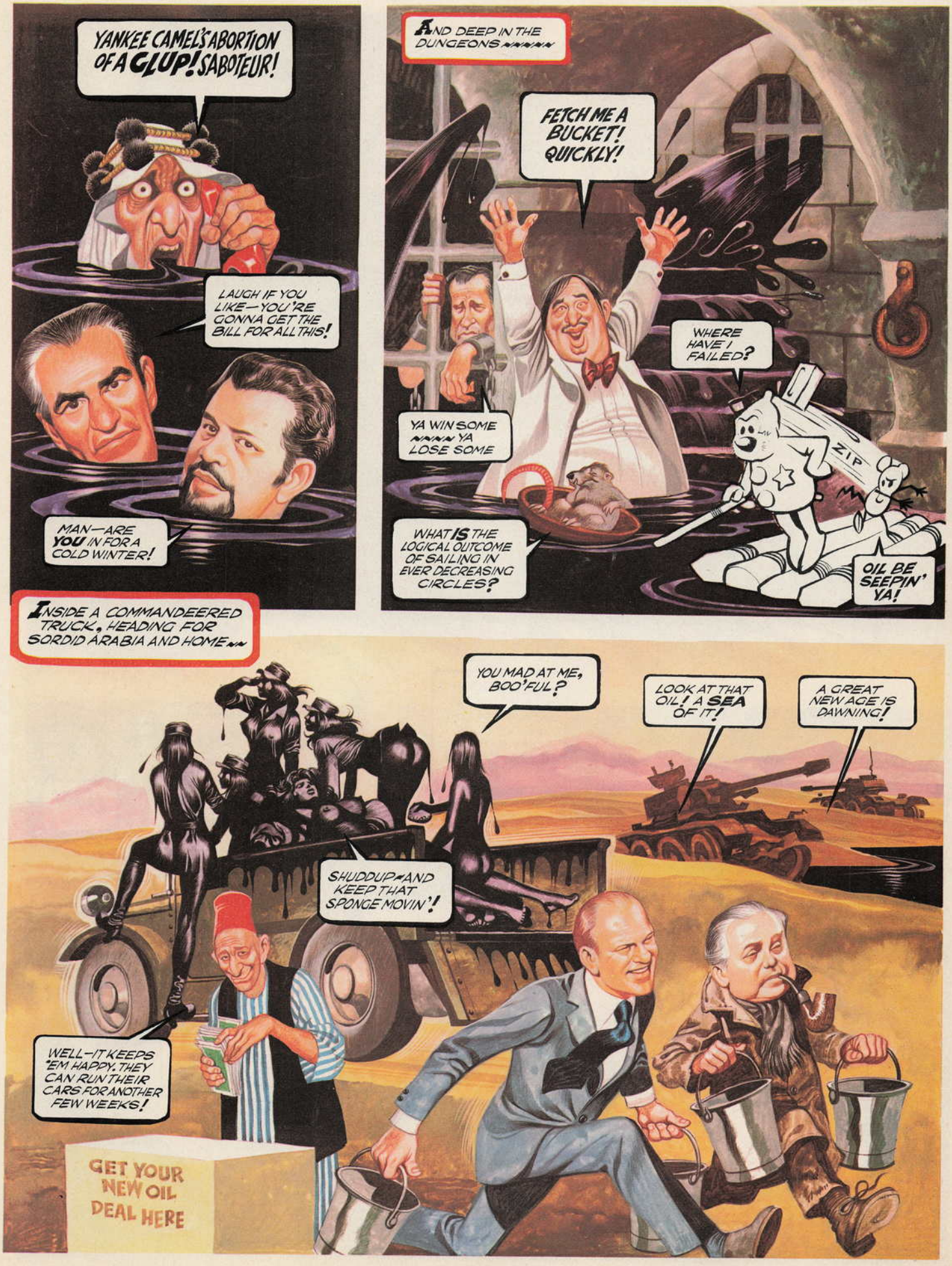
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE GOING TO DO WITH THAT?
LOOK AT THAT SIGHT! MORE MAGNIFICENT THAN ANY SUNSET!
SO I SHOULD RELAX!
NUTS! WE WERE JUST GOING TO USE IT!
GO ON— I DARE YOU!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

OUTSIDE THE PALACE WALLS GERMAN GRRRR AND HER PUSS COMMANDOS TRY A LITTLE GEN'TLE PERSUASION nnnnnnn
HEY, FRED! "VE HAF VAYS TO MARK YA STALK!"
THERE'S ONE IN EVERY BARRACK ROOM—A COMEDIAN!
GET ON WITH IT! THEY AIN'T GONNA GIVE YOU AN OSCAR!
FEMALE CHAUVINIST PIGS! LEMME ALONE— YA ROTTEN BULLIES!
THEY'RE BESIEGED IN THE HAREM, SIR! WE GOTTA MOVE FAST!
ALMS FOR THE LOVE OF AHHGH!
RIGHT!
GET OFF! YOURSLOWING UP THE ACTION!
FIRST A DIVERSION— THEN IN WE GO, MEN!
YE GODS! THERE'S A PSYCHOPATH LOOSE IN THE STRIP!

FROM HIS PRIVATE JET AT RAM-RAM'S AIRPORT...
SHEIKH MUSTAPHA? HEROD HUGE HERE! YOU WANNA DO A DEAL ON THAT OIL CONCESSION?
WOOSH
LEFT WING EXTREMISTS!
RIGHT WING ACTIVISTS!
LIBERAL MILITANTS!
BLOODY VANDALS!
KERUMP!

SOME~GLUG! BATTERING RAM!
YOU'RE PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE, SHEIKH! THIS DEAL CAN EASILY BE BLOWN SKYHIGH IF YOU~GLUG!
SLURP
BURP!
GAAA!
BURP!
BEING A SEX OBJECT IS SO UNDIGNIFIED!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LAUGH IF YOU LIKE—YOU'RE GONNA GET THE BILL FOR ALL THIS!
MAN—ARE YOU IN FOR A COLD WINTER!
AND DEEP IN THE DUNGEONS.....
FETCH ME A BUCKET! QUICKLY!
WHERE HAVE I FAILED?
YA WIN SOME ..... YA LOSE SOME
ZIP
WHAT IS THE LOGICAL OUTCOME OF SAILING IN EVER DECREASING CIRCLES?
OIL BE SEEPIN' YA!
INSIDE A COMMANDEERED TRUCK, HEADING FOR SORDID ARABIA AND HOME...
YOU MAD AT ME, BOO'FUL?
LOOK AT THAT OIL! A SEA OF IT!
A GREAT NEW AGE IS DAWNING!
SHUDDUP—AND KEEP THAT SPONGE MOVIN'!
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OOOOH! I WANT ONE OF THOSE!
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THWAP THWAP
THAT'S ONLY HALF OF IT, MISTRESS. YOUR BANKS ARE NOW STUFFED WITH MORE SHORT-TERM ARAB DEPOSITS THAN WE CAN POSSIBLY RECYCLE!
THE DAY OF THE THIRD WORLD IS AT HAND
ABOUT TIME TOO! I'VE BEEN OUT OF THE STRIP FOR MONTHS!
H'M... TIME I HAD ANOTHER CHAT WITH THAT WILY OLD BASTARD DOWNSTAIRS IN THE GLASS JAR!
CAN WANDA BE REFERRING TO HER DEAR FATHER, THE LATE (AND MUMMIFIED) KING-GNOME, WALTER VON KREESUS? IF SO—ALLAH HELP US ALL!

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PARADISE BLUES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

one night late I break down and ask this redheaded girl Dorine, who hangs out at Sonny's, back to the party. It's okay until everybody else goes off to bed, and suddenly there I am alone in the room with Dorine. She goes over and sits down on the bed. A record is still playing on the turntable so I go over and take it off. When I turn around Dorine's already taken off her jersey. She's sitting there with her big knockers staring right out at me like a command. For a second I just stare back at her.

"Well?" she says, kind of bored.

I can't think of anything to say, so I put out the light and go over and climb on top of her. I think about Angie doing it to Gina. And Carl and Elmo doing it to their girls. So I take my clothes off and do it, too. Not that I like it very much that night. I mean I can't see what's the big deal. But after a few times I get to tolerate it. What I like best is having a different girl each time. That way there's no time for them to get nasty like my stepmother. But, all things considered, I like playing drums better.

As for my brother Angie, that's a different story. All through the rest of the summer I can see him falling more and more in love with Gina. Everything he does is for her and the band. "I never had a girl like her before," he tells me. "She's the best thing that ever happened to me."

Then, just before Labor Day, Angie takes a tape of some of our material up to New York. He knows some guy at Capitol Records. He's going to try to get him to come down over the weekend to listen to us.

"I think we're ready for them," he says the night he leaves.

He gives Gina a good-bye kiss. He whispers something into her ear. She tosses her head back and laughs. Then he pats me on the shoulder. "See you on Friday," he says.

We watch him drive away until we can't see the taillights of the Caddy anymore.

For the next few nights we have to play without him. The first night Gina does the singing by herself. Then the second night Carl starts singing with her. They do a couple of the songs that Angie and Gina usually do. During the day I can hear them practicing together.

The temperature goes up near a hundred every day. The air's so thick you have to breathe twice as hard to feel you're not going to suffocate. In the boardinghouse it smells like seaweed. It's too hot to sleep. The night before Angie comes back, I keep waking up from this dream about my second stepmother, the one who used to bring men into the apartment when my father was at work. I can hear Gina laughing very far away. Like the notes of a piano falling down a dark elevator shaft. I can't tell if it's real or in the dream.

Finally, I get up. I make my way down the hall which is pitch black and hot. Outside on the porch, it's dark and quiet. A little cooler. For a second I just stand there. Then

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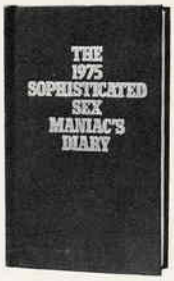

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I turn around because I hear something over in the corner. There's a dark shadow on the railing. Then I can see it's really two dark shadows, Carl and Gina, with their arms wrapped around each other. Gina starts to laugh.

"Hot night, isn't it?" she says, casual as anything.

The moon slips out from behind a cloud. In the light her eyes look wild, like two drunken stars. They're laughing at me, and her mouth is laughing, too. There isn't anything else there in her face except laughter.

"Yeah," I say. And in that second I understand her for the first time. I know she doesn't give a fuck about anything in the world. Not a goddamn thing. Not Angie, not the band, not even herself. I look at her like she's the worst piece of scum I've ever seen. Then I turn around and go back inside. The screen door slams behind me. I close the door of my room, but for a long time afterward I can still hear her laughing, like there's some joke going on that only she understands.

When Angie comes back the next afternoon, he gets us all together. He's very excited and talks a mile a minute. He tells us about all the people he met at Capitol, about how much they like the tape and how they took him to lunch and put him up at a swank hotel. His eyes keep flashing back and forth to each of us, but mostly he's looking at Gina.

"There's a guy coming down tomorrow night to listen to us," he says. "If he likes us, we're on our way."

Nobody says anything. We just sit there until he finishes. Then there's this long silence. The alarm clock ticks away on the dresser.

"What's the matter with you people?" he says. "This ain't no goddamn wake. This is what we've been workin' for."

Then he looks from one of us to the other. I stare down at the floor where an ant is crawling into a crack between the boards.

"What the hell's the matter?"

"We made a few changes while you were gone," Carl says slowly. "It's me and Gina now."

Angie's eyes narrow down on Carl. "What the fuck you talkin' about, man?"

"You heard me," Carl says. "It's me and Gina now. We even got some new songs worked out already."

"You're out of your head," Angie laughs hard and cold. "You've got to be out of your goddamn head."

"Sorry man," Carl says, like he has things under control now. "That's the way it is."

Angie looks from Carl to Gina. "Is it?"

She sits on the bed, a blank expression on her face. No laughter. Nothing. Just an empty stare at the wall.

"Is it?" Louder this time, angry.

"Yes," she says finally without looking at him.

Angie stares at her like he can't believe it. The dumb clock keeps ticking louder than ever. He looks over at me, and I try to say with my eyes. *it's all right, we'll get*

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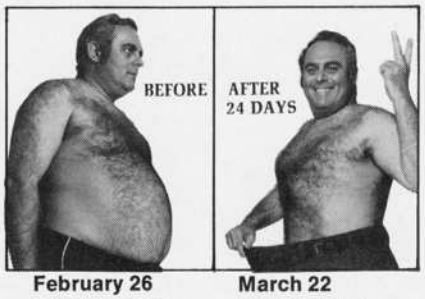

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M. F.	32 lbs.	6⅜ in.	(21 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	6 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6¾ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6¼ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake —temporarily—by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

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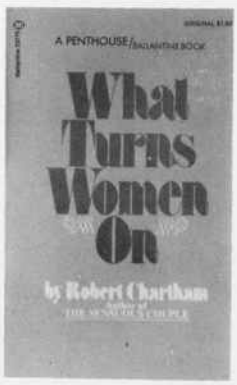

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another band together better than this one. But he just turns around and walks out of the room. The door slams behind him and a few seconds later the outside door slams, too. I run downstairs after him, but when I get down to the street he's already gone.

He doesn't come back that afternoon. That night he doesn't show up at Sonny's either. I keep looking through the crowd for him. When Carl and Gina sing together I feel sick. I can't look at them. Afterwards I don't speak to any of them. During the night I lie awake and listen for Angie. But the only thing I hear is a damp wind blowing through the leaves in the backyard.

As soon as it gets light, I go out to look for him—first, down along the beach where there are some guys fishing. Then I go all the way down the boardwalk to the far end where the dunes begin. For a few minutes I just stand there and watch the dark water rolling in from nowhere. The sky is full of thick gray clouds. Sea gulls drift down over the sand. Then I walk out onto the pier where an old man is fishing. A lobster boat is just coming in. Underneath the boards I can see the water churning, the waves wrapping themselves around the poles.

It stays gray all morning. I go through the municipal parking lot, lane by lane, looking for the Caddy. I check a couple of the small private lots, too. Then I come down the main street and back out onto the boardwalk. That's where I see him. He's leaning against the railing with this empty expression on his face staring out across the water.

I yell down to him. When he sees me he starts to walk away. I begin to run. He starts running, too. He goes down the steps into the street. A crowd of kids is coming up the steps just as I get there. By the time I fight my way through them, Angie's gone. I walk around with my hands in my pockets for a little while, then I give up.

He's not at Sonny's when we get there that night. But the guy from Capitol is. I tell him Angie got a little delayed but that he'll be along soon. At nine o'clock we start playing without him. I keep my eyes on the door the whole time. During the break the guy from Capitol keeps asking me where he is.

"He'll be here," I say. Thinking to myself: *he ain't going to give everything up. He ain't going to throw it all away now. Not for some dumb bitch like Gina.*

Then just after we start the second set, I see him come in. Carl and Gina are singing some new song Carl wrote. Angie takes one look at them and walks out slow and deliberate onto the dance floor. He looks terrible. His clothes are dirty and he needs a shave bad. But I'm so happy to see him I miss a few beats of the song. Just then a girl screams. There's shoving and pushing on the dance floor. Another scream and Angie is standing alone in the center of the floor, pointing a gun up at the bandstand. He holds it out at arm's length, steady. First at Gina. Then he moves it slowly towards Carl. For a second everything stops.

"No!" I scream. "She ain't worth it—"

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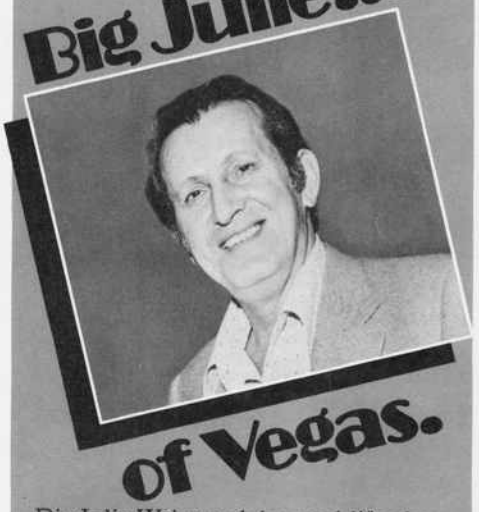

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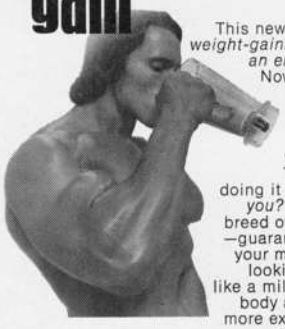

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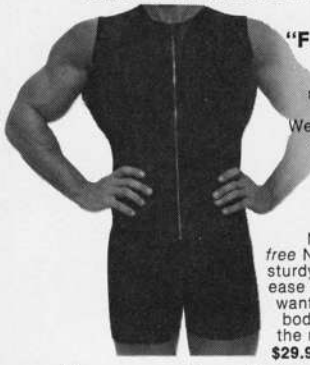

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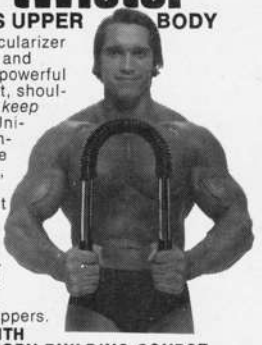

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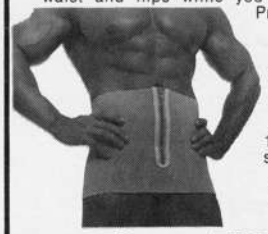

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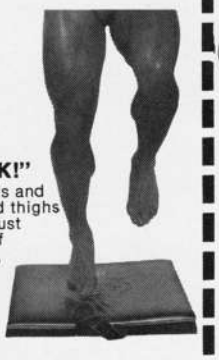

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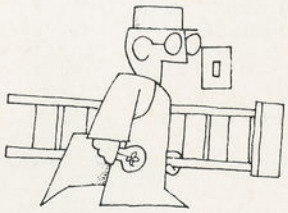

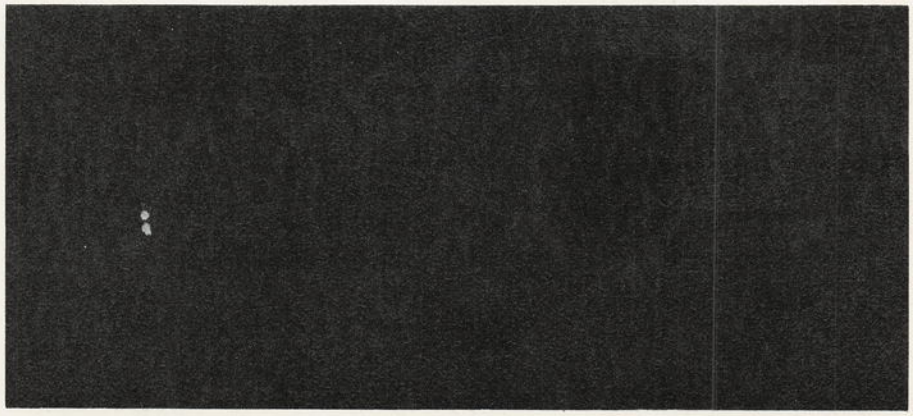

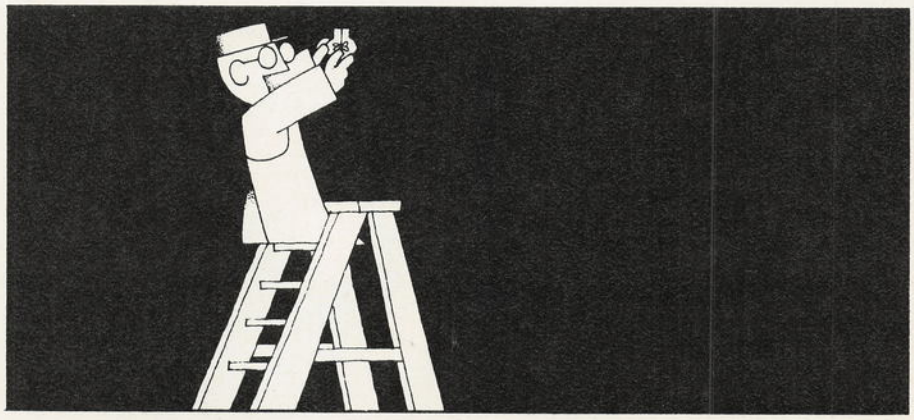

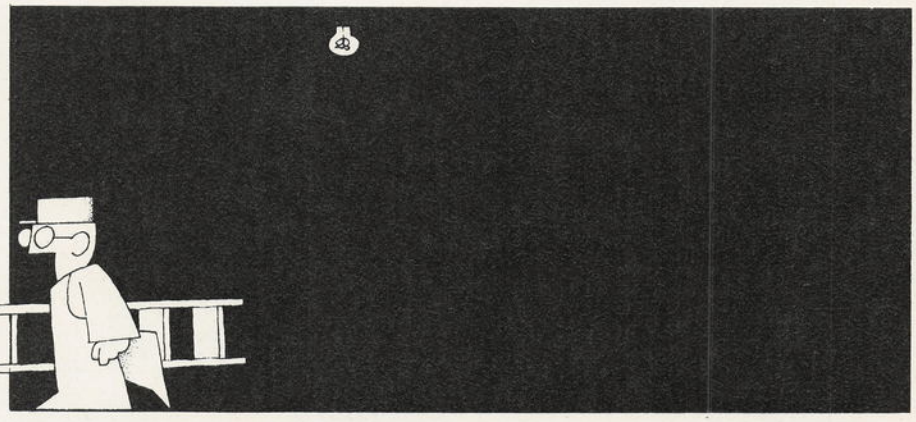

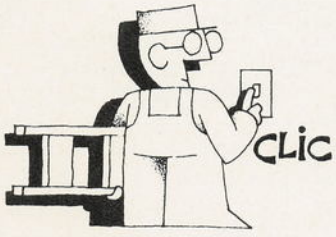
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while at an L.A. Singles bar, I spotted a **very sexy blonde** at the next table, being hustled by four sharp looking studs. They all **walked dejectedly away**, muttering "What a cold witch." After watching them **strike out**, I smiled at her and asked if she wasn't tired of the old **"bar scene hassle."** Without saying anything more, she **invited herself to my table**. An hour later, we were in **my pad making wild love**. Even though I'm **not** a wealthy, six-foot ***Adonis***, I **scored** because **my savvy** and **experience** provided me **exactly the right words** and **moves**. Now you can **learn** and **master** the **incredibly simple, *fool-proof* technique** I've used to **conquer** more than 500 of America's most **beautiful women!**

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The gun cracks. Carl falls over onto the floor. Angie lowers his arm slowly. He just stands there in the center of the dance floor. His face looks the way it did when he was out on the boardwalk staring out at the ocean.

I go down and put my arm around him, but his face doesn't change. I don't think he even feels me touching him. In a few minutes the police come. They take the gun out of his hand and handcuff him. Then they take him out to the car. When I ask them if I can ride with him, they say no.

I hang around a few more days. Gina disappears with Elmo so I have the whole top floor to myself. It's lonely as hell. I go to visit Carl in the hospital. They tell me he'll be all right in a couple of months. The bullet hit his guitar first. That's what saved him. A few times I try to get into the jail to see Angie, but the cops won't let me anywhere near him. I think about him a lot, especially at night, sitting in some dark gray cell all alone.

The summer crowd leaves on Monday. Most of the places in town close up. I walk up and down the boardwalk a few times but there's nothing around except a few gulls and some pigeons eating popcorn out of the garbage pails. One night I go down to Sonny's, but it's already boarded up for the winter. I don't have nowhere else to go so I go back home to Jersey City.

They send Angie to a state prison in Rahway. I go to visit him a few times there. I ask my father to come, but he says no. He says he always knew Angie was no good and that maybe a few years in prison will straighten him out. The times I go I have to do all the talking. Angie just sits there looking down at the gray floor. I tell him as soon as he gets out we'll get a new band together, and we'll get all the things we always wanted. I tell him to keep thinking up ideas for new songs and new arrangements. One time I even bring him his guitar, but he just stares at it like he doesn't know what it is. I can feel myself crying inside but I don't let it show. He asks me if I know where Gina went. I tell him I don't know.

I don't bother to go back to school. Instead I get this job in a record store. It doesn't pay much money, but I like listening to all the new albums that come in. I don't bother with girls very much. It seems to me either they're pretty like Gina or nasty like my stepmother. Either way they're nothing but trouble. And if I ever run into that bitch Gina you can be sure I've got a few things to settle up with her. The way I see it is, I'd rather be famous than have all the girls in the world. So at night I just hang around the corner or work on some new songs of my own.

I've still got the blue Caddy. It's parked right down in front. Every week or so I polish it up. I want to keep it looking real sharp and classy. When Angie gets out of prison, we'll need it for our new band. I think about the new band a lot. Maybe we'll even keep the same name. I don't know.

Why Do You Have A Poor Memory?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by remembering accurately everything they see, hear, or read. Whether in business, at social functions or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can dominate each situation by your ability to remember.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in remembering anything you choose to remember, the publishers have printed full details of their self-training method in a new booklet, "Adventures in Memory," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Memory Studies, 555 E. Lange St., Dept. 817-21, Mundelein, Ill. 60060. A postcard will do.

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VITAMINS FOR YOUR HAIR.

Nutritional therapy for hair is not new. Major nutritionists, such as Adelle Davis, have prescribed it for years.

Vitamin and mineral research has revealed information of great importance to health care in general. And more scientific breakthroughs in these areas continue.

But fifty years ago, little was known about what we today consider basic nutritional knowledge. For example, vitamins A, B, and C were not yet discovered. And according to Clara Mae Taylor, Professor of Nutrition at Columbia University, the fact is that we are still on the verge of realizing the full impact of nutrition on our lives.

Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by Drs. Agnes Savill and Clara Warren of Great Britain.

Even Gaylord Hauser, the internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert, claims that the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition.

That's where Head Start comes in and why it should be a part of your daily health program.

HEAD START IS A VITAMIN AND MINERAL COMPOUND DESIGNED TO HELP JUST ONE PART OF YOUR BODY. YOUR HAIR.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral capsule developed by Cosvetic Laboratories.

It's got the vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. And in proportions suitable to what needs to be done to get your hair and scalp in shape. So if you're already taking an ordinary commercial vitamin, by all means don't stop. They've got a job to do. But it's not Head Start's job.

Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

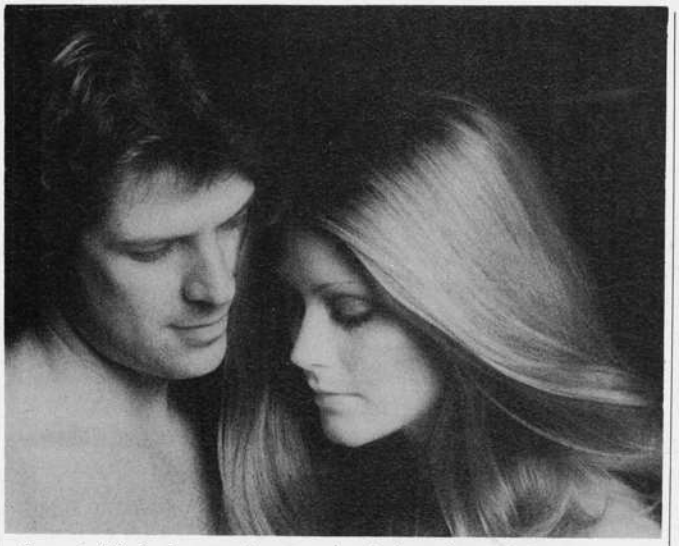
HAIR GROWS SEVEN TIMES FASTER THAN BODY CELLS.

In her study, Columbia's Dr. Clara Taylor reported that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same kind of specific dietary attention you'd give your body in general.

And according to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

*Adelle Davis, Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit.



What you need is a regular program of hair health and hair loss prevention. You need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.

AS YOU GROW OLDER YOUR HAIR NEEDS MORE VITAMINS.

Your circulatory system becomes less efficient as you grow older. And it's generally held that aging produces a slowdown in the blood flow to certain parts of the body. That's one reason you get wrinkles and other earmarks of old age.

But it can also contribute significantly to the tendency of men (and in some cases, women) to begin to lose their hair—to go bald—as proper blood flow slackens.

The body's blood delivery system simply breaks down. The tiny capillaries that feed the surface of the skin just don't work as they did when you were younger. Circulation is poor.

And your hair—which still needs the same amount of nutrients it used to—starves to death.

Head Start can give you the help you need.

Because Head Start provides large doses of nutriments in a concentrated form. That way your scalp can receive more of what it needs.

LABORATORY TESTS INDICATE HAIR NEEDS CERTAIN VITAMINS AND MINERALS.

Photo of healthy hair shaft.

Dr. W.H. Saunders, who specializes in nutrition, uses laboratory analysis of hair to determine vitamin and mineral deficiencies. And he says that the body is a factory, food is its fuel, and one of its products is hair.

Thus the richer the fuel in vitamins, minerals, and protein, the healthier the body, including the hair.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

Dr. Saunders also reports that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate—which assures that the food your hair needs reaches your bloodstream and skin.

In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help balding men. According to her, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.*

And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of "12" ingredients—each specifically included with healthy hair in mind—that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

HEAD START HAS WORKED FOR THOUSANDS OF USERS.

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding in cases other than hereditary situations. It occurs for the same reason that some other scalp disorders occur.

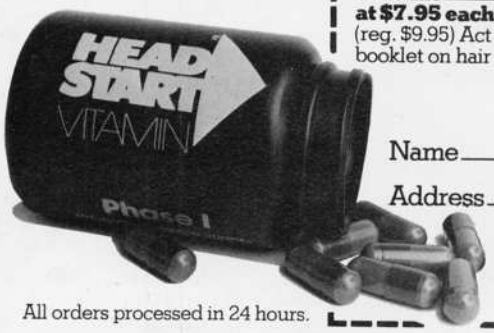
Dry, unmanageable hair, like baldness, is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp. And doctors, like Dr. Quigley in his report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care.

But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding and condition hair. In some cases, users report new growth has actually begun.

HEAD START WILL WORK FOR YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

The secret to arresting hair loss is to take care of your hair from the inside. And with Head Start you go to the source. You'll promote healthy growth to the skin that thereby supports and sustains healthy hair regrowth. So take advantage of our special offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel the results are unsatisfactory, you can return the unused portion and we'll refund your money.

Head Start is unconditionally guaranteed. Because it'll get to the root of your hair problems.



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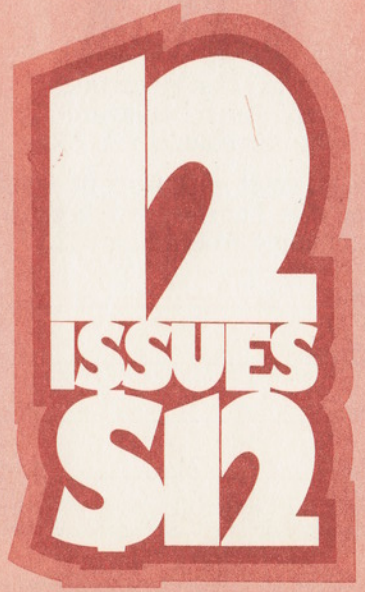

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